



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. I., No. 2. }

FEBRUARY, 1865.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

National Review.

STATESMANSHIP IN CONSTITUTIONAL COUNTRIES.

It is a common complaint that statesmanship is at a low ebb in England just now. What we have is of a poor kind, and there is very little of it. Among our public men there is abundance of political ability, of clever parliamentary strategy, of practical knowledge, of debating skill and eloquence, and a fair amount of administrative capacity. But the views and action of our public men, even the best of them, lack width, steadiness, and persistent harmony; and it is the union of these three characteristics in an adequate degree that gives to politics the quality and dignity of statesmanship. We miss men gifted with the faculty of taking a wide survey of the present or the future, a true perception of the enduring elements of a nation's greatness, a clear comprehension and an unswerving pursuit of those measures by which the objects thus dis-

tinctly seen can be as certainly attained. In place of such men we have two distinct classes, who rather caricature true statesmanship than imitate or approach it. There are some who have wonderful skill in gaining *party* victories—that is, in adapting immediate means to immediate ends; and there are others who are fanatically devoted to one object or one principle, and who pursue it as persistently as any statesman of any country, but they are *doctrinaires*, not statesmen. They are irrational devotees. They are not so much thinkers, as men possessed with an idea. We have two admirable illustrations of this among living celebrities, in the case of two men, of whom it is as impossible to speak without respect and gratitude as without regret and censure. Lord John Russell became eminent and powerful by identifying himself with the cause of parliamentary reform, at a time when reform was, of all measures, perhaps the one most essential to the well-being and progress of the country. He adhered

to his object through long, disastrous, and disheartening years; and when the tide turned and the victory was at last won, he rode into power with the flowing wave of popular strength, and as a just and appropriate reward became the prominent idol of the hour. His name was forever associated with his cause, not only in the minds of the people, but, unfortunately, in his own too. The question became in a manner his possession, his hobby, *idée fixe*. It haunted him, so to speak. He grew to feel that he owed it the homage of constant attention—perpetual, fidgety, fussy *petits soins*. From being the aim of a sound mind, it grew to be the crotchet of an infirm one. He seemed to be startled from his sounder condition by the clamor which greeted some unfortunate remarks which he once made about “finality.” He took an opportunity not long afterwards of astonishing the soberer portion of the nation by announcing that he had been an advocate of parliamentary reform when he entered public life, that he was its advocate still, and that he trusted he should always remain so: in fact, that at one time before dinner he had felt very hungry, which was natural enough; that he had had a plentiful dinner, of his own ordering, and that now he felt more hungry than before—which did not sound very natural or healthy; and that he trusted his appetite would always continue as robust and insatiable as ever, which sounded hardly like good sense or sound morality. Since that memorable declaration he has been pertinaciously waving the old banner and crying the old watchword, without perceiving that his face was set in a precisely opposite direction, and that he was confronting an entirely different set of antagonists from those whom he routed in his youth; and has, in fact, been steadily, though happily unsuccessfully, endeavoring to undo his own work, under the delusion that he was completing it. At first he toiled to transfer political preponderance from the aristocratic to the middle classes—that is, from a *fraction* of the propertied and educated classes to the whole of them. Since then he has been trying to transfer political preponderance from the middle classes to the ignorant and the

working classes, and he calls both proceedings by the name of “Parliamentary Reform.”

Our other persistent politician is Mr. Cobden. His consistency is far more real than Earl Russell's, and his errors and deficiencies are of a different order. It was given to him to gain a victory, perhaps even greater than that of parliamentary reform, and against a phalanx of foes even more formidable to begin with. He stood upon a simple truth, he fought for a distinct and definable purpose, he conquered by the pure force of demonstration. He was truly grand when he was fighting that battle; he has never been truly grand since. He saw that peace, the wealth and prosperity of the country, and the physical welfare of the masses, depended on liberating trade and industry from the shackles with which selfish aims and unwise fondness had bound them. He succeeded. The commercial, financial, and industrial results of the free commercial policy which he persuaded the country to adopt, have not only justified but far surpassed, not only his, but all other anticipations. No wonder that he should have felt that it was impossible to exaggerate the value of the principle he had proclaimed. His error has lain in seeing it alone, or in looking at it so exclusively and so intently as to see it out of its due proportions; in deeming that free trade would inevitably entail all other political blessings; in judging men and sovereigns according to their faith in his own creed. His intellect was a clear and powerful, but not a wide or philosophic one. He saw one side of human nature so vividly that he forgot it was only one side. He would have sacrificed, or risked sacrificing, every other public aim to freedom of commerce, believing, we doubt not, in his heart, that all other things would inevitably follow in its train. In his exclusive devotion to one object he has endangered many blessings and outraged many cherished sentiments. He has been blinded by the very concentration of his vision. He has forgotten, too, that there are national objects nobler and dearer than peace, richer and more prolific than commercial wealth, more essential even at times than cheap food or light taxation for the poor.

Hence, though about the most acute, vigorous, and honest intellect among our public men, he is perhaps the least statesmanlike of them all; because width and mellowness of mind, as well as consistency and force, are needed to constitute a statesman.

The fact is undeniable: whether we look to other countries or to other times, whether we compare France with England, ancient with modern days, the reign of Victoria with the reign of Elizabeth, the race of statesmen seems to have died out among us, and we have seldom been more painfully reminded of it than of late. "There were giants in those days," there are none now. Not only can we find no Pericles in this age; not only do we see no one like Ximenes or Alberoni, who governed Spain so long, or like Richelieu or Sully, who ruled France for half a lifetime, and through her ruled Europe, or like Barneveldt or De Witt, who for years contrived to govern and make great even their "turbulent republic; but we see no analogies to Cecil and Walsingham, who held power through a whole reign, under a most capricious and unworthy mistress. Our modern history can offer no rivals to such men as Napoleon I. or Frederick the Great, scarcely even to such men as Metternich or Nesselrode or Cavour or Napoleon III. The only ministers who could pretend to the name of statesmen in recent days in England, were Walpole, Pitt, and Canning, and the last, the feeblest of the three, died upwards of a generation since.

Granted, however, the fact, two questions at once suggest themselves for consideration: *why* we have now no such statesmen as those of other countries and of former days; and how far their absence is to be deplored.

Now, in reference to the first point, a little reflection will serve to show that the current ideas on the subject are of a nature to render us habitually, though unconsciously, unjust to the public men of England: not that we under-estimate their *actual* capacity and merits, but that, in mentally measuring them with the Richelieus, Cecils, De Witts, and Napoleons, we are trying them by a standard which it is simply impossible they should ever reach. We complain,

and with perfect truth, that their political ability never attains, and seldom approaches, to the height of statesmanship, without pausing to inquire whether, under a parliamentary system of government, there is any scope or field for the development of statesmanship, properly so-called. In comparing the ministers and politicians of constitutional England with those of despotic France, Austria, and Russia—as in comparing the ministers and politicians of the England of Queen Victoria with those of the England of Queen Elizabeth—we lose sight of the consideration that the conditions, and therefore the possibilities, of the several ages and countries are altogether dissimilar. We lament over the fancied dwarfing and degeneracy of our statesmen—the fact being, not perhaps that the dwarfing and degeneracy alleged are not in a measure true, but that they are the natural growth, the inevitable outcome of that constitutional *régime*, of the reality of that self-government, of that increase of the popular ingredient in our complicated system, for which we have been constantly contending, and on which we especially felicitate and pride ourselves. It is true, and may readily be conceded, that we no longer produce statesmen like those feared and venerated names we have enumerated a page or two since; but it is because we should not know what to do with them if we had them, because they would find no fitting place among us, because they would disturb our polity, and we should hamper their action and paralyze their genius.

The position of a statesman in a free country is altogether different from that which he occupies in a despotic one; the conditions of his tenure and the character of his functions are not the same; the ability required from him is of a different order; the power which he wields is different, the means he must make use of for gaining his influence and obtaining his ends are different. Under a despot he has to govern the nation; he has sometimes to govern the despot: he may sometimes *be* the despot. He has to think and act for a whole people; he is therefore under an awful obligation to think and act soundly; and we all know how rapidly and enormous-

ly such responsibility ripens and strengthens an intellect which it does not paralyze. He can do what he wishes; he is invested with real power; he may often retain that power for a whole generation or for half a lifetime. It is worth his while to lay deep and self-consistent plans, for he may feel confident that he will be suffered to work them out. It is worth his while to trust to the future and to prepare for the future, for he is not necessarily the mere transient creature of an hour. It is worth his while to sow slow-growing seeds of good and grandeur, for it is not irrational to hope, certainly, that they will be allowed to ripen, and possibly that he may himself last long enough to reap the harvest. He has only to consider two things: *first*, whether his views of policy are feasible, beneficent, and wise; *secondly*, whether he can induce his sovereign to adopt them and to confide in him.

In a free state, with parliamentary institutions, where the *people*, or a section and selection of the people, really guide and govern the political machine—as in England, Italy, America, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and some other lands—the case is widely different. Here, a minister may have great *influence*, but he can scarcely flatter himself that he has any *power*. He can do much in diffusing correct information, in disseminating sound views, in upholding great principles and fertile maxims of wise policy—in appointing right men, in exercising a sound strategic instinct as to when to fight and when to yield, in resigning his post when needful rather than surrender too much or compromise too far—but he can do little more. It is seldom worth his while to be at the labor of elaborating any grand or consistent scheme of national action; for he may be quite certain that he will not be allowed to carry it out in its integrity, and he must be very doubtful whether he will remain long enough in office to carry it out at all. In fact it is not for him to say what shall or shall not be done, what principles shall prevail, what objects shall be perseveringly followed up. It is for the aggregate mind of the nation, for the popular voice, for the slowly maturing and often vacillating public opinion of the country, and not

for him or for his sovereign, to decide what the policy of the state shall be both at home and abroad. He can never direct or *command*. He can only *persuade*; and he has to persuade an assembly singularly complex in its structure, often varying in its composition, deplorably incapable of rising to the height of a great principle, and rootedly intolerant of philosophical and far-reaching views. He has to persuade, moreover, or to indoctrinate a people peculiarly fitful in its action, now waywardly torpid, now waywardly emotional, often instinctively sagacious, usually correct in feeling, but incurably illogical to the very core, and ignorantly suspicious of everything that bears the appearance of scientific consistency or system. On all occasions he has to feel the pulse of the country; and he must not only be sure that he interprets its beating aright, but that he can form a sagacious guess as to what its beatings will be a few months ahead. He can only be certain of two conclusions: *first*, that in order to pass any measure however great, however essential, however salutary, he will have to consent to let it be so cobbled, emasculated, adulterated, and delayed, that all its grandeur and most of its value are sure to have evaporated in the process. *Secondly*, that even if he can induce the country to commit itself to some important and characteristic line of action abroad, the time is sure to come when his antagonist will succeed to office, and will induce the country to neutralize, or to paralyze, his inaugurated policy. Everything with us is in truth—everything in a parliamentary nation must be—*compromise*; and compromise is not a soil in which the higher qualities of statesmanship can take root, or flourish.

It was not always so. It was not so in Pitt's days; it was not so to anything like the same extent even in the days of Wellington and Canning, or in the earlier days of Peel. Before the great year of change, 1832, so long as a minister was a favorite with his sovereign, moderately popular with the nation at large, and the recognized leader of his party, he really did possess a considerable amount of positive power, and that power could fairly count upon a reasonable term of duration. The

sovereign might to a certain extent be capricious and unreliable; but princely instability and perfidy are political dangers to be guarded against in despotic as well as in limited monarchies. The party would, of course, have in some measure to be managed and consulted, and its wishes and susceptibilities to be humored; but a minister who really belonged to it and represented its views was certain of zealous, unswerving, and almost unquestioning and blind support. Popular feeling, if very passionate and strong, needed then as now to be watched and guided, and if unanimous and overpowering, to be yielded to for a time; but this is more or less the case in all polities, and in the early part of this century the electing power was centred in so few hands, and those hands were subjected to such potent influences, that the mere popular voice had little weight except in periods of rare and exceptional excitement. The Tories had so large and steady a majority in both Houses; the preponderance of all political and social influences lay so clearly with them, that Pitt or Liverpool or Peel, unless they had attempted something desperately unwise, or unpopular, or premature, or had mortally offended their habitual supporters, were pretty sure of carrying any measures on which they were resolutely bent. They had to defeat the adversaries in their front; but they could always do this with ease and certainty in a pitched battle; and this done they had no reserve of enemies to encounter, no ulterior opposition to overcome.

But it is since the Reform Bill that the combination of political conditions which renders statesmanship so hopeless, has arisen, or at least has attained its complete development. In fact it belongs to, and springs from, and ripens with, the growing preponderance of the popular or democratic element in the state. The degree in which a minister can hope to carry out his own measures, to lay down and adhere to a special, distinct, and consistent line of policy—the degree, that is, in which he can approximate to statesmanship—depends on three conditions: the balance of parties, the degree to which the question interests the masses, and the line taken by the press. Before the Reform Bill

there may be said to have been only two political parties, and from 1790 till 1825, or perhaps later, one of them was so unquestionably predominant in both Houses of Parliament, and in the support and sympathy of the crown, that it was under no necessity of making any great concessions to its opponents, nor had it much reason to cower before the possible action of the people or the press. Since the Reform Bill, not only have the relative weight and numbers of the two great parties in the state been far more equally balanced than of yore, so that only on rare occasions could either hope to *force* a measure down the throats of its antagonists, if their opposition were sufficiently desperate and determined, but a third party has arisen and attained a distinct and most formidable position, numerous and energetic enough in most cases to turn the scale of victory between the two great rivals, and independent enough to make it impossible to count upon their assistance either confidently, steadily, or long beforehand. This third party, moreover, is not a compact and unvarying body having a common interest, and a common policy, and a calculable line of tactics; it comprises several sections who agree only in belonging to neither of the principal armies, and in impartially and alternately embarrassing and paralyzing both. They all sit below the gangway, though they sit on both sides of the House, and are alike erratic and unaccountable. But whether they be Irish members who require to be kept in the ranks by jobs at home or by concessions to ultramontane predilections, or advanced liberals who have their own special aims and creeds to which they will never be unfaithful, and which they will never compromise or postpone, their existence in their actual strength is alike fatal to the growth of all persistent or forecasting statesmanship. Nay, more; they are, in a manner, false and hostile to one of their own recognized doctrines. They hold that the majority ought to govern, or at least that the will of the majority should prevail; but by their singularly *arthritic* position and the singularly skilful, and sometimes unscrupulous use they make of it, they are, day after day, practically enabling a minority, and a small one, to have its way, by taking advantage of the emer-

gencies and bargaining with the necessities of the mightier contending factions.

The periodical press was always a great power; but in recent years it has grown to be incomparably greater than of yore, as well as far prompter in its operation. It is, in fact, the organ through which the more highly educated classes—who are strong neither in property nor rank, and who are often too indolent to take much part in ordinary party and electioneering struggles—assert their right to political influence, and make that influence felt. It is also the organ through which that public opinion, which speaks by general elections once in every four or five years, contrives to speak from day to day. It is a power which no minister, however strong or self-reliant, can afford to ignore or to pass by with conscientious and supercilious indifference. It is, moreover, a power in the face of which it is especially difficult for any minister to lay far-sighted plans, to sow seeds for distant harvests, to adopt a line of policy of which the cost and the drawbacks are obvious and immediate, and the advantages below the surface and remote—of which the price must be paid down at once, and the return must be claimed (however certainly) hereafter. For it insists upon estimating every measure or course of action in its inchoate and imperfect stage, in sitting in judgment on it from day to day, when perhaps only a little of it can be seen, and when that little is far the least prepossessing portion. It insists, too, upon “the reason why,” with an imperious wilfulness particularly embarrassing and disadvantageous to the authors of political schemes, to which the strongest motives, of which the most invaluable consequences, for which the most convincing arguments, are precisely those which cannot be alleged in public without risking the success or the achievement aimed at. The statesman, in fact, has both to concoct and to defend his plans in the face of an audience which is too half-trained to think profoundly, which is too impatient to wait long, which is too shallow to look deep or far—which, as a rule, to use the phrase of Dr. Johnson, is not sufficiently “raised in the dignity of thinking beings to allow the past, the distant, or the future, to predominate

over the present.” The extent to which the press puts an extinguisher upon everything like wide-eyed statesmanship is fully known to those only who have ventured on faint and timid efforts after that great gift, and have been cruelly maltreated for the venture.

The masses—the great body of the English people—again, take far more interest than formerly in political questions, and they take an interest in a greater number and a different class of questions. A generation or two since they were for the most content to leave all matters in the hands of the representatives whom they had chosen, the aristocracy whom they worshipped, and the ministers whom these combined to install. They did not even care for or discuss the majority of subjects. They snatched at the reins, or put their finger in the pie, only on those rare occasions when their personal, or class, or material concerns were directly involved, or when that honest and strange religious fanaticism which lies so close to the core of most English natures was roused by something which looked like Papal encroachments on the one side or liberal theology on the other. On reform, on corn-laws, on Catholic emancipation, they would wake up and speak out and threaten intervention. But in most home, and in nearly all external, matters they were content to be passive. We all know till how very recently our foreign policy was left almost unchecked and unwatched to our foreign secretary. A few senators criticised and assailed him; but the public without listened in apathy or did not listen at all, and used to avow their ignorance and indifference with almost a chuckle of satisfaction. Now, especially since nation after nation has risen up to assert or to strive for its native liberties and rights, our populace feel more interest in foreign than in domestic questions. They are felt to be, and they really are, more “interesting.” They give rise to more public meetings, to more exciting language, to more vehement denunciations. Sometimes, as in a late deplorable example, the people are so clear and decided in their views as completely to override the cabinet and compel it to alter its course and its language in a manner and at a moment which exposes it to bitter and not wholly undeserved reproaches.

It is accordingly in foreign affairs that the disadvantages under which a British minister—especially one who has ever dreamed of becoming a British statesman—must ever labor. His free action is hampered at every turn. He can scarcely venture to engage with other states for any particular line of conduct, for he can never feel confident to what extent his countrymen will endorse his policy, or to what extent his successors and rivals may reverse it. One party in the state sympathizes with “liberty” abroad; the other party sympathizes with “order.” One set of politicians are enthusiastic for Italian freedom and consolidation; another set “stand upon the old way,” and are above all things anxious to preserve the Austrian empire and the Austrian alliance. One section is for upholding the “due and beneficent influence” of England in all questions and in every part of the world; another is all for peace, economy, and non-intervention. No party can have *all* its own way, or can have it always. Each party gets something of its own way, and gets it sometimes. As one set of ministers succeed their rivals, they do not indeed act in a wholly different fashion—for there is always some decorum observed in the *volto-subito*—but they are languid, lukewarm, or dilatory where their predecessors were zealous, active, and peremptory; and this is enough virtually to produce the effect of a change of policy, more or less complete. Under these circumstances it is not easy to see how a statesman *could* grow up. If he were passionately in earnest his heart would be broken in a session. If he be a man of real genius, he becomes dwarfed or bent to the calibre of a tactician, a strategist, a manager, an intriguer. A minister, who is and must be, by the necessity of his position, the servant of an untrained, varying, meddling, many-headed master, may be an admirable administrator or a sound political thinker for the hour, but he can never be a Richelieu, and could not easily now become a Pitt.

The mention of this last name reminds us of another reason why we can never hope in our age and country to breed real statesmen, or at least to see such raised to power. Under our present parliamentary system—a system which, in this respect at least, is scarcely likely to

alter for the better—no man can become Premier, or can even obtain high office and an influential position, scarcely even expect a seat in the cabinet, till he has reached middle life. If he belong to the class of habitual politicians, and come of that rank out of which ministers are made, he will have been long subjected to all the influences of a public and senatorial career; he will have had to work his way up through subordinate offices, during which he will have been under the necessity of carrying out and defending, and therefore almost unavoidably *imbibing*, the views of his principals, and of suppressing or modifying his own—if he had any individual ones—as impediments to his advancement and success; so that by the time he reaches a position where originality and energy would show and tell, originality will have been effectually crushed out of him, and whatever commanding and penetrating energy he may have started with, will have been exchanged for that flexibility and skill in navigation which goes further and lasts longer with us than resolute and imperious volition. If, on the contrary, he comes into public life from the outside, by force of genius or eloquence or popular sympathy, like Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden for example, he must equally be a man of mature years; and although in this case he escapes the ice-house and the flattening-iron of subordinate office and administrative routine, he has gone through the other narrowing processes with which professional and mercantile life alike abound; and unless he be a man exceptionally fortunate, both in social position and intellectual gifts, he is certain to be more or less *borné* and one-sided in his culture or his views: the more certain, because in England such an “outside” man, who does not belong to the class who are politicians by profession and by birth, can scarcely have become the idol or the tribune of the people sufficiently to be forced into power by their strength and as their champion and spokesman, except he has either made himself mighty by being the eloquent and amended embodiment of their views (which, often right in the main, err always from incompleteness, exclusiveness, or excess), or has mounted on the pinnacle and been borne forward on the wave of some *one* great dogma, em-

braced at the critical moment and fought for with that concentrated determination whose very concentration excludes large and mellow comprehensive wisdom. An English minister *may*, by a rare miracle, or a happy accident, be a great statesman at twenty-five; it is scarcely possible that he should either be, or should become, one at fifty. His case is even more hopeless than that of a clergyman; for if he has signed the sad articles of English political faith at every step he has taken upward since he first entered the service of that unphilosophic and dogmatizing church, he must have bartered away every *individual* conviction or conception long before he enters on its loftiest functions.

It is obvious, therefore, if we dispassionately weigh all the above considerations, that it is both idle to whine over the absence among us of that sort of statesmanship which our habits and institutions effectually preclude, and unfair to contrast the statesmanlike views and capacities of British ministers and politicians with those manifested by men placed under altogether different circumstances. The Emperor of Russia or of France can, to a very considerable extent, lay his plans, mature and consolidate them at leisure, and then carry them out as he conceived them. Statesmen of that order can do pretty much what they please, if only they have sagacious heads and strong wills. Statesmen in the position of Palmerston and Russell, or even Peel and Canning, can only do what the people whom they represent and serve, will allow them to do. It has usually been the same to a great degree with our generals. It was so with William III.; it was so with Marlborough; it was so with Wellington. Napoleon the Great not only commanded his own armies, but was himself the despotic government which provided them and sent them forth, and defined their objects, and dictated their campaigns. He had no timid, or incapable, or envious, or antagonizing masters at home to fetter his arms and paralyze his genius. The Duke, on the other hand, fought in chains. He was perpetually hampered and incapacitated by orders from England, issued by men who did not possess his information, and who could not rise for a moment to the height of his conceptions. His wisest

and grandest schemes were often crippled or rendered abortive by official neglect, or carelessness, or wilful inertia at home, which he could neither punish nor prevent. During a great portion of his career, he had to fight three antagonists at once—the French generals in front, the Portuguese and Spaniards by his side, and the English ministers in his rear. It is only from a study of the ability and the temper with which he sustained this harassing and heart-breaking combination of contests that we can draw an adequate conception of his real greatness.

If we would do justice to the real ability and strength of character that lie latent in British statesmen, if we wish to estimate aright what we may term the *potential* statesmanship of our public men, we must first compare them with others fettered and conditioned like themselves, and then we must see what they can do and be when unfettered and favorably placed. We, as our readers know, have never been inclined to class in any very high rank our ministers in recent times, either the living or the dead, with two or perhaps three exceptions; but we may fairly ask: Do they in truth show so ill when weighed in the scale with the leaders of politics in other constitutional states, who have to do somewhat the same work, and to do it under similar conditions? With Guizot or Thiers, for example; with Villèle or Polignac; with Webster or Seward or Sumner or Marey or Clay; with O'Donnell or Azeglio; with any *parliamentary* statesman in fact, except Cavour? And what men in any land have shown grander capacities, intellectual and moral, for the noble task of government on the most magnificent scale, and of the most autocratic sort, than many of our Indian viceroys (who have in truth the only field offered to Englishmen for the display of such qualifications), than Clive or Warren Hastings or Lord Wellesley, than Lord Dalhousie (though perhaps often wrong), than Lord Canning (so much assailed and so tardily done justice to), than Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, or even than Sir Stamford Raffles and Rajah Brooke? Compare for a moment, in idea, the governors-general of India—nominally the subordinates—with the secretaries of state for India and the presidents of the

Board of Control—nominally their chiefs—and the full scope and bearing of the distinction we have been drawing will become startlingly apparent. Lord Broughton, Mr. Vernon Smith, Lord Stanley, and Sir C. Wood are found, or are deemed, strong enough for the latter post; for the former we need, *and we find*, men who can “administer government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu;” men who are either great by nature, but whose greatness would never have been developed or made manifest at home, or who became great by the mere weight and grandeur of the work which is given them to do. And this same signal superiority of governing ability is found, and has been shown whenever the emergency has called for it, in the officials who have ruled minor Indian provinces, as well and as richly, perhaps, as in those who were appointed to rule the entire vast dependency. The work has made the men, probably, but then they must have had in them the material out of which such commanding statesmen *could* be made. Of the long list of men who have governed our Indian empire—all selected from the same class of politicians as our disappointing ministers at home—we cannot recall the names of more than two whom any one could designate as having shown themselves signally unequal or unfit for the position. As a rule they have proved what English statesmanship may become under favoring conditions, and have been men of whom any country might be proud.

Whether the absence of forecasting and commanding statesmanship in Great Britain—an absence which has been admitted and explained—is a matter to be deplored, may perhaps admit of discussion. But we are not going to discuss it now. We shall content ourselves here with two remarks on the subject. It may probably be said of statesmanship, as of administration, that unless it is of a very high order indeed, unless it is sound in its principles, and comprehensive in its wisdom to a rare degree, the less it forecasts and commands the better. We have had more than one memorable warning in recent history of the mischief and futility of looking far beforehand where the vision is feeble and confused, of that fussy and overshadow-

ing sense of important functions to be discharged, and an imposing station to be adequately filled, which is not sustained by any inherent dignity or any corresponding powers. In political matters, especially in foreign politics, it is rarely well to take too anxious thought for the morrow; many of the knottiest problems, if left alone, will solve themselves; many of the most perplexing will suggest and even dictate their own solution when the time for necessary action shall arrive. The Danish imbroglia especially may read our politicians a wholesome homily on the wisdom of inaction. Twelve years ago our British statesmen, with the most amiable and disinterested views, laid their heads together with other honest and sagacious heads to provide for a contingency which was certain to arise, and which was likely to disturb European peace. They entered into a solemn convention, and arranged a deliberate plan. The integrity of Denmark, the succession to the duchies, and the peace of Europe seemed to be assured, and English statesmen went to sleep with a smile of benevolent self-complacency on their lips. Eleven years passed away; the foreseen contingency arose; the solemn convention and the deliberate plan were ruthlessly and insolently torn to pieces; the very war and dismemberment which were to have been precluded came to pass in their worst form; the integrity of the Danish dominions, which the treaty of 1852 was to have secured, has been more utterly destroyed than it could have been had that treaty never been designed; and Great Britain, anxious, honest, blundering old soul, found herself in the position, *first*, of proposing in congress a plan for that very dismemberment she had persuaded the other great powers of Europe twelve years before to join her in denouncing as a thing not to be permitted, and *secondly* (if floating rumors be true), of urging the nomination as heir and possessor of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein of that very Duke of Augustenberg whose claims it was her especial business in the treaty of 1852 to negative, adjudicate against, and buy off.

It is no doubt possible enough, in home as in foreign politics, to look too far ahead, to be too anxious to forestall

coming dangers, and to tie up and regulate the future. But thus much of philosophy and forecast we have surely a right to desire and demand of those who aspire to take a lead in public life—that they shall determine distinctly in *what direction* it is wise and beneficent that all legislative changes and all administrative action shall tend; and that they shall then take heed that their whole conduct shall work to guide the vessel of the state in that direction and to that end; that they shall form to themselves some rational and feasible ideal of England's future, and shall work with steady and converging purpose, as far as in them lies, toward the realization of that ideal. At this point of our national history, for example, every one fit to lead, every one called upon either by position or by temper to speak, to write, to act, to vote, in political concerns, is bound, we think, to have some clear convictions, and some resolute intentions, on the two following points.

First.—Is Great Britain henceforth to assert and to maintain her old position as a first rate influential European power, who must have a voice, and use it, in every European question, difficulty, and dispute; must, as of yore, never be silent, and never speak without enforcing respect for what she says? Or is she to admit frankly, and without recalcitration or regret, and without having the admission driven in upon her from without, that recent changes in naval and military art, and other political events, have altered her relative position, and with it her social duties, and that she is by no means inclined to deplore or resist the change; that she does not choose, after duly considering her obligations, her vulnerability, and the progress which certain modern ideas and doctrines have made among her people, any longer to keep up such a military force as alone would enable her to impose her will upon reluctant peoples, or to take an active and supererogatory part in continental quarrels; that she holds it inconsistent with her dignity to meddle in them by counsel and homily alone; and that therefore she is determined henceforward to look after her own concerns more, and after those of other nations less than heretofore, satisfied that she is, and will always be, able to suffice for

her own defence and her own guidance, but that she will do well to abandon the pretension or the wish to defend all the feeble or to guide all the foolish?

Secondly.—Is that tendency which has undoubtedly set in, and which to many seems so desirable, and to many more so irresistible—the tendency, namely, to extend more and more the popular element in our system, to hand over more and more political power and political preponderance to the numerical majority, that is, the less educated portion of the people—is this tendency one to be cherished, though moderated and guided in its rate of action, or one to be dreaded, checked, and counter-worked? The *means* by which this tendency is to be forwarded or resisted is a question of measures, of strategy, of feasibilities—about which those who think and wish alike may well differ and split asunder into sections. The *feelings* with which the tendency is to be regarded—the estimate of the consequences which will ultimately flow from it, should it prove permanent and successful—involve principles which lie at the very root of statesmanship, and separate earnest men, not into sections, but into parties; not into disagreeing workmen, but into hostile ranks.

The above are questions of *directions* and of ends; and without clear convictions regarding them it appears to us that a man can scarcely make a single step in public life without disgraceful vacillation and many miry falls.

W. R. GREG.

London Society Magazine.

POLITENESS, INSULAR AND CONTINENTAL.

WITHOUT politeness the world of men would be little better than the world of brutes. Civilized men are far from unanimous; but then they agree to differ civilly. In society people often make war; but in good society they never declare it. Good breeding requires that even enemies should avoid offensive forms and expressions. You may go out with a man to shoot him through the heart in a duel, but you must bow to him politely first. An insult may

even be returned politely. When Lauzun broke his sword in the presence of Louis XIV., saying, "I will no longer serve a king who does not keep his word," the king threw his cane out of the window, adding, "It shall never be said that I have thrashed a man of noble birth!" The thrashing was given morally, and the outraged royal dignity was fully satisfied.

As to polite rebukes, they are not uncommon, and are far more easy to administer. Frederick, called the Great, of Prussia, was at least a very great snuff-taker. To save the trouble of continually putting his hand in his pocket, he had a snuff-box on the chimney-piece of every room in the suite of rooms he occupied. One day, when busy in his cabinet, he saw a page, who fancied he was not observed, unceremoniously tasting the royal snuff. He took no further notice at the time; but about an hour afterwards he ordered the page to bring him the box.

"Take a pinch," said the king. "How do you find it?"

"Excellent, sire."

"And the box?"

"Superb, sire."

"Very well, sir; keep it, then. It hardly holds enough for us two."

Politeness lends an additional charm to every kind of social intercourse. It is to society what perfect tune is to the keyboard of a piano. Every member of society should be polite and decorous, just as every note in the musical scale ought to sound its exact pitch amongst the other notes. A knowledge of what politeness requires will often prevent discordant sounds.

The study of the social code adopted by the world in which we move is, therefore, necessary for whoever wishes to figure creditably in that world. But rules alone are not sufficient; there are exceptional occasions when they fail to apply, and in which we must be guided by the *spirit* of courtesy. Deference to others, obedience to elders, submission to rank and authority, are the very essence of that spirit. George III. once complimented Dr. Johnson in highly flattering terms respecting his writings. Somebody asked the Doctor, "And what did you say to all that?"

"Nothing," was the judicious reply.

"Was I to bandy compliments with my sovereign?" He accepted the royal approbation, as was his duty.

A new ambassador, Lord S—, whose social tact was highly spoken of, arrived at the court of Louis XIV. The king, wishing to test his politeness, invited him to a shooting-party. At the moment of starting to drive to the wood, the king, drawing back, gave him the precedence, saying, "Get into the carriage, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur." Lord S— did not wait to be twice told to do so. Instead of humbly retreating and attempting to decline so great an honor, he obeyed at once; thus treating the royal invitation as an order which he was not even permitted to discuss. The king, who was the politest man of his day, perfectly appreciated the move, and remarked, with a smile, "Decidedly, Lord S— is a well-bred man."

It is often, therefore, the truest politeness simply to do what you are requested to do.

Politeness is not exactly a virtue, but an imitation and assumption of certain virtues. It induces us to appear kind, self-denying, indulgent, modest, because it would be uncivil and rude to appear the contrary. We are polite for our own sakes quite as much as for other people's. Politeness is the art of disguising our feelings and passions rather than of repressing them; it is a sense of propriety rather than of justice; it does not make a man better, but it renders him infinitely more sociable—as is indicated by the derivation of the word itself and its synonymes. The root of politeness is *πολις*, a town; courtesy comes to us from courts; and civility, *civilitas*, according to Ainsworth, is the courtesy which citizens use to one another. Politeness, not content with avoiding everything that can possibly displease, continually and actively strives to please. It modifies the demeanor as well as the conduct, and adds a charm to the most trifling actions. When simply and naturally practiced and without any affectation, it almost amounts to friendship and affection.

The forms of politeness have varied greatly in different ages of the world, and they still differ in several of their details in different countries even in Europe. Differences of religion and of

political institutions naturally have their effect on the manners of a nation. In the course of time those effects accumulate, and show themselves in discrepancies of etiquette. Each thus acquires a little code of by-laws, which must be obeyed by all who mix much with that particular group or race of mankind. We may, however, safely assert that, as French is the language of courts and diplomacy, so French manners are upon the whole the rule in good continental society.

All men in England are equal before the law; but our social inequality is great. What a gap between the squire and the laborer! The laborer takes off his hat to the squire, but the squire does not take off his hat to him. What an abyss between the riders in Rotten Row and the orators and their audience in the park, met to discuss Garibaldi's departure! English society is made up of a series of sets, cliques, or coteries—castes they can hardly be called, since the position they give is not unalterable—each of which looks down upon that which is, or which it fancies below itself. On the continent generally political liberty and equality may be less, but social equality is greater. Parisian electors cannot meet to discuss politics in numbers exceeding twenty; public meetings are not to be thought of; political agitation is almost a crime; but at Parisian public fêtes and in places of public resort, every individual has an equal right and an equal standing, which no other individual may infringe or gainsay. The public voice upholds this principle of comparative equality; the nation prides itself on the national politeness. Woe be to any one who, by pretentious airs or discourtesy, attempts to "try it on," whether insolence and arrogance cannot gain social mastery. A severe lesson is in store for him or her—if the would-be bully is not at once snuffed out by ridicule.

Pau is a curious town, a favorite resort of invalids and idlers, whose population consequently consists of a certain number of inhabitants and a very great many strangers. Everybody lets furnished apartments, from the humblest citizen to the highest personage. Generals, counts, and marquises advertise their rooms "with a south aspect and a

fine view of the Pyrenees." There is no harm in this; it is excessively convenient; but it lately gave occasion for a sharp retort.

Madame C——, the wife of one of the richest merchants in Paris, was remarked for the elegance of her dress. Such elegance, displayed by a simple commoner, displeased one of the noble dames of Pau, Madame la Comtesse d'Asterisk.

"What do you call *that*?" she said, contemptuously glancing at the Parisienne.

"That is Madame C——," was replied to her.

"Ah! yes, I know," the Comtesse answered. "She's a linendraper."

Madame C——, who overheard every word of the conversation, inquired in turn, loud enough to be heard, and pointing with her finger to the haughty lady, "What do you call *that*?"

"It is Madame d'Asterisk."

"Ah! yes, I know. She's a letter of lodgings. We think of taking her rooms next season."

Attention to one's outward appearance is one of the first elements of politeness. Want of cleanliness, slovenly or dilapidated attire, are an affront to the persons we approach. Anything like dirtiness—the very word offends—is utterly unpardonable and inadmissible. Man, naturally the nudest of animals, has necessarily the greatest need of personal neatness. Most of the nations of antiquity bathed daily, or oftener. Ablutions were, and still are in many countries, a religious practice. Perfumes are quite gone out of fashion, being left to be used almost exclusively by persons of questionable health, or worse, of questionable character.

Dress is a serious consideration, both socially and sumptuously. For men, simplicity is the rule, together with a slowness to adopt the newest and extremest fashions. Masculine costume is much more uniform now than when almost every grade and profession had each its characteristic dress. Dress was once a mark of caste, and only another form of social tyranny. John Kirby, the grandfather of the entomologist, a land-surveyor and schoolmaster, in one of his letters speaks of wearing mourning on the death of a near relation as being incompatible with his rank, and that the

neighboring gentry would be displeased were he to presume to put it on. But the first French Revolution had a powerful influence in levelling costume, and the tendency is to still greater uniformity—as most ladies who have housemaids are well aware. The attorney is scarcely to be distinguished from the member of Parliament, the barrister from the artist. French violinists, however, M. Cometant tells us—all Frenchmen, indeed, who assume to be *distingué*—have the habit of keeping their black dress-coat buttoned in front.

Neat, becoming, simple dress, well befitting the age of the wearer and without the least extravagance in any way, is an indication of good sense and orderly conduct. To dress with propriety, is both to respect others and to respect one's self. It is curious that even people who neglect themselves still like to see those about them smart and tidy.

Black coat and pantaloons are indispensable in France for a first or specially formal call, a grand dinner, or a ball. In some towns, the dress-coat is insisted upon, even for concerts; in case of doubt, therefore, you will keep on the safe side by wearing it. A white waistcoat is more *grande cérémonie* than a black one; the same as to the cravat. A hat as brilliant as polished jet, shining varnished boots or *bottines*—for shoes, even varnished, are *négligé*, and call to mind the waiters at restaurants—together with perfect gloves, are points respecting which two opinions are not permitted.

Gloves are an item of such importance, that they cannot be dismissed without a word in passing. The proverb says, "*Bien ganté et bien chaussé, on va partout.*"—"Well gloved and well shod, you may present yourself anywhere." There are occasions which allow you to dispense with gloves, as when gardening, fishing, or indulging in other open-air recreations allowed to gentlemen; but there is no occasion on which you may appear with holey, greasy, shabby gloves. In the very highest society, the same pair of gloves may not be worn twice; at least they must never betray the slightest trace of having been worn. Morning gloves, walking gloves, calling gloves, evening gloves, must be ever spotless, fresh, and new. Consequently, the glover's bill is one of the

heaviest items of the personal budget. M. Mortemart-Boisse states that a man of fashion may easily spend eighteen thousand francs, or seven hundred and twenty pounds a year, on gloves. Those who have less than seven hundred a year must compromise the matter as well as they can.

Soon after the Lady Bianca Bianca-ville disgraced herself by a love-match with Mr. Nero Nobody, I happened to dine at a wealthy mansion. Of course, everybody had their word to say.

"Poor things!" observed a dowager by my side. "They have only eight hundred a year between them."

"No more!" exclaimed the lady of the house. "Why that will only just serve them for gloves."

"It is very lucky for me," I said, "that it is not yet the fashion to dine in gloves; for I never had eight hundred a year, and most likely never shall."

The fine folks present were good enough not to appear shocked at my bold confession of gloveless poverty, but bore it with the equanimity with which we support other people's sorrows.

Gloves should fit like a second skin, and be worn buttoned at the wrist. A French authority (Alphonse Karr) tells you to take a gentleman's hand with your own ungloved, in token of frankness and sincerity; but to keep your glove on when you touch a lady's, as a proof of the respect with which you regard her. Gloves also have their court etiquette. If you are honored by the Pope with an audience, his secret chamberlain, Monsignore Borromeo, begs you to take off your gloves before entering. "The Holy Father," he tells you, "like the Holy Communion, is approached only with ungloved hands." I suppose it was in obedience to a similar rule that the sorceresses of old, as Canidia and Sagana, took out their false teeth, and took off their false hair, before they set to work to raise the ghosts of the dead.

The cravat merits more attention than is often bestowed upon it. It meets you face to face every time you converse with a gentleman; you cannot help observing it. It is the pedestal, as it were, on which the whole of the countenance is based. An ill-tied, wisped-up, muddled cravat, is enough to prejudice you against a new acquaintance. Of all our articles

of clothing, it is the only one which is a proof of the wearer's personal taste and skill. We draw on our stockings, we pull on our boots, we slip on our coat, and we put on our hat; but we are obliged to adjust and tie our cravat. Stocks, with false and ready-made bows, convenient enough for people who dress in a hurry, will be disdained by the really well-dressed man, almost as much as paper shirt-collars.

"What have you got there?" somebody asked of Brummel's valet, as he left his master's dressing-room with a huge bundle of crumpled white cravats under his arm.

"These are our failures," he replied. "Happily we have succeeded at last."

To tie a cravat well, requires patience, tact, a keen perception of graceful form, and great delicacy of manipulation, combined with decision. One of these days I must shut myself up for a week in strict seclusion, to improve and experiment in the art of tying a white cravat.

The differential aspects of the hat, at home and abroad, are noteworthy. With us, its principal office is to cover the head and keep it warm—which was why the celebrated miller wore a white one. Elsewhere, indeed, the word *couvre-chef* implies the same; besides which, the hat is to the gentleman what the fan is to the lady, an implement of coquetry, an aid to deportment, a means of expressing sentiment. A hat, on the Continent, has very hard and endless work to do. Your hatter will recommend you one with a stiff brim, *pour saluer*, for bowing service; for, remember, you must take your hat quite off your head, to gentlemen as well as to ladies, and often even to inferiors, under pain of being considered *mal élevé*, ill-bred. Merely touching your hat and nodding, is far too familiar and uncereemonious, except in the case of great intimacy. To show how thoroughly they salute you (not doing it by halves), some people, who wear caps, will seize that covering by the crown, grasping it with the open hand, and so remove it bodily.

The hat has its eloquence as well as the eye. Made to descend very low, when off, it savors of the pride which apes humility. The degree of its elevation, the position in which it is held, the length of time it is kept in suspense be-

fore returning to its place, the motion of the arm, all telegraph the wearer's feelings.

So useful an article enjoys its privileges; it is admitted to evening parties and must not be laid aside, except for the purposes of musical performance or taking refreshment. When, speaking to a lady in the street, you remove your hat, you may not replace it until she tells you. Not to return a bow in kind, is arrogant; not to return it at all is an insult which may lead to fatal consequences. In a bank, on the Continent, it is unpolite to keep the hat on, as we do; in a synagogue, it is irreverent to take it off. At the baths of Leuk (Switzerland), you are admitted gratis to see ladies and gentlemen bathing together in the interior basin, on the sole condition of shutting the door after you and taking off your hat. If you omit either form, a score of voices will soon call you to order. So much for the spectators; the bathers there are forbidden to enter into religious controversy—a prohibition which seems needless, as, practically, all are Baptists.

In several Northern and German capitals, when you do obeisance in the streets to passing kaisers, kings, grand dukes, or reigning serene highnesses and transparencies, you are expected not to pass on yourself while you take your hat off, but to stand stock still until the act of reverence is completed. Not to salute the lady at the counter, or the assembled company, on entering a café, restaurant, cercle, estaminet, or public room, is, in foreign parts generally, a very capital omission.

As to ladies' dress, gentlemen are allowed little more than a financial interference with it. All they have to do is to admire and pay the bill. Still we may hint that a lady, receiving guests, will carefully avoid eclipsing them by her garments or ornaments. She will be under-dressed, rather than not, in order to let them shine with greater *éclat*. Away from home, she will dress to do honor to her host and hostess; at home, so as to do honor to her visitors. In neither case should the gratification of her own personal vanity be the object in view.

Probably the two sumptuary extremes of female dress in Europe are to be found

in France and Sweden respectively; the former country spending all, the latter economizing all she can. Next to the American civil war, women's dress in Paris is the most extravagantly expensive thing going. A woman will hang about her person her husband's whole income and her children's fortune. "A Camellia," says Michelet—that is, a light-charactered lady—"will engulf (for her toilette) more than a whale." The court sets the example of expensiveness: it is a tradition of the empire. Napoleon I. privately lectured a *Préfet* of the Seine for coming to the Tuilleries in a hired carriage; and he openly scolded a lady for appearing before him in a dress which he recognized as an old acquaintance, asking her whether her husband's pay was not sufficient to buy a new gown. Ladies now invited to Compiègne or Fontainebleau for a week, are expected never to wear the same morning or evening dress twice, which amounts to fourteen new dresses for the visit, *at least*; for if a lady chose to wear three dresses a day, nothing is easier than to find opportunities of displaying them. Say that a lady moving in high Parisian society can contrive to manage with the very moderate allowance of only five new dresses per week during a three months' season, it makes a little total of sixty dresses. Calculate the cost of these at a minimum price, and it still comes to a heavy amount; reckon it at a maximum, and it is enough to make a Rothschild look grave.

The Swedes, on the contrary, not being rich, try to make a respectable appearance by a small expenditure. At the ball given at the Exchange of Stockholm to the royal family, on the New Year's Day, by the bourgeoisie, in which every trade is represented, the rule is that all the ladies, the queen included, appear in black; *because* everybody is supposed to have the means of buying a black silk dress. A black silk dress, it is taken for granted, is to be found in every citizeness's wardrobe. Colored ribbons, trimmings, flowers, feathers, and jewels may be superadded *ad libitum*. A lady may put on at that ball ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, if she have them; but a black top and skirt must be the groundwork of the whole.

On the same economical principle, the maids of honor and ladies in waiting on the Queen of Sweden must dress in black when on duty (except on the occasion of a wedding or a christening); when not in attendance they may wear black, or not, as pleases them best. Their distinctive mark from other ladies are white satin sleeves, barred with black.

If the French *versus* the Swedish system of dress were put to the vote of the assembled fathers and husbands—ay, and the suitors too—of Europe, which do you think would gain the majority?

No one is fond of making calls. Calls are certainly a great waste of time. Still, calling must be done, and therefore may as well be done properly. There are a few members of society whose time is valuable, and fully occupied—medical men, authors, lawyers, statesmen—who, by a rebellious effort, emancipate themselves generally from making or returning calls. They get their calling done by their wives, or leave it undone. But the omission is hazardous, especially at the outset of a man's career. It may get excused, or it may not. The higher his position in the world the more rigorously is he obliged to comply with the observances due to his equals; so that he is far from being absolved from the duty. The parties who fancy themselves neglected or slighted without sufficient reason are naturally more or less offended. When a man's rank or office is in any way representative or ornamental, he is more than ever bound to comply with the routine of formal visiting.

I was once present in a foreign capital when a lady—a British subject—managed, on some trifling grounds, to get the English minister to call upon her at her hotel. He came, attended. On discovering the slight importance of the case, he was very stiff and curt, and, on leaving, slammed the door after him so loudly that every one on the same floor of the house could hear it. However frivolous the lady's pretext to induce him to come might be, was he right in expressing his opinion by slamming the door? The object of his residence in that city was, that he might see and be seen, might listen to and answer the applications of his countrymen. Above all, a diplomatist is forbidden by his office ever to show temper, quite as much

as he would by Talleyrand ever to manifest zeal.

Business visits are altogether exempted from the rules which apply to calls in general. The person who receives them is not bound to offer any other civility than his attention. He is not required to rise at the entrance of an applicant, nor to acknowledge his departure with more than a bow. In short, the truest politeness during business visits is for one party to be as brief and explicit, and the other as obliging and communicative as possible. The same applies to business letters.

One great difference in calling, at home and abroad, is, that here new comers wait to be called upon, while, elsewhere, they are the first to present themselves to the persons whom they wish or feel entitled to visit. An approach to the foreign system is pointed out by *Αγώγος*, in his *Hints on Etiquette*: "When a family arrive in London, they should send out cards to their acquaintance, to inform them of that event, as well as of their address." According to the same authority, with us, when a wedding takes place in a family, the cards of the newly-married pair are sent round to all their acquaintances, to apprise them of the event. The cards are sent out by the bridegroom to his acquaintances, and by the parents of the bride to theirs. In some instances the cards have been united by silken or silver cords; but this mode has not been adopted by people of fashion.

After the honeymoon, or on their return from the wedding trip, the young people "sit up," or remain at home, to receive company. In France no wedding cards are sent; but the parents of the bride and bridegroom distribute letters of *faire part* to such a wide circle—to persons with whom they have the slightest acquaintance—that the object would appear to be less a civility than a public advertisement of the circumstance. Thus people in business send letters of *faire part* to distant persons and customers with whom they have merely business connections. A quite sufficient acknowledgment of the attention is to return your own card by post in an unsealed envelope. As soon as possible—sometimes only two or three days—after the wedding, the new-married couple

call on the friends, beginning with their nearest relations, with whom they wish to live on terms of intimacy. The calls are duly returned, and matters then settle down into the regular routine which is supposed to occur after "the end" of the third volume of a fashionable novel.

Of course, you rise to receive and welcome visitors, and see them seated before resuming your own seat. Dismissing them is an affair of greater complexity and delicacy. It makes some difference whether the reception-room is on the first floor, as in a London house, or on a level with the hall, as in a country mansion. In England, it is permitted, when visitors rise to take leave, to ring and allow the servant to accompany them to the door; abroad, the only excuse for not doing so yourself is the presence of other visitors, whom you cannot leave to conduct those who are departing. True politeness, indeed, would induce you to show how unwilling you are to part with your guests by remaining with them as long as you can, instead of losing sight of them as soon as possible.

The Habits of Good Society, by far the fullest and completest recent English work on the subject, tells us that "ceremonial visits must be made the day after a ball, when it will suffice to leave a card; within a day or two after a dinner party, when you ought to make the visit personally, unless the dinner was a semi-official one, such as the lord mayor's; and within a week of a small party, when the call should certainly be made in person. All these visits should be short, lasting from twenty minutes to half an hour at the most."

A week is the utmost limit for returning a formal visit; to exceed it, gives great offence. When General Rostolan, a strict disciplinarian, succeeded the Duke of Reggio as commander-in-chief of the French forces at Rome, he called, accompanied by his staff, on each of the five cardinals who then formed the Provisional Executive Committee.

Eight days elapsed; not an eminence stirred; the general awaited them in vain. On the ninth, he sent them word that if they did not call on him in the course of the day, he should feel himself obliged, very much to his regret, to as-

sert his own dignity, and the respect due to his official position, by sending a picket of foot-soldiers to fetch them.

The knocker is nearly obsolete in England. The next generation will have to study its varieties in museums. Not so in many continental towns. It may, therefore, be as well to remark that the roulades and solo performances on that instrument, for which our footmen were celebrated, will hardly bear exportation. In fact they would cause more surprise than pleasure, as has sometimes happened even at home. "The Roman Assembly" (*The Habits* tells us) "used to break up if thunder was heard; and in days of yore a family assembly was often broken up very hurriedly at the thunder of the knocker, one or other of the daughters exclaiming, 'I'm not dressed, mamma!' and darting from the room."

Our "Knock and Ring" is an invitation to noise, as well as a confession of the dispersed state of the family—of a house divided. You are tacitly requested to give a stout pull to wake up the servants dozing down stairs, and also to sound an audible notice of your arrival to the occupants of the drawing-room aloft. A French *juge de paix* or other magistrate will call at your door with a knock as unpretending as the postman's. Violent tugging at the bell is only permitted when the bell won't speak without it. A common inscription outside office doors is, *Entrez sans frapper*, "Come in without knocking." The drollest notice of the kind on record occurred during the first French republic. It inculcated the social equality and fraternity of every citizen, thus: *Ici on se tutoie. Fermez la porte, s'il vous plait*, "Here people are addressed as thou and thee. Shut the door, if you please."

When the person on whom you call is absent, or not visible, you leave your visiting card—a happy invention. It is usual to turn up the corner or end of the card when delivering it to the servant; about the interpretation of which mysterious fold learned doctors are not agreed. *Aywyos* says that, should there be daughters or sisters residing with the lady called on, it is done to signify that the visit is meant for them also. Muller's *Politesse Française* informs us that

it is intended to show that the call was made in person. Perhaps, originally, it may have been meant as a proof that the caller was not one of those genteel mendicants who send in their card, and ask to have it back again, for future use, after they have pocketed their half a crown.

As a card may be substituted for a call, calling resolves itself into three degrees of comparison: the superlative—when you call, enter the house, and pay your compliments personally; the comparative—when you drive to your friend's door, and leave your card without quitting your carriage; the positive—when you simply send your card by the hands of a servant. A card is thus a homeopathic call, a call administered in its mildest form; it is the infinitesimal element of calling. The two latter modes are common in Italy, and possibly may have reached us thence. Young single ladies, abroad, are not allowed to have independent cards all to themselves. They take their place on their mamma's family omnibus card, thus:

Madame et Mademoiselle d'A B C.

One particular class of visits cannot, on the Continent, be neglected or avoided; namely, those of New Year's Day. A considerably wide margin (the close of the month) is allowed for paying them; but the sooner they are paid the better. The most respectful New Year's visits—those, for instance, to grandparents—are made on the eve of the day. To intimate friends, or superiors, at a distance, you must write; to those in the same town or near neighborhood you must present yourself personally; to all others, whether distant or near, you are expected to send your card by post. It is a troublesome ceremony, but it affords a capital opportunity for reconciling coolnesses and clearing up misunderstandings. "The obligation," says Chateaubriand, "under which you live, of receiving your neighbor on New Year's Day, induces you to live on good terms with him during the whole of the rest of the year, and the peace and union of society are thereby maintained." The theory is amiable; is it borne out by facts?

A young lady cannot pay visits alone; she should be accompanied either by her

mother or some other lady who may be regarded as fulfilling that maternal office. If she goes out shopping or to prayers at church she may be simply attended by a female servant; but at public walks, soirées, and balls, the protection of a matron is indispensable.

At visits of circumstance, you will do well to wait till the occasion which brings you is the subject of conversation before you allude to it. It is difficult, after exciting events in families, both to know exactly which way the wind is blowing, and to divine the exact strength of the breeze. Neither joy nor grief are so completely unmixed as we often suspect them to be.

"Visits of condolence and congratulation," *The Habits* tells us, "must be made about a week after the event." If you are intimate with the person on whom you call, you may ask, in the first case, for admission; if not, it is better only to leave a card, and make your 'kind inquiries' of the servant, who is generally primed in what manner to answer them. In visits of congratulation, you should always go in, and be hearty in your congratulations. Visits of condolence are terrible inflictions to both receiver and giver, but they may be made less so by avoiding, as much as is consistent with sympathy, any allusion to the past. The receiver does well to abstain from tears. A lady of my acquaintance, who had lost her husband, was receiving such a visit in her best crape. She wept profusely for some time upon the best of broad-hemmed cambric handkerchiefs, and then, turning to her visitor, said, 'I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mr. B—— has left me most comfortably provided for.'"

In a similar spirit, M. Boitard advises, in his *Manuel Illustré de la Bonne Compagnie*, "At a visit after a *lettre de faire part*, you should be able to arrange your countenance as well as your dress.

"After a funeral be very sorrowful in the presence of an heir who has inherited large property. Speak warmly in praise of the defunct's virtues. You will be rendering assistance to the heir, by playing the hypocrite in his stead.

"But if your friend has lost a relation who did not leave him a single sou, talk of the Opera, the Bal Mabille, the last new novel, without a word about the

deceased. You will save your host the trouble of pretending to be overwhelmed by deep affliction.

"In either case, model your features absolutely after the pattern of those of your host. Madame de Bradi says, 'On such occasions, laugh with those who laugh, and mourn with those who mourn; it is not hypocrisy, but goodness of heart.'"

We are perfectly willing to allow it to be so.

Bentley's Miscellany.

TIMES OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

It is surprising how much has been done within the last few years to rehabilitate the pure fame of the lovely Marie Antoinette. The ink was scarcely dry with which we epitomized the eloquent and striking defence of that unfortunate queen written by the brothers De Goncourt, than we had to study Count d'Hunolstein's selections from her unpublished correspondence, the countess having been attached to the queen's household, and we have now before us the still more extensive collection of correspondence illustrative of the same epoch, collected by the praiseworthy industry of M. Feuillet de Conches. Certainly of all rehabilitations none can be more impressive than those that issue from the very mouths, as it were, of the accused. No other person of so high a birth, so exalted a rank, so fair in person, so lively and amiable in disposition, and so chaste and pure in mind, has been so calumniated by the social corruption of the land of her adoption, as Marie Antoinette. Although some of those who lent themselves to this base system of defamation are still alive, the day has come when, in France itself, the character of the persecuted daughter of Maria Theresa is at length better understood and more truly appreciated.

It is a mere coincidence, but it is not a little curious, that as Hecuba dreamt that she had brought into the world a

* *Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette et Madame Elisabeth. Lettres et Documents inédits publiés, Par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. Tome I.*

burning torch, as Iphigenia and her mother Clytemnestra, and Polyxena and Andromache had their warnings, so had Marie Antoinette, and so, indeed, had Josephine. It is all superstition; but so deep were Josephine's convictions, that while the Duchess d'Aiguillon, Madame de Fontenay (afterwards Tallien), and other fair prisoners were weeping at the order come for their removal previous to trial, Madame de Beauharnais actually laughed. Nay, so hurt was Madame d'Aiguillon at this ill-timed levity, that, aware of Josephine's convictions, she said to her tartly, "Well, why don't you appoint us at once to your household?" "Do not let that give you any anxiety, duchess," was the reply; "you shall be my lady of honor." The empress used to take pleasure in repeating this strange story herself. The fall of Robespierre took place next day, and their lives were saved.

Marie Antoinette, with an extreme sensibility and a somewhat romantic imagination, as shown in her acts of life, especially at Trianon, had the pardonable weakness of dwelling at times, but only for a moment, upon unlucky warnings. She would chase such away with the smile of a better faith and a juster reason, but they were so numerous that, in moments of grief, they would, despite of herself, force themselves upon her. She could never rid herself, for example, of the reminiscence that the day of her birth was signalized by the terrible earthquake at Lisbon. She knew, too, that at the dauphin her husband's birth, a courier had been dispatched to the king at Choisy, that he was thrown and killed, and that thus the message was never delivered. But can we blame Marie Antoinette for her superstitious sensibility, when Goethe himself was troubled with the fact that a celebrated thaumaturgist of the day, the Tyrolese doctor Gassner, interrogated by Maria Theresa as to the future of her then infant girl, turned pale and declined to reply?

By some curious coincidence the hut on the island of the Rhine, in which Marie Antoinette was welcomed after a strange fashion into French territory, was hung with Gobelins representing Jason, Medea his wife, and her revenge

on Creusa—a representation of the most fatal marriage perhaps on record. It is not surprising, with such an excessive sensibility to impressions of this kind, that the fearful loss of life that attended upon the festivities of her marriage (twelve hundred killed and wounded) should also have had an effect that was never entirely effaced, and which, indeed, every now and then manifests itself in gloomy forebodings that are to be met with in her correspondence.

The first portion collected by M. de Conches naturally begins with the events that followed upon her first separation from home—her journey to France to be wedded. But here, we may remark, Marie Antoinette's more confidential correspondence was written at this epoch to her sister, Maria Christina, "*la seule à qui j'ose parler à cœur ouvert*," she says herself in one of her earliest letters; and hence M. d'Hunolstein's collection, which we have previously noticed, is more interesting than M. de Conches', which contains at first only the more formal letters written to her mother. An additional letter to Maria Theresa, recording the progress in France, dated May 15, 1770, intimates that it was by the advice of the "good Duke of Choiseul" that she requested to see the king's daughter, Madame Louise, at her convent of Carmelites. This letter was dated "*Château de la Muette*," where Louis XV. is said to have shown so little respect for a girl of fourteen and a half years of age, and the daughter of Maria Theresa, as to have allowed Madame du Barry to be present at supper. Marie Antoinette had, however, the tact to make no mention of the circumstance to her mother till after the lapse of a year or two. M. de Conches repeats the old story, that when asked how she liked the favorite, she contented herself with replying, "*Charmante*." On another occasion, a suppliant had not contented herself with applying to the dauphine, but had also laid her griefs before Madame du Barry. Mischief-making courtiers soon reported this to Marie Antoinette, who merely observed, "Well, she has done quite right; in such a case, if it had been necessary, I would have thrown myself at the feet of Zamore." The suppliant pleaded, it may

be noticed, for her son's life. Zamore was Madame du Barry's black page.

The letter to her mother announcing her marriage appears both in the De Conches and the Hunolstein collections. So also of the letter informing her mother of the sad accidents that happened on the occasion of the rejoicings. Letters to her sister Christina appear, however, shortly afterwards in De Conches', in addition to what are met with in the Hunolstein collection, while, at the same time, some in the latter collection are wanting in De Conches'. In one of these she repeats a favorite allusion to her sister Charlotte—the friend of Lady Hamilton—who, when sent to her Neapolitan husband, said she was being “cast into the sea,” and, in another to her brother Joseph, having said she was a “Dauphine en biscuit de pâte tendre.” She says, laughingly, “It is now four months since I am dauphine pâte tendre, and the compliments on the subject have not yet ended. Only imagine, that they have just presented to the king a picture in which I figure amidst all sorts of flowers—I am placed in the centre of a rose: only that! The king was pleased, so I was obliged to say it was very pretty and very like, and the artist withdrew delighted. I really wish they would get to an end with all these insipidities.” To a correct taste and judgment, Marie Antoinette added, indeed, all the more sterling qualities of her mother. Visiting the Duchess of Mazarin, who gave herself the airs of one of the divinities of Mignard and Le Brun, she observed, “She has the appearance of a Calypso!”

In a letter in the De Conches collection, Marie Antoinette alludes, as early as December 27, 1770, to the overthrow of the De Choiseul ministry. All she says, however, is: “I have been much moved by the event, for M. de Choiseul has always been a friend of the family, and has upon all occasions given me good advice. It is no use being Dauphine of France; one remains not less, do what one will, a stranger.” This was a feeling that Marie Antoinette never got over, nor was she indeed ever permitted to do so. Here is a charming little cabinet picture: “Monsieur de Provence holds his head still higher since he knows that his marriage has

been declared by the King of Sardinia, and that his affianced has received the official compliments. Monsieur d'Artois, always lively, and who has a word for everything, has declared that he also intends to carry off a Sabine. Now, the good Princess Christina of Saxony, whose appearance you are acquainted with, is expected here. Monsieur de Provence said to him that would just suit him, and advised him to carry her off, which caused so much laughter that the king was compelled to join in it.”

Marie Antoinette could only converse with M. de Mercy, the Austrian representative, at court balls, and anything that was not strictly etiquette was severely controlled by Madame de Noailles, yet she was always doing good. In one of her letters to her sister, she grieves for one Hackenberg, wounded by an explosion in the camp of Luxembourg, and, she adds, that she was going to Compiègne, where the wounded man's sister was in a situation, and that it would give her an opportunity of doing something for her. On another occasion, she writes: “I lately married two young girls, concerning whom I had most touching information. No one has an idea how many qualities and virtues lie hid among the lower classes; and there are some among these poor good people to whom publicity is only wanting to make examples of them, there are so many traits that do them honor.”

The day of the king's death the Dauphin wrote as follows to the Abbé Terray, controller-general of finances: “Monsieur the controller-general, I beg of you to have two hundred thousand francs distributed among the poor of the parishes of Paris, in order that they may pray for the king. If you find that it is too much considering the demands of the state, you will draw upon my pension and that of Madame the Dauphine.” This letter had a very good effect, and impressed the public with promises of a happy reign. How the Dauphine wrote to her mother that they were both terrified at the idea of reigning so young, we have noticed before. The letter appears in both the De Conches and Hunolstein collections.

Louis XV. perished of small-pox; his sisters, who attended him, even con-

tracted the virulent disorder, and no sooner was his death known by the rush of courtiers from the ante-chamber of the departed sovereign to congratulate Louis XVI., and the noise of which is declared to have been like "thunder," than the court took its departure for Choisy, and the very next day the king wrote to the Duc de la Vrillière:

"Sir, in the frightful trouble in which we were yesterday, I was not enabled to send you my orders with respect to Madame the Countess of Barry. It is necessary, as she knows many things, that she should be shut up too soon rather than too late. Send her a *lettre de cachet* to the effect that she goes to a convent in the country, with orders that she sees no one. I leave it to you to determine the place and pension which (so that she may live respectably) I give her in consideration of the memory of my grandfather. Tell me at once what you shall decide upon."

The next day the king alludes to orders which must have been issued in the same brief space of time against Madame du Barry's brother, "a wretch who trafficked upon his sister's immorality, and robbed her at the same time," and, he adds, that no mercy is to be shown to the Doctors Sutton (probably Sutton, as they were apparently English quacks) and who appear to have offered some panacea for the late king's malady, and then refused to interfere. The following, written the same month (May, 1774), is not quite so creditable to the new monarch's ideas of justice. It is addressed to the Duc de la Vrillière:

"Monsieur, my aunt Sophia takes a deep interest in Mademoiselle Gilbert, niece to her first woman of the chamber, whom her father wishes to withdraw from a convent in which she is, in opposition to her own wishes; my aunt asks for a *lettre de cachet* to keep her there. You had better send it too soon than too late." It is true that "que son père veut faire retirer du convent où elle est, malgré elle," may, by a various punctuation, be read "as from a convent in which she is, in opposition to her wishes to remain there." At all events, it shows the many and various applications of the *lettre de cachet*. In contrast with this infinitesimal bit of absolutism inspired by "Aunt Sophia,"

is a more creditable letter written to the Duc de la Vrillière upon the occasion of the dismissal of M. de Maupeou, whom he accuses, from documents before him, of great harshness and inhumanity, and who, he says, deserved a *lettre de cachet*. He expresses himself favorable to parliamentary action, as wished for by all classes, and he adds: "It is better to make one's self loved than feared, and I wish to be loved." Speaking in another letter of a reward he had given to Euler, he says: "I would wish to recompense thus all the great talents, that do honor to their age by contributing to civilization and to the welfare of the people." So, likewise, on the occasion of the presentation of the physician Portal: "I have heard," he writes, "on all sides of this doctor, who is, it appears, a learned man and a friend of humanity. I wish to treat him well. His salutary methods must be made known in every direction. . . . There are no little things when the welfare of the people is concerned." Of Buffon he said: "All that I have seen and heard of this writer prove to me that he will be the glory of my reign." These are sentiments that would do honor to the most able men that were ever called to a throne.

Marie Antoinette had learnt music under Gluck, and hence the maestro's success and reputation were always dear to her. In the Hunolstein Correspondence we find her relating how she took the Emperor of Austria to hear "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," how "he ensconced himself at the bottom of the box, and how, at a decisive moment, she took him by the arm and led him forward, when he was received with acclamation by the public, and went home delighted at his reception and at the success of 'our good Gluck.'" She apparently infused the same enthusiasm into her husband, for Louis XVI. writes, under date of January 14, 1775:

"I was charmed by the opera of '*Iphigénie en Aulide*,' by the Chevalier Gluck, which I heard yesterday in Paris. The queen, madame, and my two brothers were transported as well as myself. It is a work of the greatest beauty. I testified my satisfaction to the author after the performance. I wish to send him a present, which will show the re-

spect in which I hold his person and his talents."

Here is a delightful little confidential letter of Marie Antoinette's, when all was youth and hope:

"Beloved sister, you must have been for now some days past far away from Presbourg, and you are all gathered together around the empress-queen in the family circle. I transport myself there in imagination, and surprise you by my arrival. I kiss you with all affection, and I pray Monseigneur Albert, who has not written to me for so long a time, to permit me to make him a beautiful curtesy, after having kissed the hand of my good mamma, and respectfully saluted his majesty the emperor. I should wish nothing better than to receive the compliments which the Queen of Naples has so well deserved since the beginning of this month.* But there are no appearances of such a thing, and I do not like to be spoken to about it. We amuse ourselves here well; we dance and play without dreading the wolves, with which you tell me they are infested in Hungary. You quite terrified me with your midnight stories. I read nothing, I do nothing with my ten fingers, and yet I am so busy as not to know when to steal a minute. Adieu, dear Christine! Mind you give to each what belongs to them, and especially kiss dear mamma's hand for me. Heavens! how I press you all to my bosom in my imagination!"

The contrast between the styles of Louis XVI. and his queen is very striking. There is a great deal of good sense in all the king wrote, only here and there obscured by his horror of Protestants and philosophers, and by that stern adhesion to monarchical rights even while professing to encourage parliamentary reforms. It was this that alienated the sympathy of the English from him long before he began to be carried along in the vortex of a revolution, which even the Constitutionalists found it impossible to arrest. But in Marie Antoinette's early letters all is airy, graceful, charming, and clever—not the studied cleverness of Louis XVI., who, when he says a good thing, seems,

like Pelham, to think it is time to depart or to conclude, but that natural spontaneous effusion of inborn talent which seizes at once upon the bearing of every act and word, and which, when applied to more serious matters, became so marked as to lead Mirabeau to say, "The king has only one man in his council, and that man is the queen." The following letter at once flatters M. de Penthièvre, exalts the king more than he could have done himself, and yet breathes of that life of Trianon and St. Cloud which has been so much condemned by some. It is addressed to the Princess of Lamballe:

"I need not tell you, my dear Lamballe, the pleasure I experienced at hearing from you. We had just heard of all your successes in that fine province which the Duke d'Aiguillon had so much irritated. It required no less than M. de Penthièvre to make them forget that administration, and to calm their minds. Since M. de Penthièvre has promised on leaving that he would have nothing but favors to distribute on the part of the king, the king will aid him with all his heart to keep his word, for you know that he likes to reward better than to punish. Everything attests that M. de Penthièvre took the right road to cause the king's name to be blessed in Brittany. He is loved there as he is worthy of being loved. Every day you walk on foot in the midst of your Bretons; you trample upon etiquette, you live in distributing charity—what a life of happiness! How I do envy you, my dear friend! I am chained down in Versailles, constrained by all the rules of etiquette and appearances; and, worse than that, I am far away from you! I would tell you to come back forthwith, if you were not so busy doing good."

Noble sentiments abound at the same epoch in Louis XVI.'s letters, although he may not have possessed the same facility of expressing them as Marie Antoinette. Discussing the question of employing unpaid labor on the royal roads with Turgot, he denounces the advocates of such proceedings with a just indignation. "There are," he says, "so many private interests that are opposed to general interests. The more I think of it, my dear Turgot, the more

* The Queen of Naples, her sister, gave birth to a prince on the 4th of January, 1775.

I am led to repeat to myself that there are only you and I who really love the people."

Nor did small matters escape him. A botanist, M. Aublet, was in bad favor as a promoter of dissension in the Isle of France; but the king said his science should counterbalance old wrongs, and he would be well disposed towards him. "There are so many useless people!" Again, he insisted on restrictions in the sale of poisons—a practical fallacy—and he adds: "If the sale had not been so easy during the last age, we should not have had to mourn over so many crimes of poisoning." The same thing has been repeated every age upon the discovery of new poisons. Eradicate bad passions, and poisons will be innocuous. It is amusing also to find the king advocating, in 1776, extra-mural interments, a sanitary precaution only recently introduced in this country—and why so?—because, as Louis XVI. would have said, private interests were affected by the measure. There are not wanting in every country "good" people who will close their eyes to the possible and indirect destruction of numbers of their fellow creatures, rather than lose a few hundreds a year. What kind of principle must those persons have who send bad meat to market, or palm off on their customers the milk of diseased cows? The French had striking illustrations of the danger of crowded churchyards. In 1773, a grave was opened at Sanlieu at the time when a number of children were taking their first communion. The priest, the vicar, forty children, and several of the congregation, died of the pestilential vapors that emanated from that single grave. The French first legislated on the subject in 1766, and again, on the occasion just alluded to, in 1776; but the laws were evaded until the Revolution came, and, although it filled the streets with victims, it banished the bodies from the metropolis.

Marie Antoinette was at the same epoch busy indulging in her first little essays in doing good. She adopted a little child, one of a family of orphans stumbled upon by accident at St. Michel, so the king must fain also adopt the eldest. The king was also much pleased with a present of birds of prey and sporting dogs, made by one Dom Nicoles

Spirley, Abbé of St. Hubert, in the Ardennes. It was a proof, he said, that the taste for hunting and shooting, which is that of a gentleman, was not extinct in his kingdom. "If I was a lieutenant of police," once said Louis XV., "I would put down cabs." This on account of the accidents that were anticipated from their introduction. Louis XVI. repeated the observation, but did not act upon it. Writing of the botanist Buchoz, he asks, "Where does he find the time to write so much?" The king might well ask the question; this Buchoz wrote without study or reflection, and his works—among which was one with the pompous title "*Le Jardin d'Eden, le Paradis terrestre renouvelé dans le Jardin de la Reine, à Trianon*"—all died with him. When the Emperor Joseph visited Paris, we learn from a letter of Marie Antoinette's he asked the king why he did not visit his provinces, to himself ascertain their wants. The king excused himself by saying that Louis XV. had not considered it proper for him to do so, but he would send his brothers. He even spoke of visiting Vienna, which threw the queen into ecstasies, and it was on this occasion that she penned the memorable expression, "Ah! if one day I could go and embrace you and embrace our good mother, how happy should I be, after so many years passed away from you! Well, I love you to madness, you and the whole circle of the green room, and yet at the same time I feel myself French to the tip of my nails; we must have the virtues of our state. The nation is excellent." It was in the same letter that she said, "The king is not demonstrative; but he loves with all his heart." Writing of officers' debts, Louis XVI. said, "Men of order are the best disciplined, and are those upon whom one can best reckon at all times." If officers on actual service were exempt from arrest, it would put an end to those usurious practices which ruin so many young men in the army, for the usurer would cease to ply his seductive vocation, and in the words of Louis XVI.: "It would preserve for its natural destination the allowance which I make for their subsistence and for their proper maintenance."

Louis XVI. also directed his especial attention to the difficult question of men-

dicity. It was, indeed, in his opinion—and it was a wise one—the most important subject to which a government could direct its attention, and no honor could accrue to an administration equal to that of affording relief without increase of taxation. In this country, although the poor-rate is one of the most burdensome taxes, it is one of the questions which least of all occupies parliamentary attention, and that for the simple reason that private interests are involved. Should a member for the Tower Hamlets or Finsbury, for example, advocate equalization of the poor-rate in the interest of his electors, the whole host of county and borough members would as strenuously oppose it in their own interest and that of those whom they represent. This is one of those questions in which the parliamentary system fails, and justice cannot be obtained where interest prevails. Louis XVI.'s notions upon the subject were very concise: no mendicity on any account, work for the able-bodied, hospitals for the infirm, and prisons for those who resist. The system has no more worked in France than vast mansions for able-bodied and infirm alike, and an almost indiscriminate out-door relief, with education (in many cases without instruction) for the young, have answered in this country. There are many honest persons in England who pay taxes to the poor and are yet more in want of assistance than many a dishonest recipient of relief.

It is grievous to find the king always speaking of England as "the natural enemy and rival of the Bourbons," whether in France or in Spain. England, as a constitutional country, has undoubtedly been always opposed to whatever was absolutist or despotic in the government of the Bourbons, and as a commercial nation, before the doctrines of free trade, so one-sided as yet in practice, were broached, and it had become an accepted maxim in political economy that the wealth of one nation did not detract from but contributed to that of another, it was the rival of other nations, especially on the sea; but even then more in enterprise and industry than in that irritable or sullen jealousy which is the least reputable form of rivalry, and which led France to commit the grievous error of combating for the Americans. The

younger branches of the Bourbons, being constitutionally inclined, understand at the present time full well that there is no natural enmity to the Bourbons. If the British government failed Louis XVI. in his extremity, it was because he would not concede parliamentary privileges in time to save his throne and his life.

That, with all Louis XVI.'s paternal and praiseworthy attention to the most minute particulars in which the well-being of his subjects was concerned—as poor-laws, foundlings, burials, pawn-broking, feudal servitude, and other social evils—the political condition of the kingdom was not all that could be desired, either within or without, is sufficiently attested by a passage in one of M. de Mercy's letters to the Emperor Joseph, and that written on the auspicious event of the birth of Marie Antoinette's first child. "Whatever may be the circumstances," writes the ambassador, "if it were possible not to precipitate matters, I think there might still be means, at a decisive moment, to induce this court to pursue a less *miserable* line of conduct, were it only in matters of language!"

The feudal rights of "mainmorte," or servitude, were not only still in existence when Louis XVI. began his rule, but the "preparatory question," or inquisition by torture, although nearly fallen into desuetude, was still legal. The king, discussing a proposition of his ministers to do away altogether with so barbarous a practice, premises "that he does not consider it prudent to abolish, without grave motives, laws that have been rendered respectable by their antiquity and long practice." (As if any amount of antiquity could render the practice of torture respectable?) "I feel, on the contrary, how much it concerns my wisdom not to open the door to a new right in all matters whereby principles might be sapped in their basis, the dignity of my justice might be contravened, and the respect of the people shaken in what is, by exciting a taste for what is not." Such are always the principles of those who dread innovation, and if they obtained universally, the eloquence of a Brougham and a Wilde might as well be spent in open air as at a Social Science meeting. Louis XVI.'s heart was better than his head. The former recoiled be-

fore torture, however venerable and respectable, but he compromised for giving way to his feelings by a curious mental subterfuge: "Such proceedings have always been repugnant to me, and I have always asked myself, from my earliest youth, if, in the application of torture, it was not mostly strength of nerve that decided upon crime or innocence, and if it was not treating one who was only accused as a convicted criminal."

Not only France and Spain repudiated constitutional England at this epoch—just as the powers are agreed to repudiate all constitutional states in the present day—but upon the occasion of the death of Maria Theresa, the Emperor Joseph seized the opportunity to develop his political system to Louis XVI. "All that I ask," writes the Austrian emperor, "is, that you look carefully into the facts, and judge me by them. I am quite certain that you will never find them in contradiction with my words, notwithstanding all the absurdities that my dear neighbor Frederick may invent and give circulation to, either as my pretended partiality for England, or my projects of aggrandizement, by the destruction of the Germanic system, and by the union of all the episcopacies of Germany under bishops and coadjutors belonging to my own family." This was written eighty-four years ago, and it might have been penned yesterday, so little has the position of parties under new representatives changed with regard to one another. There is the same jealousy between Austria and Prussia in regard to Germanic supremacy, the same readiness on the part of either to throw Great Britain overboard to cultivate the amity of France, and the same system of playing the Romanism of Southern Europe against the Protestantism of the North.

But a truce to political rivalries. Marie Antoinette, delighted at the birth of a dauphin, and in happy ignorance of the fate destined for her innocent babe, commemorates the event by sending to Madame de Lamballe some couplets, which she justly designates as "poissardes," but which the king himself had repeated to her:

"Ne craignez pas, cher papa,
D'avoir augmenter vot' famille,
Le bon Dieu-z-y pourvoiera;
Fait-s'en tant qu' Versailles en fourmille:

Y eût-il cent Bourbons cheux nous,
Y a du pain, du laurier pour tous."

We had intended, in epitomizing the Hunolstein Correspondence, to have remarked upon Marie Antoinette's eloquent defence and yet sensible remarks on Freemasonry, now the object of imperial persecution, but space prevented us. M. de Conches returns to the subject, refers to the Hunolstein collection, and adds that these lodges have preserved, in some parts of Europe, in opinion, and often in fact, the dangerous character of secret societies. Marie Antoinette's pleas are scarcely admissible, for the Princess of Lamballe was grand mistress of the Scotch lodge, and a considerable number of the ladies of the court were Freemasons; but, after all, as the queen justly observed, "cannot one do good without attaching so much mystery to it?"

One of those wise dispensations of Providence—or of publishers—which have baffled abler heads than Louis XVI.'s, attracted his attention. On the occasion of remitting a small sum of money to a descendant of Racine's, he says: "I have always regretted that the works of these fine geniuses, which become the honor and the patrimony of the nation, leave their descendants without means, whilst so many others are enriched by them. What I did five years ago to protect the rights of authors, is, unfortunately, far from obviating all inconveniences of this nature."

Whilst the court was at Fontainebleau, Maria Christina wrote to inquire about the carp. Marie Antoinette replied amusingly enough: "I really cannot tell you all that they say concerning the carp in the ponds here. They tell so many marvellous stories that I don't believe in any one of them. And yet they are repeated just as if they were gospel, but no carp has yet written its history, and we shall not know the truth until some learned fish shall have put us in his confidence. I sent food this morning in your name to all these centenaries, but not one spoke."

A gratuity of two hundred and forty francs pension was granted at this epoch to one Gammin, a locksmith—the same man who afterwards denounced to the Convention the iron box in the Tuileries, at which he had worked with the king, and who pretended that he had been poi-

soned by the queen in the presence of the king!

M. de Conches' collection contains nothing new, as far as personal correspondence is concerned, in what regards the affair of the necklace, "first stroke of the revolutionary bell," as he justly terms it, a sad and wretched trial, the real bearing of which can no longer be misapprehended in the present day, in which the queen's name was unjustly and scandalously compromised, in which the folly of love, enhanced by the folly of ambition, betrayed into the most incredible credulity a great officer of the crown and a prince of the church; in which a lost woman, perishing with hunger, in open hostility with society that rejected her, sought for the enjoyments of luxury through intrigue; in which forgers lent their art to imitate the queen's signature, and in which a disreputable personage contributed her venal beauty to aid in blinding M. de Rohan, and completing the swindle by personating the queen. Well might Marie Antoinette exclaim, in her grief, when a parliament, corrupted by libels, and which in great part had their origin in a most mistaken court levity, acquitted M. de Rohan: "The verdict which has been given is a frightful insult. I am bathed in tears of grief and despair. One can rely on nothing since perversity has taken upon itself the task of hurting my feelings by every means in its power. What ingratitude! But I shall triumph over the wicked by doing threefold the good that I have always tried to do. It will be easier for them to afflict me than induce me to take vengeance on them." The Hunolstein Correspondence is much fuller on this melancholy topic. Marie Antoinette even transmitted to her sister the ballads that were sung in the streets in connection with it.

In the Hunolstein Correspondence we have also a letter from Marie Antoinette, dated March 24, 1787, to her brother the Emperor Joseph, in which she remarks upon the proceedings of the Assembly and the gathering of notables, as indicative of forthcoming troubles. In the De Conches' collection we have a still more curious letter, addressed to the Duchess of Polignac, at that time at Bath for her health, and which is especially remarkable as denouncing that chivalrous defence

of America which involved France in war with England, cost her her navy, and laid the seeds of revolution in France:

"Where you are you can, at least, enjoy the comfort of not hearing talk of affairs. Although in the country of high and low Chambers, of oppositions and motions, you can close your ears, and let people talk. But here it is a noise to stun you, do what you will. The words opposition and motions are established just as in the English parliament, but with this difference, that when one passes over in London to the party of opposition, one breaks openly with the monarchy, whilst here many oppose themselves to the wise and benevolent views of the most virtuous of masters, and keep their appointments. It is, perhaps, more skillful, but it is less noble. The time of illusions is gone by, and we are going through the ordeal of cruel experiences; we pay dearly at the present moment for our enthusiasm and infatuation in the American war. The voices of honest people are stifled by numbers and by cabal. Questions at the basis of subjects are abandoned for the sake of words, or of multiplying quarrels among individuals. The seditious would rather drag the state to ruin than give up their intrigues." In a further letter to the same amiable duchess, Marie Antoinette speaks in still stronger language of the baseness of the opposition in acting disloyally yet holding by their appointments, and she enumerates, among others, La Fayette, De Broglie, De Mirepoix, De Brienne, and others, including D'Estaing, who was guillotined under Robespierre, after having basely borne witness against the queen.

On the 16th of June, 1789, we find the king denouncing the expression of "privileged classes" by the third order of the States-General in regard to the other two orders, the clergy and the nobility. "Such expressions," he said, "were only calculated to uphold a spirit of division, which is utterly opposed to the progress of the welfare of the state." On the 17th of June, the States-General declared themselves through Sièyes, supported by Mirabeau, the "National Assembly," and on the 27th the three orders were fused into one! On the 19th of August, 1788, we find Marie Antoinette acting in favor of Necker, yet dreading his pre-

sumption. "He requires a curb," she says, writing to M. de Mercy. "The personage above me (the king) is not equal to such, and I—let what may be said or take place—I am never more than second, and, notwithstanding the confidence of the first, he often makes me feel it." By the 11th of July, 1789, Necker had promised, according to Marie Antoinette, to take his departure in secret and without noise. From this epoch, indeed, we have little more than presumption on the one side and concessions on the other, with occasional stand points or bursts of opposition, which only served to aggravate the evil. The very night of the fall of Necker the French Guard united with the people, and fired on the royal German regiment. On the 17th of July the king held a meeting at the Hôtel de Ville, leaving to the nation the liberty of naming the ministry! Well might the Russian minister write to his chancellor: "It was an event that entirely changed the position of affairs and of the monarchy." "A revolution that would be scarcely credible if it had not happened before the eyes of the living!"

Great concessions once made, little ones follow almost insensibly. Marie Antoinette writes to M. de Mercy, saying she had approved of the "gardes du corps" being kept out of the capital if their presence was obnoxious to the people, but they must not be permitted to undergo any change, or be incorporated with other troops! Concessions did not come from royalty alone, but from the nobility and the clergy. Madame Elizabeth wrote on the 5th of August, 1789:

"The night of Tuesday and Wednesday the Assembly sat till two in the morning. The nobility, with an enthusiasm worthy of the French heart, renounced all feudal rights and the right of game. Even fish will, I believe, be included. The clergy renounced tithes at the same time, as well as the holding of more than one 'bénéfice.' This act has been sent to the provinces. It is to be hoped it will put an end to the burning of châteaux. Seventy have already been consumed. It was who should make the most sacrifices: everybody was magnetized."

This was the epoch when Louis XVI. was proclaimed "Restorer of French Liberty." The Austrian ambassador, M.

de Mercy, Marie Antoinette's chief correspondent and almost sole reliance, was as much misled in regard to the real progress of events as others. On the 16th August, 1789, he wrote to the queen: "I foresaw how displeasing the morning of Thursday would be to the queen. They wished to consecrate the very height of delirium by a religious ceremony, and this mockery of piety will not escape the surprise and contempt of Europe. But it is as well that events should march in this direction: they will pave the way all the more surely for a return." When, by a movement which has been attributed by some to the Duke of Orleans, the royal family were forcibly removed from Versailles to Paris (October 6, 1789), poor M. de Mercy made frantic efforts to obtain access to the queen's person. He describes himself as endeavoring to penetrate even into the ante-chambers, but they were encumbered with insurgents, and he was told by the queen's best friends that his presence there as Austrian ambassador might only serve to compromise Marie Antoinette. The latter was, as usual, courageously resigned to the progress of events. "If we could forget where we are, and how we came here," she wrote the next day to M. de Mercy, "we ought to be satisfied with the attitude of the people. I hope, so long as bread is not wanting, that many things will come round again. I talk to the people, to the fishwives, as well as to the national guard; all give me their hands, and I give them mine."

M. de Mercy encouraged her in these demonstrations. "That which my zeal leads me to consider to be of the utmost importance in the present crisis," he says in one of his letters, "is, that the national guard, its chief, and the people, should have reason to hold the queen in affection. A few acts of beneficence, which shall be seen to emanate directly from your Majesty, would produce an effect that might yet remedy everything." Poor queen! she was always making concessions; concessions to Louis XV., when as a child she came into the country and declared Madame du Barry to be "charming;" concessions to the royal family and the court, in order to be French and not Austrian; concessions to the king, when her name and reputation were jeopardized by the infamous trick-

ery of the necklace affair; concessions on the purchase of St. Cloud from the Orleans family, and where she received and treated with kindness people of all classes (an act of condescension denounced by the brutal Mirabeau); and now she was to go on making concessions to the mob and armed insurgents, when not a concession had ever availed her, in the court or in the streets, save to sink her deeper and deeper in that enmity in which she was by some strange fatality ever held by the majority of the French nation. Capefigue himself, an ultra-legitimist, traces all Marie Antoinette's misfortunes and unpopularity to the manner in which she was treated by her own friends and relatives at court, and M. de Conches, in the preface to the present work, upholds precisely the same view of the case.

Marie Antoinette's courage and self-reliance, as we have seen by the Hunolstein Correspondence, and we now see corroborated here, never abandoned her. She had the good sense to see herself that M. de Mercy's presence in Paris only served to aggravate hostile feelings, after the events of Versailles, and she wrote to him not to come to Paris, adding also that she had still hopes, notwithstanding the wicked acts that were being committed, of being able to bring round the wiser and more honest portion of the bourgeoisie and the people! Madame Elizabeth also relates, in a letter written at the same epoch, that when the royal family reached the gates of Paris, M. Bailly was there to welcome them. The king replied that he should always see himself with pleasure and confidence in his good city of Paris. M. Bailly repeated the king's words to the people, but omitted the word "confidence." The queen called his attention to the fact, when he cleverly remarked, "Messieurs, you are much happier than if I had not made a mistake." This in allusion to the queen's calling his attention to it, and the populace shouted, "Vive le Roi! la Reine! et nous tous!" The last alone was sufficiently indicative of the hollowness and hypocrisy of the first.

One of the most curious and important of all the letters which belong to this epoch is one written by the Russian minister. He declares that La Fayette exposed to the king the Duke of Orleans' guilty connivance in the revolu-

tions of Paris and Versailles, and that the duke, in return, exhibited papers compromising the ever calumniated Marie Antoinette in a conspiracy, in conjunction with the other princes, to emigrate to England. He did not, at the same time, deny his own culpability!

The king and the queen were now quasi-prisoners in Paris, relying upon time, patience, and confidence in those around them, to bring about a change; but the Parisians would not have it so. The movement of the fanatics was kept up by an abominable license of the press, which never ceased to send forth libels which M. de Mercy justly denounced as dishonoring the nation in the face of Europe; and in the second place, by an equally vile and disgraceful system of exciting and keeping alive suspicions and troubles, with no other foundation than the corrupt motives of their inventors. We find M. de Mercy, for example, busy in officially correcting the false report of Marie Antoinette having dispatched "millions" to Austria; then we find Marie Antoinette writing to M. de Mercy about a gendarme in his service, who, it was reported, had boasted that another revolution — that of the provinces — would soon set the royal family at liberty. To which M. de Mercy replies that he has no gendarme in his service. Next, M. de Mercy writes that the belief is current in Paris that the king has given up his usual habits of walking and shooting, only to make his captivity more glaring, and to excite the provinces against the capital!

Madame Elizabeth was subjected to the same system of surveillance as the rest of the royal family. "Do you remember Croisard, the son of my sister's woman of the wardrobe?" she writes to Madame de Bombelles. "Well, he is now attached to my steps in quality of captain. I say attached, for they do not leave us any more than the shadow does the body. Do not fancy that it annoys me. As my walks are little varied, it is all one to me. I walk, however, as much as I can; this morning I walked a whole hour." When complimented by her dear "Bombe," as she calls her, on her courage, she replied, "I assure you it is far less than people think. I think it requires very little to support that which one cannot prevent, and that is

my history." On another occasion, alluding to the death of a mutual friend, she says: "I think she must be very happy, although I do not envy her fate. As I have always been very curious, I should like to see the end of this revolution!"

Marie Antoinette wrote to her brother Joseph a letter, which appears in the Hunolstein collection, under date February 26, 1790 (and which the emperor never read, for he died on the 20th of the same month), expressing her intention to open negotiations with Mirabeau, "whose immorality fills her with horror," and detailing the difficulties that lay in the way of such a proceeding. In the De Conches collection there is a remarkable letter from the queen, the date of which is doubtful, but supposed to be April 22, 1790, to Baron Flaschanden, asking him to obtain the services of a man, at once clever, skilful, and faithful, "whom we can make use of to captivate or destroy the monster." This Flaschanden was a very active agent of the royal family in Germany the whole time of the revolution. M. de Conches says he is in possession of two volumes of letters addressed to him by Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., the Comte d'Artois, and the Prince of Condé.

The judgment of Madame Elizabeth appears, like that of Marie Antoinette, to have been in advance of the vacillating opinions of the king. "We let everything be done," she says in one of her letters; "and what is worse is, that we persuade every one that we are not annoyed at what is going on. M. de la Fayette is justly called dictator, for the result of this beautiful love for the king will be to make an imbecile of the latter and to give him a Mentor." Again, in another letter, she says: "You are afraid of civil war; I, I admit to you, look upon such as necessary. In the first place, I believe it exists, because, whenever a kingdom is divided into two parties, and that the weaker party only obtains permission to live on condition of allowing itself to be despoiled, it is impossible but that I should call that civil war. Further, anarchy will never cease without it, and I think that the longer it is delayed, the more blood there will be spilt. Such are my prin-

ciples. They may be wrong; but if I were king, they should be my guide, and perchance I should avoid many misfortunes."

A letter from Marie Antoinette's brother, the Emperor Leopold, on his accession to the throne, gives the key to many of the queen's letters preserved both in this and in the Hunolstein collection. The emperor expresses his earnest wish to be useful in the crisis, but he does not see his way, for he does not know what the wishes or intentions of the French court are, nor does he know who are real friends from those who are not to be depended upon. He particularly seeks for information upon these points. At this epoch the French court had, indeed, no policy save that of concession, conciliation, patience, and confidence, all of which were more and more abused every day. M. de Mercy called them "councils of patience, wisdom, and peace," but their wisdom may well be doubted. Madame Elizabeth saw the crisis in a clearer light. At this epoch the provinces of the south, of the east, and of the west, were still loyal, and might have been brought to act against the insurgent capital; whether the progress of civilization would have been benefited or otherwise by such a civil war, will be a matter of much difference of opinion. The ever turbulent Marseilles was an exception, but if there the national guard invested the forts, at Nîmes and Montauban they were exercising reprisals on the "Patriots." In the mean time, in Paris, as Madame Elizabeth concisely puts it, the assembly was depriving the king of the right of making either peace or war, as a preliminary to depriving him of the right of wearing a crown, for that was about all that remained to him. The selfishness of the great powers at such a crisis was never more glaringly manifested than in a letter of the Russian chancellor's of this epoch: not a word even of sympathy for the royal family, but M. de Simolin must *bribe* the National Assembly to arm itself against England; the only regrets are that Mirabeau, who was most to be depended upon, (as open to bribery?) was unwell!

The letters of affectionate attachment, and of willingness to do all in his power on the part of the Emperor Joseph,

scarcely justify the irritation shown by Marie Antoinette, and animadverted upon in our notice of the Hunolstein Correspondence, at his non-interference. But we must remember that the persons of the king, queen, and royal children were at that moment subjected to constraint and violence, and their lives were in danger. No wonder, then, that the queen should call for succor to her imperial brother. Marie Antoinette's last hopes of "captivating or destroying the monster" Mirabeau had met with utter discomfiture, and nothing remained but evasion or help from without. But it was impossible to get the king to move. Madame Elizabeth alludes several times in her letters to the want of decision on the part of the king, which she calls "numbness of the extremities." In one, she says: "I have seen the handsome man; he is rather in despair. His patient has still that numbness in the extremities, and he is afraid that it will extend itself to the joints, till there will no longer be a chance of remedy." In another, she says: "The master of the place is more unreasonable than ever. His creditors persecute him, and will finish by making his friends die with grief. But nothing can induce him to part with his own. Purchasers present themselves on all sides, but nothing comes of it. What will you? He must be left for what he is; we must not be anxious about him, but pray to Providence to be wiser towards him than he is to himself." It is manifest by her correspondence, that this clever princess never knew of the abortive attempts made to conciliate Mirabeau—the secret was well kept at court. A memoir of M. de Calonne's, addressed to the Count de Cobenzl, and explanatory of the views and proceedings of the prince's brothers to Louis XVI., contains the most statesman-like views of the crisis contained in the correspondence as far as it goes. M. de Calonne does not hesitate to say that, notwithstanding all they may write, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were not inclined to leave Paris. This not so much for want of resolution as from principle. They had been deceived by La Fayette into a belief that, by remaining, the king would soon be enabled to resume in Paris

itself, and through the inhabitants of Paris, the exercise of his power, and the free use of sufficient authority to dissolve the existing Assembly, to establish another better organized, and to give to the state a good constitution and perfect tranquillity, without violence, without commotion, and without any effusion of blood. The constitutional party, as well as the Jacobites, were apprehensive as to the state of the provinces, as to the action of the princes, and as to the attitude taken up by the emperor in Brabant. All they sought for was to gain time. They said to the king and queen, "Your lives are in peril if the least movement takes place, either on the part of the princess or of the Austrians. But if you stop where you are, and paralyze absolutely the one and the other, you shall soon obtain all that you wish for." La Fayette lent himself to this deceptive Jacobite policy, the effects of which are manifest in many of Marie Antoinette's letters of the epoch. M. de Calonne justly concluded, in the face of such a state of things, that to defer action any longer would be to lose all—the throne to the Bourbons, and peace to Europe. But that to leave the king and queen where they were, would be to bring about their death, and that the only possible way of interfering under such circumstances was with such a force as should render Paris responsible for every insult offered to its sovereigns. Events moved, however, with greater rapidity than projects, and the first volume of this remarkable correspondence closes with a letter from Marie Antoinette to M. de Mercy, in which she explains all the arrangements made for their flight, with M. de Bouillé in command of the troops in the west—troops that he could not depend upon, as was shown at Varennes—and that the place of refuge determined upon was Montmédy, a small stronghold only a league from Metz. If obliged to quit that frontier fortress, they could withdraw "with their troops" by Alsatia upon Switzerland. It will be curious to compare Marie Antoinette's and the clever Elizabeth's account of the flight with those transmitted to us by the miserable Pétion, or sketched by the graphic Dumas.

Westminster Review.

MODERN PHASES OF JURISPRUDENCE
IN ENGLAND.*

THERE are few departments of knowledge which exhibit so glaring a contrast between the interest they generally arouse and their intrinsic practical importance as jurisprudence. Associated, as it has truly been observed, on the one hand with the most rigid and demonstrative sciences, and on the other with the glowing fields of metaphysics, ethics, and politics, this one object of knowledge might have been expected to attract to itself the acutest and most aspiring intellects of every age, and from them to have shed a reflected light on the modes of thought and feeling of the whole community. It might at least have been anticipated that few at any time would have ventured to approach the profession of the art of law, none would have attained to celebrity in that profession but such as, having drunk deep of the wells of general jurisprudence, had learned to distinguish the question what law must be, from the ulterior questions what law at any time or place is, and what it ought to be.

That the very opposite to the fulfilment of this not unreasonable anticipation has always been the case in England is sufficiently notorious. It is not our purpose to investigate the causes of this anomaly, though it were not difficult to bring them under more general causes which have operated unfavorably in the development of civilization in England. It is sufficient to record the circumstance that, up to the time of Jeremy Bentham, no single writer appeared in England professing, or, in fact, disclosing the most rudimentary acquaintance with the elements of jurisprudence. Superstition, tradition, prejudice against every system of law not home-made, and the narrowest view of self-interest on the part of practitioners, have each contributed their share of malign and blighting influence. The study of law in England—

that is, of an *indigesta moles* of cases, decisions, statutes, rules of pleading and of evidence, complicated with every possible species of technicality and anomalous monstrosity—was deservedly abandoned to its mystics and devotees. The science of law, no longer identical with the idea of a liberal and ennobling study, became suggestive of all that was repulsive to a cultivated taste, of all that was insufferably dull, quibbling, and obscure.

The warmest of Bentham's admirers will be among the first to attribute his appearance, and the enormous weight which his principles are noiselessly bringing to bear in England, to a large number of general causes operating through a long space of time. The phenomenon is closely bound up with the history of liberalism in England and Europe. The very recoil from the principles of the French Revolution, so favorable to the aggressions of monarchy and the exaggeration of legal abuses, disposed the popular ear for the counsels of a cutting and unflinching reformer. While the foremost intellects of the time, turning no senseless eye or cold heart to the mighty questions with which continental nations were being brought face to face, were willing to accept the generalship of one who could lead on his followers in the might of a great principle—that of Utility—which alone seemed sufficient to solve, to reconcile, to reconstruct. It is the least proof of Bentham's extraordinary influence, that the more important part of his specific suggestions for law reform have one by one been adopted by the Legislature in the teeth of the most virulent and numerous opposition. Other parts are now being advocated, and no doubt will soon become law; but it is most of all the methods, the system, the language, the inimitable sagacity for definition and separation which preëminently distinguished Bentham's mind, that have really and permanently influenced the progress of jurisprudence in this country. It would not be an inefficient test of the reality and value of Bentham's influence, to compare the general character of the volumes to which attention is drawn at the head of this article, with that of any law-book soever which appeared in England before the reign of George III.

* *Lectures on Jurisprudence*. By the late JOHN AUSTIN. Three Volumes. London. 1863.

Ancient Law. By HENRY SUMNER MAINE. Second Edition. London. 1863.

A General View of the Criminal Law of England. By J. F. STEPHEN. London. 1863.

Here, for the first time, we see the science of law subjected to those rigid processes of ratiocination from which alone in any science progress can be anticipated. We see prevailing terms and methods of classification unhesitatingly challenged; we see legal nomenclature laboriously ascertained and rigorously defined; we see, in a word, order emerging from chaos, light from obscurity, while around are strewn the *disjecta membra* of exploded cant and dethroned traditions.

It may be worth while to examine more carefully some of the leading theories which have been developed by the successors of Bentham, and which are likely to form the starting-points of all future investigations.

It will not be regretted by any man not ignorant of the chief pitfalls and mazes besetting every science, that Mr. Austin's lectures on the "Province of Jurisprudence" form the most complete and finished portion of all his published works. It is the result of no small mental application and thought to learn that the law of a given political community is none the less law because its ends and aims are manifestly immoral, and is none the less law because it very imperfectly carries out even such general aims as it proposes to itself. It is important to mark off by a sharp line of demarkation the province of jurisprudence from the kindred regions occupied by ethics or deontology on the one hand and legislation on the other. Jurisprudence is simply and exclusively the science of positive law, the science which is conversant with the phenomena of law as it is found to be in a political community as such. Given a political community, there is in that community an existing body of law providing for and recognizing either positively by injunction, or negatively by silence, certain rights, duties, persons, and things necessarily found in every such community. The ends contemplated by the laws may be characterized by every degree of expediency and morality; the ends contemplated by the laws may be conceived and attempted with every possible variation of exactness and felicity; but in every case such laws none the less exist, and the classification of them, as they are found to be, together with the classifi-

cation of the several subjects and objects with which they are conversant, forms the appropriate province of the science of jurisprudence. Mr. Stephen discusses in one passage the relation of the jurist to the legislator, and also meets an obvious objection to the position that law can be the subject of a science, being, as it is, the mere creature of the sovereign will, and so fluctuating and variable as that will. He observes that a law might be proposed enacting that the third child in every family should be immediately hung, and that this would be as much law as any other law, which is undoubtedly true on the principle stated above. But, as Mr. Stephen intimates, though the law may be arbitrary to the last degree in its origin, yet its operation is stringently limited on all sides by place, duration, and the circumstances of human nature. It is the province of the jurist to estimate the probable influence of all these causes in the operation of a law and report upon them for the information of the legislator; or the province of the jurist, as distinguished from that of the legislator, may be taken to be (1) To state and arrange existing social phenomena as subjects or objects of law; (2) To exhibit and distribute all existing laws, and describe the limits of their possible modern application; (3) To deduce and report particular consequences of new proposed laws, taking into account all current facts likely to affect their operation.

Such, then, is the province of jurisprudence, and such the field within which the labors of the jurist are appropriately confined. Closely connected with this investigation is the strict definition of the word "law," and also the historical inquiry into the origin of all law properly so named. "A law," strictly so called, is defined to be a species of command proceeding from a competent and determinate authority, and enjoining or forbidding a particular course of conduct. Where the authority whence the "law" emanates is that of a political superior, the law is called a "positive" law, and then and then only is the appropriate object of the science of jurisprudence. Thus, a positive law is not the law of God, albeit it may accidentally coincide therewith. A positive law is

not a moral rule, a maxim of jurisprudence, an excerpt of the code of honor, albeit it may by accident be worded identically the same as each of these. Still less is a positive law, or any other law properly so called, to be confounded with those numerous uses of the same term which analogy or metaphor has irregularly superinduced. There is no more interesting exhibition of the flux and plasticity of language, nor any better instance in *terrorem* of the practical evils of an unscientific dialect, than the wide-spread use and abuse of the word "law."

It has been a favorite and worthy object of speculation, or perhaps more truly of conjecture: What is the historical origin of law as it is found to exist? Must we be content, with the early Roman writers, to picture to ourselves an unverifiable condition of the human race, and by a lengthened train of alternate hypothesis and deduction gradually from airy nothings elaborate a mighty fabric of law?

This might well satisfy Blackstone, inasmuch as it was not too nauseous for Locke; and even the celebrated investigations of Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Bentham on this subject are rightly affiliated to this time-honored solution. Whether, man being in a state of nature, the variations of climate, accident, or place determined for each nation the customs it adopted, and these customs in every case became crystallized into law; or whether the individuals of each nation combined after some primitive fashion and determined that certain rules were more expedient than others for the common weal, and that such rules should be enforced as law by all against each—the theory in each case is little else than a reproduction of the imaginary hypothesis so conclusively sufficing to the Roman mind. The times in which a science can be built upon a conjectural foundation have passed away, and we at last have, in the work of Mr. Maine, a *bonâ fide* attempt, on the soundest inductive principles, to investigate the actual phenomena of early law. The very methods he proposes are radiant with a fuller promise. He reminds us of three existing sources of real information on the facts in issue, sufficient mutually to supplement, cor-

rect, and substantiate each other—"accounts by contemporary observers of civilizations less advanced than our own, the records which particular races have preserved concerning their primitive history, and ancient law." By strictly philosophical use of such data as we possess under each of those heads, Mr. Maine arrives at some very important and novel conclusions.

It will suffice, first, to indicate the general theory of primitive life which he enunciates, and then to glance at his particular account of early law under the heads of Property and Contract. (p. 15.)

The key which Mr. Maine's researches have supplied him with for the purpose of unlocking the treasure-house of primitive law is the theory of patriarchal or family life. This theory is enunciated on the authority of the unimpeachable evidence of the earliest Roman writers as to what existed among themselves, of the familiar phenomena of every Grecian community, of the early customs of Germany, Slavonia, and Russia; and, lastly, of the modern habits prevalent among the remoter Aryan communities of the villages of the Hindoos. The theory derives further support from the very structure of many systems of archaic law preserved to these times, and has all the moral advantages in its favor of being probable and plausible as a deduction from the known qualities of human nature. It is asserted that the original unit of society was not the individual, but the family; that every family was a distinct and independent political community, of which the form of government was an absolute and irresponsible despotism; and that all more complex communities have been slowly formed by an ever-increasing aggregation of these simple and isolated elements. To this purpose of aggregation, the fiction of legal adoption, and the local necessities of combination for defence and pacific coöperation have constantly contributed. Early law bears on its surface the most marked reference to these early conditions. "It is scanty because it is supplemented by the despotic commands of the heads of households. It is ceremonious because the transactions to which it pays regard resemble international concerns much more

than the quick play of intercourse between individuals; and, inasmuch as corporations never die, primitive law considers the entities with which it deals as perpetual and inextinguishable." It is remarkable that our own law as to the exclusion of the half-blood from inheritance bore an undoubted relation to that view of inheritance and property which involved the strictest possible entail from father to son. Even on this view, the only reasonable exclusion was that of a brother who had a different father, as was the custom in Normandy—no doubt the source of our anomalous extension of the same rule.

It is interesting to see how many chambers of mysteries long inaccessible this master-key serves to unlock. Let it be tried on the early law of property. On this theory, it is asserted that the earliest form of estate was joint proprietorship, or rather an equitable estate held by the father of a family in trust for himself and the rest of the family. This is still found to be the custom in the Hindoo village communities; and though a partition can be called for, as a matter of fact a partition rarely takes place, though of course a village community, by the process of adoption and similar fictions, has far other limits than the family of old.

It is satisfactorily shown that similar village organizations have existed in Russia from the earliest times, and similar types of ownership to that under consideration are observable at the present day in Servia, Croatia, and Slavonia. These different examples present every variety of ingenuity in providing for the partition of the land and the distribution of the produce. But they all point uniformly to a remote antiquity, when each family was an *imperium in imperio*, and the notions of individual proprietorship, still more of sale or conveyance, were entirely alien to the prevailing habits of thought. The history of real property law is that of the progress of these later conceptions. As society advances, individual prowess, merit, or accidental success and "selection," recommend the individual to the more solicitous and peculiar care of society. New forms of property arise with the advance of arts and industry, and the proprietorship of the individual attaches securely

to the new forms. The older forms of property are gradually assimilated in their legal treatment to the more recent descriptions, and step by step the great change is effected, exemplified in Roman law by the identification of *res nec mancipi* and *res mancipi*, and, in English law, by the recognition of vested estates of inheritance of every degree of complicity in personal property.

Next, as to the law of contract, the same theory will be found equally serviceable, as it seems to derive from history a no less forcible confirmation. It is Mr. Maine's belief, and it accords with the result of all the ablest speculations on the history of morals, that the latest achievement made by a nation in the field of moral conceptions is a regard for the virtue of truth. Very primitive races are destitute of it altogether. Glimmerings of the notion become manifest in the course of their self-emancipating struggle. But perhaps no single nation has yet reached such an *acme* of moral elevation as to exhibit among the larger portion of the community an efficient and practical reverence for that quality. The earliest forms of legal contracts make neither provision for it nor reference to it. The vigorous words of Mr. Maine can scarcely be abbreviated without loss. "That which the law arms with its sanctions is not a promise, but a promise accompanied with a solemn ceremony. Not only are the formalities of equal importance with the promise itself, but they are, if anything, of greater importance; for that delicate analysis which mature jurisprudence applies to the conditions of mind under which a particular verbal assent is given appears, in ancient law, to be transferred to the words and gestures of the accompanying performance. No pledge is enforced if a single form be omitted or misplaced; but, on the other hand, if the forms can be shown to have been accurately proceeded with, it is of no avail to plead that the promise was made under duress or deception. The patriarchal theory serves at once to illustrate, and in some measure explain, this seeming anomaly. Members of a family could not contract with each other; every primitive contract was negotiated by two heads of families on behalf of all the members of their respective fam-

ilies. They resembled modern treaties between independent political communities, and the laboring effort to enhance their obligation by inventing factitious ceremonials and multiplying the accompanying words and acts, only bore witness to the lurking distrust that attended them, and the confessed absence of all moral motives operating on the conscience of the obligee." The history of the law of contracts is that of the simplification of the external ceremonial, "until slowly but most distinctly the mental engagement isolates itself amid the technicalities, and gradually becomes the sole ingredient in which the interest of the jurisconsult is concentrated." This epoch will coincide with that corresponding one in the annals of real property law, in which the individual citizen has succeeded to the inheritance of all the rights and duties formerly devolving on the paterfamilias alone.

It is at once obvious that these interesting investigations do not form, or profess to form, a complete solution of the problem proposed. In truth, they do little more than state it in somewhat preciser terms, and, to employ a mathematical figure, determine the number and situation of the unknown roots. But the ultimate and abstruser inquiry as to the actual circumstances, physical and mental, which attended the progress of law from its earliest conception as the prompting (say) of an instinctive necessity to its regulated publication as a body of formal rules, remains still, and, until history and metaphysics have advanced far beyond their present boundaries, will remain, insoluble. Mr. Maine has rendered an invaluable service to the science of jurisprudence by telling us what we know and what we know not. The general error of all previous investigations has been to parade a knowledge of what we knew not, to ignore what was in our power to know.

Such, then, being some of the cognizable steps in the development of early law, it becomes a matter of further interest to inquire what are the chief instruments and methods in most familiar use for the purpose of adapting primitive law to the changing circumstances of the society for which it was made. It is manifest that law *ex vi termini* being an unchangeable and uniform rule, and

social circumstances being subject to incessant flux and variation, of which the individual members of the society are themselves unable from hour to hour to comprehend the measure and scope, there is a constantly varying amount of adaptation between the law and the society for which it exists. In a progressive society, the law will seem to be ever lagging more and more behind the spirit and the moral feelings of the age, and the conflict of the past and the present, the old and the new, resulting in occasional instances of glaring injustice or outrageous absurdity, will from time to time urge upon even the most sluggish and unthinking the cogent necessity of law reform. The method of effecting this object most familiar to our times, and most reasonable and efficient in itself, is repeal and legislation. But it would be a grave historical error to impute to ruder ages a course of thought so habitual to an exceptionally skeptical, and therefore progressive, state of society. In other times the prevailing ignorance, and the fearfulness and superstition begotten thereby, made men crouch under the safe and sheltering ægis of the Past. An adventurous imagination and its attendant ministers, reason and hope, were subordinated to the shadowy influences of memory and veneration. There was a solemn awfulness and a certain sense of beneficent security shedding a halo round the mystic past. With the earliest breath of infancy men had begun to inhale the pervading essence of antiquated institutions, and through life they, like their fathers before them, beneath the wings of those institutions had been secure, contented, and happy. The future seemed a dark and gloomy blank, and might be rife with unknown vicissitudes and untried perils. In the midst of so much that was checkered and mutable, surely the preservation of what alone was *semper eadem* was at once an instinct and a duty.

"To be content his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire."

This is the age of "legal fictions." The form, the letter, the body, is preserved intact with religious reverence. The spirit and the life have fled, and those concerned with the administration of law are engaged in a ceaseless moral

conflict waged by the forces of contending necessities. The bare notion of innovating on the external integrity of the ancient law was abominable and profane. The urgent need for redressing novel injuries, and protecting the ever-growing mass of rights on some system not wholly antagonistic to obvious rules of justice and equity, was day by day more apparent. The method of *legal fictions* was suggested by these conflicting, and, as it might seem, irreconcilable claims. A legal fiction is defined to be an "assumption which conceals or affects to conceal the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged, its operation being modified." It is equally obvious that the admission of this latitudinarian principle is vastly serviceable at a particular epoch of a nation's progress, and that at a later epoch it is (as Bentham held) discreditable and pernicious. The province it has usurped in the unfolding of the germs of English law is known to all practitioners and speculators in that field. It is even at the present day, when other bolder methods of reform are in familiar use, the most conspicuous source of every practical limitation on prescriptive and written provisions. The constant course of reasoning in our law courts is that such and such a novel contingency has arisen, wholly unforeseen and unprovided for by any existing law. There is, indeed, an existing law which was once held by our judges to apply to a different but partially resembling contingency. That law must, by a Procrustean process of extension, limitation, analogous and metaphorical translation, be pressed into the service of the new state of things; but it will shock the public mind, and seem derogatory to the character of the national legal system, to confess this broadly and patently. We must all conspire to misrepresent the real state of the case altogether, and profess (if, like the Roman augurs, we can keep our countenances) that we are all along doing the very reverse of all this; that the law that provided for the old contingency provided, implicitly, quite as shrewdly and adequately for all the novel complications of the new one; that in applying its provisions to the new state of things, it has, after all, not been broadened or

narrowed by a hair's breadth; and that the judges have only declared what, in truth, ever has been the same law. *Sedet æternumque sedebit.*

But the fictitious drama has one act more. After all this solicitous fear of the reproach of innovation during the argument, so soon as the judicial decision is given, we all of us impudently tear off the mask, and blush not to quote the decision as the newest and very latest piece of law-making on the subject. Ludicrous as this grave buffoonery seems in the present day, yet in the absence of a good code, it is still of great practical utility, and once was the only engine of law reform.

Equity is the invention of a more intelligent and adventurous age. A series of supplementary rules, suggested by and more or less conformable to the current moral notions of the time, become permitted by general assent openly to supersede the authority of the ancient law. They may obtain recognition either through the dignity of the magistrate who administers them, as was the case with the rules of equity in England, or by the cogent necessity of the times and their own intrinsic merit, as adapted to such necessity, as with the Prætorian law at Rome: yet, though in any case the overriding the old law is direct and avowed, inasmuch as the interference is not accomplished by the sovereign power directly, there is a distinction between rules of equity and statutes resulting from legislation.

Direct legislation is the last and most permanent machinery for effecting law reform. It begins to operate when respect for the letter of the old law is becoming weakened, and the desire for improvement becoming more irresistible. It is ever gaining a wider and wider sphere of operation, till in a time (not long distant, it is hoped, in England) when no imaginative beauty any longer invests the old law as such, and society is reconstructed in a new and permanent form, it culminates in a *code*.

No science can be accurately or conveniently pursued, nor can much hope be entertained of its ultimate completion, without a correct system of Definitions and a commodious method of Classification. Nearly every science, and not least that of jurisprudence, was long

subject to the absolute tyranny of empirics and mere artificers before any attempt was made to understand or systematize its principles. Art is the predecessor of science, though they subsequently march on hand-in-hand, or rather each alternately in advance of the other. Thus, in approaching the subjects with which a new science is conversant, it is generally found that they are implicated with a large mass of names and terms of art currently employed with every varying degree of precision and consistency. It is too great a shock to the popular mind at once to abandon the whole of these loose and indefinite expressions, and the only alternative is found to be a painstaking investigation of all the meanings popularly ascribed to each term, and a rigorous exclusion of every other meaning from that term. This process is definition; or, as Mr. Mill curtly expresses it, "The definition of a name is the sum total of all the essential propositions which can be framed with that name for their subject." It is manifest that in most sciences the fewer are such propositions for each term in use, and the less complex and general their nature, the more serviceable and precise is the term or name. Mr. Austin and Mr. Stephen have made some valuable contributions to this initiatory department of jurisprudence. It will be interesting to contrast two definitions known to the English criminal law, as to one of which great inconvenience has arisen from what, in other sciences, would have been the merit of the definition—that is, the simplicity and preciseness of the "essential proposition;" and in the other an equal amount of practical inconvenience arises from the plurality of the "essential propositions." It is proposed to contrast the definitions of "theft" and "murder." "Theft" is defined by Mr. Roscoe to be the "wrongful taking possession of the goods of another with intent to deprive the owner of his property in them." Mr. Stephen has shown how very insufficient this old common-law definition was, as crime after crime continued to evade each successive word of the definition; and acts of Parliament followed every fresh crime, enlarging the ancient definition, and each act adding at least one more "essential proposi-

tion." In the case of the crime of murder, modern feeling is rather favorable to the restriction of the ancient definition, and the exclusion of one or more of the essential propositions. Thus the existing definition of "murder" is "wilful homicide with malice aforethought." "Malice" is said to mean "wickedness," and the following states of mind have been specifically determined to be wicked or malicious in the degree necessary to constitute murder:

- (a) An intent to kill, whether directed against the person killed or not, or against any specific person or not.
- (b) An intent to commit felony.
- (c) An intent, illegally, to do great bodily harm.
- (d) Wanton indifference to life, in the performance of an act likely to cause death, whether lawful or not.
- (e) A deliberate intent to fight with deadly weapons.
- (f) An intent to resist a lawful apprehension by any person legally authorized to apprehend.—*Stephen*, p. 116.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Stephen both enter into a careful scrutiny of the word "will," and for the most part they agree on the precise signification properly attributed to it. No doubt, in the popular mind, it represents a "metaphysical entity," really occupying a distinct site in the human constitution: more strictly, the expression denominates that emotional state which is necessarily (except in the case of disease or outward impediment) followed by an appropriate muscular action. Mr. Stephen distinguishes different epochs or transitional states to be noted in this peculiar emotional condition—deliberation, resolution, intention, will, (in its narrowest acceptance,) and execution.

There is so much indefiniteness and perversity of interpretation attached to such expressions as "negligence," "rashness," "heedlessness," "intention," and the like, that it is a hopeful promise for English law to have the distinct and sole meaning of these words for the first time accurately expressed. If I *intend* an act, my intention regards the present, or my intention regards the future. If my intention regards the present, I presently do an act, *expecting* and clearly *contemplating* the consequences. If my intention regards the future, I presently expect or believe that

I shall act or forbear hereafter. My future conduct is what I am expecting and contemplating. If I am *negligent*, I advert not to a given act, and by reason of that inadvertence I omit the act. If I am *heedless*, I will and do an act, not adverting to its probable consequences; and by reason of that inadvertence I will and do the act. If I am *rash*, I will and do an act, adverting to its probable consequences; but by reason of a missupposition, which I examine *inadvertently*, I think that those probable consequences will not ensue. And, by reason of my insufficient advertence to the ground of the missupposition, I will and do the act.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance in any science of a correct and commodious system of Classification. Not only may a perverse distribution of the subjects with which the science is conversant engender hopeless confusion and arrest its advance for centuries, but it thereby assumes so unsymmetrical and repulsive an aspect as to confine its cultivation to the dusky cells of the book-worm and the recluse. In no point has Mr. Austin shown himself a more obedient or more worthy follower of his great predecessor than in laboriously arranging and digesting the material subject-matter of his science. The subject-matter with which positive law deals are rights and obligations existing in members of a political community, for this purpose denominated *legal persons*. Now, the possibility and convenience of classification depends on the circumstance that, though these rights and obligations are almost infinitely numerous and varied, yet a closer inspection detects in a certain bundle of them certain properties or qualities appertaining to each individual of the bundle, and in certain other bundles certain other properties or qualities similarly found in every individual. Thus, by contemplating first each bundle by itself as an independent atom, any proposition affirmed of the property or quality so generically distinguishing that bundle is at once affirmed as applicable to the case of each individual going to constitute that bundle. This process is again repeated for each of those larger primary bundles, and a number of smaller classes results, each with its generic

attribute common to all the individuals. The last subdivision will leave a number of individual subjects with no apparent property common to any two amongst them. If this method be veraciously and discreetly pursued, the saving of time, repetition, and complexity is at once apparent. But to do this effectually is the Rubicon of a science which only genius and erudition of the highest order can cross. It demands knowledge the most comprehensive to ascertain all the properties found in each and all the individual subjects with which the science is conversant. It demands consummate sagacity to select out of several competitors that common property which can most conveniently and naturally be taken as generic. It demands equal discretion and boldness not to interfere too rashly with current systems of distribution, and not to flinch at times from superseding and discarding them without remorse. All this Mr. Austin has done for the science of jurisprudence. And if his work in its details is unfinished and abruptly closed, yet the grand attempt at a novel system of classification, conceived not without reference to the methods known to Roman and English law and to the permanent principles of general jurisprudence, is left behind as a noble and immortal legacy.

It will suffice here to illustrate the above exposition of what classification means and should be, by a general description of that of Mr. Austin. He proposes two distinct methods of classification. Law may be considered with reference to its *sources* and with reference to the *modes* in which it begins and ends: or law may be considered with reference to its *purposes* and with reference to the *subjects* about which it is conversant. Under the former system, two bundles, severally comprising large numbers of individuals, each having one property at least in common with every other, at once become manifest. In the one bundle the property in common is the circumstance of the law being written or promulged, or otherwise made by direct legislation; in the other the circumstance of the law being unwritten or unpromulged or made judicially. Under the latter system the first distribution is founded on the phenomenon, historical and accidental rather than

essential and eternal, that whereas the only subject-matter of all law are rights and obligations existing in persons, yet in every known community there is found a certain accumulation of rights and obligations attaching to certain determinate persons and constituting what is called *status*. Of these latter many general propositions can be affirmed; and while these are influenced and affected by all other rights and obligations, they do not in turn materially influence and affect them, and they have generally been, and with admitted convenience are susceptible of being, considered apart. On this ground Mr. Austin's primary division of law on this system is into the so-called law of Things and the law of Persons. For the same reason he considers (on the principle that the general should precede the special) that the law of things has natural precedence of the law of persons. Of the law of things an obvious distinction suggests itself, on the ground that the rights and obligations forming the subject-matter of it may arise either from acts, forbearances, and omissions, which are violations of rights or obligations, or from events not such violations of rights and obligations. Mr. Austin calls the rights and obligations arising in this latter mode "primary," and those arising in the former "sanctioning."

The subdivision of "primary" rights proceeds on a very obvious and intelligible ground, and has been recognized from early times both in Roman and English law. There are some rights existing in certain persons and imposing obligations on all other persons whatsoever. There are other rights existing in certain persons and imposing obligations on particular and determinate persons alone. The former have received the technical name of "*jura in rem*," the latter that of "*jura in personam*." Instances of the former occur in the case of all rights of property other than a mere easement or "*servitus*." Instances of the latter are supplied by every right of action at law on a contract, or a so-called "tort." The rights belonging to the former class, "*jura in rem*," readily range themselves under a number of natural heads, according as the nature of the user is determinate or indeterminate, or the period of inception and duration

immediate or future, limited or unlimited. The rights belonging to the other class of "*jura in personam*," are either such as arise *ex contractu* or *quasi ex contractu* (as in the case of the right to receive back money paid under mistake) or *ex delicto*. The latter head—that is, those rights accruing *ex delicto*—is considered under the larger branch of rights denominated "sanctioning" and previously opposed to the class of "primary rights" at present under consideration.

"Sanctioning" rights are, first, such as accrue to persons enjoying them either through the breach on the part of some other "obliged" person or persons of a prior civil obligation, as the non-payment of a bond or debt, or the commission by such person or persons of an injury or nuisance prejudicial to the person invested with the right. Secondly, "sanctioning" rights are such as accrue to the sovereign through the infraction, on the part of subject-members of the community, of a certain class of obligations not generally correlative with any rights whatever, and hence called "absolute," and which infraction is denominated a "crime." It is therefore under one of the leading divisions of sanctioning rights that criminal jurisprudence, general or special, finds its natural place.

In connection with this important department it will serve as an interesting illustration of historical methods of classification to notice that celebrated division of crimes which has so extensively affected the development of English law and, possibly, English civilization itself. Though very far from scientific, either in fact or in purport, this distribution is not without some conveniences, and will probably long maintain its ground. It was doubtless suggested at the first not by any thought of symmetry or expediency, but rather by moral instincts and accidental necessities. The distinction in question, so far as it is founded on or justified by any regard to reason, rests on the following substantial considerations. Of all the obligations imposed by the sovereign universally on every subject-member of the community, and not correlating with any other rights in the sovereign than the alternative ones of compulsion and punishment, and imposed generally with a sole view to pub-

lic order and the security of life and property, there are two main classes distinguished by a sufficiently palpable and familiar difference in the character of the obligations imposed. There are some which seem to be recommended by the current principles of morality at the given time and place, which are suggested by constantly recurring necessities, and are in themselves susceptible of exact definition and circumscription. There are others which, though within the scope and acknowledged spirit, are by no means within the letter of any confessed moral code, which never, till their breach, were recognized as binding at all, and the breach of which seldom recurs in forms identically the same. Add to this, that though manifestly proper subjects for judicial comprehension, yet they do not admit of being contained in exact technical terms and periods. It will be found that the former class coincides very nearly with the ancient English family of *treason* and *felonies*—the latter with that of *misdemeanors*. Mr. Stephen has shown how modern legislation has confused the ground of this antiquated distinction, and how the line, as drawn in the present day, is arbitrary and unsymmetrical in the highest degree. The ancient incidents of felonies—that is, forfeiture, and a distinct method of procedure—are liable to unforeseen inconvenience in their practical operation; while the manifold new forms of cheating and robbery often succeed in evading the heavy penalty assigned to the antiquated felony of picking the pocket. Mr. Stephen notices that the form of trial peculiar to misdemeanors, by which a criminal process is assimilated to a civil suit between the sovereign and the subject, is a testimony to the original nature of this class of offences. It was of old a procedure resorted to in all alleged transgressions of some supposed right existing in the sovereign not as yet very precisely ascertained. It was a convenient subterfuge for the purpose of giving jurisdiction to the judges in the case of conduct tending to disorder, riot, or indecent intrigue, not contemplated by any existing law; and although capable of abuse, each judgment being in the nature of an *ex post facto* legislative act, the practice was often attended with much advan-

tage, and the same ultimate jurisdiction may, under careful restrictions, yet do good service in time to come.

The above is merely a skeleton of the classificatory system which Mr. Austin so carefully enunciates, even as Mr. Austin's own work is but a skeleton of the real living body of jurisprudence which, had life and health endured, he would himself have created. It is for his successors taking up, "quasi cursores vitalis lampada," to elaborate the detailed mechanism, the capillary network, the distributed nerves and muscles, in order to clothe the shapeless structure in a form divine. It is difficult to overestimate the momentousness and the difficulties of the mighty work. Every single man who lays a stone on the rising edifice must approach with the patience, laboriousness, and singleness of purpose, and (if it may be) with the sagacity and erudition in the strength of which Jeremy Bentham and John Austin laid the indestructible foundations. Like the Jews in the face of their Samaritan rivals, every man must work with his tools by day, and handle his arms by night. The hosts of prejudice, superstition, and narrow interests must be over and over again assaulted and laid low. Every workman must devote contentedly a lifetime to elaborate his special arch or secret niche. The gods see everywhere. Even momentary fame must be sacrificed, and that ultimate approval alone valued which a few wise men will gratefully accord in each succeeding generation to the lonely architects of the most enduring and glorious of England's works.

St. James's Magazine.

BIRTHPLACE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I HAVE just been looking at the famous old tree in Greenwich Park. If poetry and tradition be credited, this patriarch has seen nearly a thousand years. It is as old, if not older than any of the trees in Windsor Forest, about which Mr. Menzies has just published an interesting book; it is perhaps more celebrated than any of Mr. Menzies' trees; it stands alone; it has no rivals; poems have been written in its honor. Greenwich lately

possessed a poet who wrote "The Lay of the Old Hollow Tree." This poem may be purchased for one penny; it was intended as an addition to the ballad literature of the country. Macaulay once went into the shop and bought a copy. The poet, in the tree's own person, stoutly maintains that its age is almost fabulous. Thus speaks the tree:

"When I was standing here, about
Eight hundred years ago,
A dreadful murder did take place
Within the town below.

"The Danes from Canterbury brought
The Archbishop Alphage,
Whom they most cruelly did kill,
And burnt the town with rage."

The Greenwich poet, whose laurels may be none of the greenest, proceeds to describe all that the venerable denizen of the park must have witnessed. It saw Duke Humphrey, in the reign of Henry VI., fortify and rebuild his manor-house, join the park to it, and erect his celebrated tower upon the hill. It saw Henry VII. enlarge the palace and reside there with his family. It saw the birth of Henry VIII. It saw Queen Catherine weeping under its shade. It saw Anne of Cleves married with great pomp, and a month afterwards sent about her business. It saw all the other Tudor sovereigns born—for even Queen Mary of bloody renown was once a little infant, sleeping innocently, though perhaps a little peevishly, in her cradle—and the old tree was particularly delighted at the birth of Queen Elizabeth.

Dismissing the Greenwich poet, we must at least admit that the tree is very old. It is a kind of representative tree, an Old Parr of the forest, a monarch among its subjects, a giant among pigmies. Hazlitt was accustomed to take off his hat to a certain glorious oak with a gnarled trunk and broad spreading branches. Every visitor to Greenwich Park ought surely to pay a similar compliment to this venerable patriarch. Being quite hollow inside, it used sometimes to serve as a place for junketing in, and at others as a prison. Holiday-makers went into it to drink Greenwich ale; and mischievous boys, who had broken down branches from the trees, or had chased the deer, were deservedly locked up in it by active park-keepers,

without magistrate's warrants, and in utter ignorance of the law of Habeas Corpus. The hollow is still there, and the seat inside, but the tree has ceased to be either a place for drinking ale in or a prison. The authorities of the park, with the perverseness characteristic of such authorities, have carefully surrounded the trunk with a high and close boarding, so that its noble proportions can only be seen through peep-holes. Some of the offshoots were, a few years ago, full of life, and the trunk even now appears so from the ivy and elder bushes about it. But the upper portions of the tree have long been quite bare and dead. As I gaze at it, an old naval captain with a gold band round his hat passes in company with a keeper. He had been as brave an officer as ever trod the quarter-deck; he had highly distinguished himself in great wars; but he is now very old, and his reason is gone. I cannot help but think of Dean Swift's mournfully prophetic words, as he looked on such another tree with the higher branches apparently all bare, withered, and decayed: "I shall be like that tree; I shall first die at the top." Whenever we may die, and however we may die, let it not be like the cynical dean, that naval captain, and this old tree. Let us all hope and pray that we may not first die at the top.

The world has indeed changed since the tree was young. In comparison with that hollow oak, even the oldest of the Greenwich pensioners seem but children, and their hospital, with its domes, façades, and colonnades, but of yesterday. The palace of Placentia, the home of Henry VII. and the cradle of the succeeding Tudor sovereigns, has long since passed away; on its site was built the new palace, which Charles II. began, and which was afterwards converted into Greenwich Hospital; now even the doom of Greenwich Hospital, as we have known it, has sounded, and soon it will cease to be. But the skeleton at least of the old tree still stands erect, though it is to be feared that its confident boast, as expressed by the Greenwich poet, will not be fulfilled. It will not last another hundred years. Herne's oak has fallen at Windsor, and this old oak at Greenwich may soon meet with a similar fate. Neither men, nor trees, nor institutions, nor

dynasties, nor empires, can last forever. Eight hundred and fifty years, the supposed age of this old oak, is a long time even in the life of a nation. The tree may well be satisfied and die decently without a murmur. It will only follow Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, and the Tudor dynasty, and the Stuarts, and the Greenwich pensioners, and the Greenwich fair, and perhaps the Greenwich Hospital. On standing beside it, the whistle of the railway engine is heard in the distance, and the clang of the iron shipbuilders at Millwall comes in loud discordance across the river.

Even Greenwich Park can now with difficulty maintain its ground in this iron age. It is a daily increasing effort to remember that there was a time when that huge canopy of smoke had not arisen, when Greenwich was still a pleasant royal residence, or even when Dr. Johnson and Boswell "took oars" and came down the Thames for a stroll in the park, and Boswell said, "Is not this fine?" and Johnson in his surly manner decidedly preferred Fleet-street. Fashionable persons—and authors are of course fashionable persons, no longer living in Grub-street—do not now come down to Greenwich to stroll in the park. They would be ashamed of doing anything so vulgar. But they come down in carriages to eat whitebait at the "Trafalgar," and even discourse learnedly on another delicacy, called this season in the carte, *St. Pierre farci à la Hollandaise*, but which, on analysis, turns out to be our plain honest friend, John Dory. The gastronomic pleasures of whitebait, and the new *St. Pierre farci à la Hollandaise*, ought to be great indeed, to compensate for that most dreary and unromantic prospect across the river, and the not very refreshing smell from the Thames just below the balconies of the "Ship," the "Crown and Sceptre," and the still more famous "Trafalgar." But as a large salmon has been caught in the river, not very far from Greenwich, we are told that the Thames is gradually becoming purer. At all events we can hope so. Hitherto, however, notwithstanding the attractions of whitebait, flounder souchy, and even *St. Pierre farci à la Hollandaise*, commonly called John Dory, the poorer classes, who come down from London Bridge for three-

pence, and picnic in the higher grounds of the park, seem undoubtedly to have the best of it. For their sakes it may earnestly be wished that Greenwich Park may be able to hold its own, whatever may be the ultimate fate of that noble institution below, which now stands condemned.

For more than a century and a half, at Greenwich the old sailors have been the legitimate successors of the English kings. Surely a most appropriate succession. For does not the greatness of England especially depend upon her navy? and is not Britannia with her trident represented as ruling the waves? Greenwich has long been the home of these retired seamen, just as it was for generations the home of the Tudor sovereigns. We have reason to be proud of both. But without disparagement to Queen Mary, who founded the hospital, or to the old sailors who have spent or are spending their declining years within its walls, it is, I think, from being the birthplace of Queen Elizabeth that Greenwich receives its most glorious association. This is even heartily admitted by Dr. Johnson, in some of the best of his sonorous verses, worshipper of the Stuarts as he was.

But this is an age of historical skepticism. With the new reformers every saint is a sinner, and every sinner a saint. Nero has found champions. Richard the Third has been shamefully calumniated. He might, indeed, have had an amiable weakness for murdering his nephews in the Tower; but at heart he was a statesman and patriot, anxious for political reforms in advance of his age. Henry the Eighth was a model of all kingly perfections; purity, chastity, and devotion to the marriage tie being his especial distinctions. Lord Bacon, too, though he pleaded guilty to taking bribes on the seat of judgment, and was convicted and sentenced by his contemporaries for his transgressions, did nothing really wrong; and in the utmost depths of his degradation only showed himself a self-sacrificing martyr to the court. The great Edmund Burke, on the other hand, though his life was a life of meritorious poverty, industry, genius, and philanthropy, has, in the same quarter where Bacon has been so enthusiastically defended, been stigmatized as something

not much better than a thimble-rigger and a receiver of other men's goods.

Queen Elizabeth has also fared extremely ill from the tender mercies of these historical skeptics. Her reign is unquestionably the most illustrious in the English annals; and the queen herself, when rightly judged, is, as another great woman, the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, proudly called her, the glory of her sex. She vindicated in her own person the capacity of women for the great and arduous task of government. We have only to compare the condition of England when she acceded to the crown with the condition in which she left it; we have only to compare the wisdom of her rule with the folly of the reigns of her predecessor Mary, and her immediate successors, James the First and Charles the First, to recognize at once how much we owe to Elizabeth personally. She hated war almost as much as any member of the Peace Society. She was as rigidly economical in her system of government as any disciple of what was once called "the Manchester school" of politicians could desire a ruler to be. With small means she accomplished large ends. But her hesitation at committing the nation irrevocably to a course of military expenditure and bloodshed is held up to scorn. Her good deeds are forgotten. Her eccentricities and weaknesses are exaggerated into crimes. All the old "scandals about Queen Elizabeth," scandals which have never been proved to have the slightest foundation in fact, are revived and strengthened by the dusty mendacious dispatches of her enemies, and the enemies of England, who plainly stated, to please their master, Philip of Spain, not what was really true, but what they only hoped would be true. In these old records from Simancas, it requires but little of the spirit of true historical criticism to see clearly that the wish is ever father to the thought. But even Mr. Froude was so far influenced by the novelty-at-any-price spirit in which biography and history are now written, as at first eagerly to seize on what he thought were terrible revelations against the queen, and in great haste communicated them to the public through the medium of *Fraser's Magazine*, though he has since candidly confessed that

these startling details were, on more matured examination, utterly untrustworthy, and that his mistake arose from his want of familiarity with the Spanish language. We may depend upon it that the popular notions about great historical and political characters are not so very far wrong after all. History is not made up of contradictions and inconsistencies. Human nature is not what the forger, William Roupel, wished himself to be regarded as he stood in the dock confessing his crimes, "a moral paradox." The heart of the people instinctively judges rightly. Rulers whom the public hates for their imputed misdeeds are not often models of virtue. Sovereigns, too, whose memory, like that of Queen Elizabeth, is still regarded with pride and affection by the great body of the people who care nothing for books and theories, were not monsters of hypocrisy and of wickedness.

For a ruler situated as Queen Elizabeth was, much allowance ought justly to be made. It seems so easy now to say that she should have always adhered to a simple, plain, and intelligible policy. In history we have policies all ready made. Looking back calmly and critically from the comfortable present to the troubled past, it does not appear at all difficult to pronounce authoritatively what ought to have been done on any given occasion. Very different, however, was it for Queen Elizabeth—a woman at first without experience, called almost from a prison to a throne, surrounded by vigilant and powerful enemies—to come to a decision day by day on the various and perplexing events as they arose. She had to shape out a course of conduct through difficulties and dangers, amid which a single false step would have been ruin. She triumphed gloriously over all those formidable obstacles. At her death the English nation was left to carry out safely its magnificent destiny. England was free, happy, and prosperous; and Englishmen were proud of their country and of themselves. The obligations popularly supposed to be owing to "good Queen Bess" were not illusory. And despite certain modern criticisms, American and even English, Greenwich, though associated now with so much of what is called cockneyism, deserves still to be

regarded with respect by every patriot for having been the place "where Queen Elizabeth was born."

The day of the christening of the little Princess Elizabeth was a great day in Greenwich. Shakspeare has rightly deemed it worthy of especial commemoration. The Lord Mayor of London—very little in those days could be done without the presence of the lord mayor—came down the Thames in his barge, and wearing his gold chain. All the aldermen and other civic dignitaries were there in their robes of office. The trumpets sounded; the heralds marshalled the way. Great warriors and statesmen, profound theologians, and earnest divines who were embracing the cause of the Reformation, and some of whom, during the subsequent Bonner persecution, were to seal their testimony with their blood, stood near the font. The little fair-haired princess, wrapped in a robe of purple velvet, was formally named Elizabeth. The voice of Garter King-at-Arms was then heard proclaiming loudly, "God, of his infinite mercy, send a prosperous life and long, to the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth of England!" Was not this official prayer of Garter King-at-Arms granted? Was not her life long? And was it not prosperous? Had this little princess *not* lived long and prosperously, England, and the history of England, must have been very different from what they now are.

Queen Elizabeth liked to live at Greenwich. Much of her life was spent there, and many memorable events occurred while she dwelt within the palace walls. Business and amusement, diplomacy and boat-racing, politics and tournaments, all went on at the same time. The queen, with loving eyes, watched the prowess of her favorite Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, who was frequently one of the knights who held the lists against all comers. The ambassadors manœuvred, each playing his master's game, and eagerly bidding against each other for Elizabeth's hand, that with it they might render England a mere second-rate dependency. But Elizabeth would neither be bought and sold, nor allow her country to be bought and sold. It was at Greenwich, in 1561, that a very memorable consultation was

held, in which it was debated whether a papal nuncio were to be received, and whether England should be represented at the Council of Trent. Both questions were finally decided in the negative. Amid the brilliant sunshine of English life, in those days when England was indeed merry England, and before Puritanism had thrown its darker shadows over the national horizon, the country was steadily asserting its political and theological independence. The queen advanced hesitatingly and cautiously, feeling her way at every step. But she did advance, and there was and could be no falling back. The nation took its sovereign at her word. Elizabeth could not refuse to pay the bond she had given.

But she had many difficulties, which her loyal subjects, who cheered her as she stepped into her barge at Greenwich, or drove through the city to Westminster, very imperfectly comprehended. With her it could not always be plain sailing, though historians, three hundred years after the events they relate, show, much to their own satisfaction, that her course ought always to have been direct. Many anxious thoughts had Elizabeth, in her royal and maiden loneliness, as from her palace windows at Greenwich she gazed at her busy metropolis just above the bend of the river, which was then really a pleasant stream flowing purely and brightly, and London itself had as yet no heavy cloud constantly over it from the smoke of "sea-coal," but lifted proudly its head to the clear azure sky.

On the evening of the 4th of June, 1561, as the queen was looking towards London, she saw red flames rising from St. Paul's Cathedral. There had been a thunderstorm during the afternoon. The spire was struck with lightning; the cross and the great eagle on the summit fell through the south transept; and the noble specimen of English architecture, which, with the revolutions in religion, had undergone so many vicissitudes, was soon almost destroyed. Many years were to elapse before the noble edifice of Sir Christopher Wren was to be seen as it is now, towering in noble eminence over the lesser buildings of the metropolis. But it is to be hoped that the days of Macaulay's *New Zealander* are still in the far distance, and that for many centuries, from Greenwich, and

especially from Blackheath Hill Point, the dome of St. Paul's, and the more recent Victoria Tower to the left, may still be plainly visible, looming grandly through the atmosphere of fog and smoke.

This close proximity to London, which is now considered a drawback, gave a peculiar charm to Greenwich in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The imagination dwells more particularly on two scenes which occurred almost a quarter of a century from each other there, and which even now cannot be contemplated without deep and painful emotion. On the 22d of June, 1566, five years after the burning of St. Paul's, the queen had a large party. Nearly all the notabilities of England were assembled within the palace walls. Never had Elizabeth's court appeared more magnificent. Never had the queen herself been more gracious or in higher spirits. She had a good word and a pleasant smile for everybody. A messenger enters the brilliant assembly, and goes quietly up to Cecil, who immediately afterwards is seen saying something in the ear of his royal mistress. The queen's manner suddenly changes; she drops listlessly on a seat, and presses her hand to her forehead. For three days Sir James Melville had been riding hard from Edinburgh to London, with the great news that Mary Stuart had given birth to an heir, who was to inherit both kingdoms. "The Queen of Scots," said Elizabeth, mournfully, "is mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock!"

Little reason, however, had she really to envy the Queen of Scots, or her successors of the doomed Stuart line. Elizabeth is again at Greenwich. It is again evening, and some two-and-twenty years more have passed and gone. What joyful sounds are these that come to Elizabeth's ears in her palace? London is almost wild with exultation. The bells from every church peal out merrily; the bonfires from every open place may be seen lighting up the sky. There seems to be a general holiday; all is joy and uproar. The queen asks the meaning of this popular demonstration. She is at last told that all this is the rejoicing of the Londoners at the news of the execution of the Scottish queen. Elizabeth turns deathly pale, bursts into tears, and

declares that she hears of this execution for the first time. For days Elizabeth weeps, and shuts herself up disconsolately within the palace walls. But tears will not bring the dead back again to life, or wipe out the blot which the execution has left upon Elizabeth's reign and memory.

The first Stuart kings frequently resided at Greenwich; but after the death of Queen Elizabeth the palace can scarcely be regarded as the regular dwelling-place of the English monarchs. With the greatest and last of the Tudor sovereigns, though Henrietta Maria had a building long afterwards called by her name, the royal glories of Greenwich may almost be said to have departed. If we are to credit a manuscript of Frederick van Bassen, which Mr. Peter Cunningham has thought deserving of credit, Greenwich, so associated with the memory of Queen Elizabeth, very narrowly escaped a great dishonor in the reign of Charles II. We are informed that Nell Gwynne was all but created Countess of Greenwich. The good-hearted though very extravagant little orange woman may have been quite as worthy of aristocratic honors as Charles II.'s Duchess of Portsmouth, or his Duchess of Cleveland. But still we may be thankful that poor Nelly did not take the title of countess from the place "where Queen Elizabeth was born."

For more than a century and a half Greenwich has been left to the old seamen. During the last two or three years, however, a young scion of royalty has again taken root in the neighborhood. Prince Arthur now resides, with his tutor, at the ranger's house on Blackheath, and has, it is supposed, since the death of Lord Canning, been in training for the rangership. As the prince on his pony canters about the heath and round Greenwich, he at least revives some of the associations connected with royalty. No doubt he will make as good a ranger of the park as anybody else, though the boards with the name of the once famous "Aberdeen" upon them still meet the eye, and speak with sad significance of a time and a career which seem long ago to have passed away, and yet ten years ago Lord Aberdeen was prime minister, and the Crimean war had just begun.

If Greenwich cannot recently boast

much of the presence of sovereigns, yet the town can scarcely complain. It has still reason annually to rejoice at the patronage of ministers. Is there not such an institution as the ministerial whitebait dinner? It has become part of the constitution, and may perhaps last as long.

One Saturday afternoon in last July, a city steamboat, gayly decorated with flags, bearing the red cross on a white ground, and with the union jack, testifying of course to the presence of the Lords of the Admiralty, was observed coming rapidly down the river. "That, sir," said a communicative old waterman, "is the ministers' boat." It stopped just opposite the Trafalgar Hotel. As the tide was rather low, there was some difficulty in getting ashore. A narrow plank was to be crossed, and some very wet and slippery wooden steps were to be mounted before the passengers could consider themselves safely within the hospitable precincts of the celebrated hotel. Yet, undaunted by such difficulties, the first of the illustrious party who made his way from the steamboat and up the steps was the ministerial chief, the political veteran of eighty years. At how many annual whitebait dinners he has been present! How many political vicissitudes they have chronicled! Not one of the colleagues who were with him at the last dinner were present at his first. He is the sole survivor of those former ministers before the Reform Bill, when John Wilson Croker, that fierce Quarterly Reviewer and most officious Secretary of the Admiralty, was a great man, ostentatiously patronizing the First Lord. Yet how bravely this old man of eighty summers bears up under this "weight for age," with the memories of so many governments, of hard official work, of difficulties overcome, of fierce enmities encountered, of celebrated actions done in the name of England by land and sea throughout the world! Here in one sense is a type of the Elizabethan statesman, like that Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, of whom Mr. Froude says that, after remembering a Plantagenet king and Bosworth Field, he was yet in Elizabeth's first parliament Lord High Treasurer of England at eighty-four years of age, and "still vigorous and serviceable, with a mind as clear and a hand as steady as the best of the contemporaries of his

grandchildren." There were brave men before Agamemnon and brave men after him. But still let us all honor bravery in sovereigns, and ministers, and old sailors, in the dead and in the living, at the birthplace of Queen Elizabeth, and wherever it may be found as an animating principle giving something of an heroic aspect to the world.

ROMAN MANNERS UNDER THE EARLIER EMPERORS.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the labors of modern historians, and of their esquires, the collectors and digestors of what, for want of a better name, are usually called Antiquities, it will yet take some time to disabuse the popular mind of the erroneous notions engendered by the ancient method of teaching Roman history. This (and we may appeal to the evidence of more than one handbook still in use at our public schools, if not at the Universities) consisted in dragging the breathless student past a long array of facts more or less critically transcribed from Livy, with a cold infusion of certain of Niebuhr's theories, and bringing him to a sudden standstill with the downfall of the Roman republic and the establishment of the empire. He was perhaps provided with a bare list of the earlier emperors and their dates, and taught to look upon them as a long train of monsters, only occasionally interspersed with an equally abnormal angel of light under the name of Titus or Trajan. The names of the component provinces of the Roman empire he was made to learn by heart, but his ideas of its population he was left to form from an assiduous study of the most objectionable of Juvenal's Satires and Martial's Epigrams, and of the sustained invective of Tacitus. The consequences of this method of teaching, or leaving untaught, Roman history were not limited to a fatal ignorance or half-knowledge of one of its most important periods. The student never imagined that most of that part of our civilization which we owe to the Romans, including the essential elements of all subsequent

* *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine.* Von LUDWIG FRIEDLANDER. I. and II. Theil. Leipzig. 1862-4.

systems of law and government, was derived from the very period which remained to him a blank mystery. The history of the Roman republic is, and will always remain, a history of its wars, for its very constitutional development was not only affected, but conditioned, by them. When Augustus gave peace to the Roman empire, he gave to the world the first real breathing-time it had enjoyed in the course of what is known as ancient history. Generally speaking, this breathing-time continued without any interruption of real importance for at least a couple of centuries. The period of the Antonines was the culmination of the reign of peace. Not until the beginnings of the great revolution which was to usher in the so-called middle ages on the ruins of Roman antiquity made themselves perceptible, not until the great wandering of the peoples had commenced was there any real danger threatening the security of an empire including the main part of the known, and the whole of the civilized, world. During this period, therefore, beyond all others, the Roman empire consolidated itself into a consistency which enabled its Western division to maintain itself through a life-and-death struggle lasting through a further period of equal length. No doubt, also, during this period it nourished those elements of internal corruption which contributed to its ultimate fall. To analyze and digest the elements and the workings of Roman civilization, in the only period in which it was permitted full play, is the task on which many living and future scholars will have to expend long-continued labors before anything like a satisfactory result shall have been obtained. To combine the results of their research is the no less difficult duty of the historian. While we gratefully acknowledge the performances of modern historians of the earlier Roman empire—while we, above all, can claim for an English scholar, Mr. Merivale, the honor of having achieved in this department what most nearly approaches to completeness—neither he nor any of them would, we are sure, desire to regard their labors as final. New materials present themselves while the old are being digested into shape; and the more materials arise, the more welcome they are as contributions towards the yet unachieved

work of a living picture of the greatest wonder wrought by human endeavor—the Roman Empire.

In connection with future works in reference to the period we speak of—the first two centuries of the Roman empire—the labors of an antiquarian like Professor Friedländer of Königsberg will probably prove of inestimable value. The two volumes already published by him under the modest title of *Essays on the History of Roman Manners in the time from Augustus to the end of the Antonines* by no means profess to be a systematic picture of Roman life during that period. For such an effort on a larger scale than that of an elementary handbook it may be doubted whether the materials are yet sufficiently digested; and, at all events, the Professor states that the resources of the University to which he is attached do not place them at his command. There is accordingly a looseness of arrangement in his book which will leave it, even when completed, incomplete; and he passes and re-passes from what are called public antiquities to private, with the utmost freedom. We confess that we do not object to the absence of any attempt at giving a fictitious unity to a work of a naturally discursive character by adopting a device such as W. A. Becker employed in the composition of his *Gallus*. The labor of comparing passages, and estimating their relative value as evidence, never seemed to us to be perceptibly lightened by infusing into it a feeble effort at narrative. The idea was taken from Böltiger's *Sabina*, a twaddling opusculum by a twaddling author, the limited scope of which may have rendered it admissible. But those who read *Gallus* or *Charicles* for the information contained in them are not likely to be entranced by the story with which either work is accredited to the general public, which may be left to feed its craving for antiquarian research with *Last Days of Pompeii* and *Hypatia*. The story, moreover, in the case of *Gallus*, is additionally objectionable from its converting one of the most disagreeable characters of the reign of Augustus into the flat hero of a flat romance.

While the first volume of Professor Friedländer's work is chiefly devoted to a description of Roman society at Rome, particularly dwelling on its relations to

the Imperial Court (we would especially direct attention to his remarks on the *clientela* of the empire as distinct from that of more ancient times, and to his exposition of the workings of the Imperial secret police), part of the second is occupied with a subject the novel and exhaustive treatment of which is likely to attract more especial notice. We refer to the lengthy disquisition on the subject of the travels of the Romans. It is divided, with the precision of a sermon, under several heads—namely, the means of travel, its manner, its causes, its principal objects; and lastly its sources of interest. At the outset, Professor Friedländer reminds his readers that travelling was easier in the greater part of the Roman empire than it ever was in modern Europe before the present century; a paradox calculated at first sight to take away the breath of us moderns, but as indubitably true as the equally startling fact that the diffusion of literature was far more extensive in the Roman empire than in the modern world before very recent improvements in the art of printing. Passing to the last division of the subject, we find Professor Friedländer broadly asserting that the sources of interest to Roman travellers in the countries and places visited by them almost everywhere connected themselves with the reminiscences of the past rather than the impressions of the present. The Roman was not, like the Greek, the child of the day; he was rather the heir of the past. The historical interest in travel was everywhere, in the first place, fed by the temples, which usually were at the same time the largest and the most beautiful, as well as the most ancient and famous, edifices of each separate locality. A modern traveller is accustomed to seek the cathedral or principal church as the most promising object of visit, even in cities of our own day; but an ancient temple gave far more to interest the visitor than even the most famous and beautiful modern cathedral can afford. A temple was in most cases not only an edifice, but, as its name implies, a park. It was also a museum, not only of statues and pictures dedicated to the fane, but of other objects of art, of the natural curiosities, and of historical relics. As such it was best calculated to satisfy the longings of a Roman mind, in which the love

of history generally prevailed over a purely artistic taste. Professor Friedländer possibly a little exaggerates this circumstance, the reason of which is partly to be sought in the natural tendency of the citizen of a community which had forcibly constituted itself the chief inheritor of all the art-treasures of the ancient world to become somewhat *blasés* about art. And he sees in it a new point of analogy between the Romans and a great modern nation, which, notwithstanding the uncomplimentary character of his remark, we must allow him to indicate in his own words:

"In truth, this feeling of interest [in art] was for the most part quite superficial and external, conditioned generally by the name of the particular artist and the celebrity of the particular work. 'Ut semel vidit, transit et contentus est, ut si picturam aliquam vel statuum vidisset,' we read in the Dialogue of Tacitus; and this might no doubt have been said with truth of the preponderating majority of Roman travellers. They saw in order to have seen; and in this respect the travels of the Romans of those days resembled those of the English of our own, as well as in their eager and conscientious inquiry into historical reminiscences."

On the other hand, Professor Friedländer is of opinion that the interest awakened in the Romans by objects of nature greatly exceeded that called forth by objects of art, though the former feeling was of a different character from modern enthusiasm for beautiful scenery. This touches upon a much vexed and agitated question, which derives new light from the Professor's exhaustive treatment of it. He is anxious to show how the interest of the Romans, and of the ancients generally, differed in kind rather than in intensity from that of our own times for the same subject. Above all, the ancient love of nature is distinguished from the modern by its religious character. The period of which the work before us treats prevents the author from doing more than touching upon the original sources of this feeling. A Roman of the empire could not wander under oaks, and on the banks of streams, with the same childlike feeling of the immediate presence of Dryads and Naiads which moved the natural devotion of a Greek of the Homeric days. The Greeks even of a later period preserved this indefinable sense of the

religious element in the enjoyment of nature, to an extent which we think has been scarcely generally enough recognized. Even an author in whom one would least of all expect to find such a spirit abounds with indications of it; we refer to Aristophanes, from some of whose comedies, especially such a one as the *Clouds*, many proofs of this assertion could be drawn. Even if the Greek mythology was not a mere calendar of the powers and workings of nature personified, even if its stories were not mere attempts to clothe in human narrative the impressions of her phenomena—which would of itself prove a capability of watching nature amounting to the best evidence of a love for it—no people, from the evidence of its literary remains, was more open to the influence of nature from this point of view. But even the Romans of the hypercivilized days of the empire had not lost all vestiges of this feeling, as many passages besides those quoted by M. Friedländer from Seneca, Pliny, and others, tend to show. The second source of their interest in scenery he traces to the circumstance of the celebrity attaching to any place, and derived from poetry and literature. When Lucilius came back from a tour in Sicily, the only subject on which Seneca was anxious to have information from him was the real nature of the whirlpool of Charybdis; “he had already been informed that Scylla was a rock without any danger whatsoever.” This is no doubt only a bastard kind of interest in scenery; but do not, we may fairly ask, similar motives play a very important part in the interest taken in whole districts by modern tourists who consider themselves very good judges of the picturesque? Who crowd the steamboats on Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine—the real lovers of scenery, or the readers of Sir Walter Scott? And does the castled crag of Drachenfels call forth more admiration of its natural beauty, or attempts at remembering the entire stanza in which Byron first insured attention to its devoted head? Again, natural curiosities and abnormities were as interesting to the Romans as they are to modern travellers who think they admire the Cave of Fingal or the Giant’s Causeway because they are beautiful, and really only wonder at them because they

are strange. We are certainly more *blasé* than the crowds of Romans and Greeks who, according to Lucian, made an annual trip to Gades, or the west coast of Gaul, in order to see the ebb and tide of the Atlantic; but some of us, *mutatis mutandis*, still deserve the reproach of the younger Pliny, that men travel over sea and land to see the wonders of foreign lands, while those of Italy are left unnoticed.

But the question of course remains, whether the Romans possessed that sense for the pure beauty of natural scenery in itself, the influence of which at the present day few will deny, and which was justly remarked upon by Mr. Gladstone, when he opened a park in Lancashire the other day, as a cheering sign of the times. In the sense in which workmen, taking a walk in the park, may be said to be open to the beauties of nature, the Romans were assuredly not one whit behind ourselves. *Amoenitas* was the term by which they expressed the tranquil beauty of scenery most congenial to them, which, as a rule, they sought by the sea-side. But they appear to have lacked the sense of the romantic, which, notwithstanding its many ludicrous perversions, is an undoubted acquisition of our own times. They seem, as M. Friedländer ingeniously proves by the conspicuousness of its absence in cases in which a modern could have hardly failed to introduce it, to have cared neither for the glow of sunset nor for the pale light of the moon. Such expressions as “blue mountains,” “glimmering twilight,” such a passage as the well-known apostrophe to the sinking sun which M. Friedländer quotes from *Faust*—and others could, of course, be added by the thousand from our own poets and poetasters—he looks for in vain in the ancient writers. Above all, with the Alps at their door, there were no Alpine travellers at Rome. But an inquiry into this last point would not be complete without touching upon another element of modern delight in nature which Professor Friedländer, as a German, has naturally left out. The Romans, with all their refinements of luxury, as well as the ancient Greeks, with their exquisitely natural lives, were too much in the open air, and took too much active exercise as a matter of course, to be

likely to have a very keen appreciation of exceptional air and exercise in their sublimation in Alpine travel.

Lastly, we are reminded of the absence of effective incitements to travel for its own sake among the Romans, in comparison with those so amply provided in our own times. This was, of course, at once cause and effect, for the Romans could not have failed to cultivate the natural sciences if they had cared for them. And thus it is interesting to find Professor Friedländer quote from Humboldt the three principal causes which the latter states to have in his own case excited an early inclination to travel in the tropical districts—namely, poetical descriptions of nature, landscape-painting, and the cultivation of tropical plants. Humboldt says that an irrepressible desire to visit the tropics was implanted in him by Foster's book on the South Sea Islands, by some pictures of the banks of the Ganges in the house of Warren Hastings in London, and by a colossal dragon-tree in the Botanical Gardens at Berlin. No Roman could have received any such fruitful impressions at home, for description of nature, in the sense of that contained in Foster's book, is one of the most modern branches of literature, and scarcely was such at all before Humboldt himself wrote. Landscape painting was an art nearly unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and as for tropical plants, Roman horticulture confined itself to forcing nature into productiveness and prettiness, without attempting to encourage her to reproduce herself in anything like her own grandeur.

From The Reader.

MADAME ROLAND.*

AMONG the victims of the French Revolution there is scarcely one who has excited such compassionate interest as Madame Roland. Her beauty, her great

talents, her high character and pure patriotism, the influence she exercised upon the more moderate and respectable section of the Republicans, the fortitude with which she bore the sorrows of her imprisonment and the intrepidity with which she met her tragic fate—all have tributed to render her an object of attraction and pity. She stands forth among her contemporaries as a fair representative of what was best in the party that overthrew the ancient monarchy. In the prejudices of that party she fully shared, and her memoirs speak of Louis XVI. and of his political intentions in terms which history has certainly not ratified. But, in the generally noble aims of the Girondists, and in their utter abhorrence of the excesses of Robespierre and his crew, she also fully shared: and when her friends fell before that Nemesis of successful agitators—the necessity of governing in the face of agitators more extreme than themselves—their fall bore her with them in a common ruin. Able and, for the most part, upright men, had they all possessed her energy and courage, it is possible they might have made a more effectual stand than they did. Be that as it may, few nobler deaths than hers were the result of their want of practical governing power.

Madame Roland was born in Paris on the 18th of March, 1754. Her father was an engraver on metal, and belonged to the *bourgeois* class. Her mother was a woman of sense; and, though not in anywise remarkable, obtained a strong hold on the affections of her only daughter, who speaks of her in her memoirs with the tenderest affection and respect. From a very early age the child manifested a great aptitude for study, and systematically devoured every book that came within her reach. She had also thrown all the ardor of her nature into the performance of her religious duties. At the age of eleven she was sent, at her own earnest request, to a convent, in order that she might prepare herself more calmly and suitably for her "first communion." Here it was that she formed with Sophie Cannet one of those in-

* *Etude sur Madame Roland et son Temps, suivie des lettres de Mde. Roland à Buzot, et d'autres Documents inédits.* Par C. A. DAUBAN. Paris.

Memoires de Madame Roland. Entièrement conforme au Manuscrit Autographe transmis en 1858 par une legs à la Bibliothèque Impériale. Publiée avec des Notes par C. A. DAUBAN. Paris.

Memoires de Madame Roland écrits durant sa

Captivité. Nouvelle Edition, revue et complétée sur les Manuscrits Autographes et accompagnée de Notes et de Pièces inédites. Par M. P. FAUGERE. Hachette & Co.

tensely strong attachments which occasionally exist between deep-hearted unmarried women. Her frequent letters to her friend have been published, and contain a pretty complete history of her life up to the date of her marriage. The correspondence then ceases; for M. Roland seems, foolishly enough, to have regarded the matter with jealousy, and to have expressed a desire that intimate relations should cease. His wife's comment on this is: "It was ill-judged; for matrimony is a grave and solemn state, and if you deprive a woman of feeling of the pleasures of friendship with persons of her own sex, you expose her to temptation." However, notwithstanding this separation and the divergence of their political opinions, the bond of affection that had united Madame Roland to Sophie Cannel and to her sister Henriette did not break utterly. Some idea of its strength may be obtained from the fact that, when, many years afterwards, the former was waiting in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie for the death that was advancing but too surely, Henriette came and offered to die in her stead. The interview was thus described to a friend by one of the actors:

"I was a widow and had no children; Madame Roland had a husband already advanced in years and a charming little daughter who required the care of a wife and of a mother. What was more natural than that I should expose my useless life to save hers? My wish was to exchange clothing with her and to remain a prisoner while she endeavored to escape under favor of the disguise. All my entreaties, all my tears, remained fruitless. 'But they would kill you,' she repeated constantly; 'your blood would be upon me. Rather would I suffer a thousand deaths than have to reproach myself with yours.'"

On leaving the convent Mademoiselle Philpon went back to live with her parents, and spent the years of her girlhood and early womanhood chiefly in study. The first event of any importance that broke the calm monotony of her existence was the death of her mother, which happened in 1775. After this, her father, who seems to have been an excessively commonplace man, took gradually to vicious courses, and wasted his daughter's fortune. Disgusted with his conduct, she determined to abandon him; and it was while living in solitude that

she accepted the hand of M. Roland. This gentleman succeeded where many had failed; for Madame Roland, with a self-complacency which is one of the worst features in her character, gives us to understand that she had had any number of offers. The marriage took place in the early part of 1780, and was, on the whole, more happy than might have been expected of a marriage so entirely *de raison*. For M. Roland was twenty years older than his wife, and not young for his age—a man of learning and severe moral principle, but egotistical, pedantic, and devoid of any lovable qualities. His profession was that of a government inspector of arts and manufactures. In all his literary pursuits his wife took a very active share—in fact, it would seem that the best and most effective bits in his writings are nearly always due to her pen. She herself says:

"The habit of and the taste for, a studious life made me share in the labors of my husband so long as he remained a private individual; I wrote with him as I ate with him, because the one came to me as naturally as the other, and because, living only for his happiness, I devoted myself to what gave him the greatest amount of pleasure. He described the arts—I described them also, though they were wearisome to me; he was fond of erudition—we made our researches together; if he relaxed his mind by sending some literary fragment to an academy, we worked at it together, or separately, so as to compare our work and select the better, or else remodel the two; if he had written homilies, I should have done the same. He became a minister; I did not take any part in the administrative portion of his duties; but if there was a circular to be dispatched, a series of instructions or an important public paper to be drawn up, we conferred on the subject together, according to the confidence subsisting between us; and, penetrated with his ideas, full of my own, I took up the pen which I had more time to wield than he. Both having the same principles and the same spirit, we ended by agreeing in the manner of putting them into words; and my husband had nothing to lose in passing through my hands. I could express nothing with respect to justice and reason which he was not capable of realizing and upholding by his character and conduct; and I depicted better than he could have described what he had executed, or what he could promise to accomplish. Roland, without me, would not have been a less good administrator; his activity, his knowledge, were his own, like his uprightness; with me he produced more sensation, because I put into the writings that mixture of strength with

sweetness, of the authority of reason with the charms of feeling which belong, perhaps, only to a woman gifted with a tender heart and a healthy brain. I worked with delight at these writings, which I deemed were destined to be useful; and I found in their production more pleasure than if I had been known as their author. I yearn for happiness; and find it in the good I do, and do not even feel any need of glory; I do not see in this world any part which suits me except that of Providence. I allow the mischievous to regard this avowal as an impertinence, for it must bear some resemblance to one; but those who know me will see nothing in it but what is sincere like myself."

We may here remark that it was in his capacity as an administrator—the one which Madame Roland declares was exclusively his own—that her husband most signally failed. But to return to the wife: notwithstanding all her literary avocations, she prided herself on never neglecting her household duties. One trait especially deserves notice, as being very singular in France at that time, and not now as common as it should be; namely, that she insisted on being her child's nurse.

In the latter part of the year 1791, his inspectorship having been abolished, Roland left Lyons, where he had been living for some time, and came to Paris. He was already a strong partisan of the revolutionary opinions that were gaining strength with every hour and shaking society to its foundations. It was an anxious time; but as yet the horrors of the Reign of Terror had not been felt, and upright men still looked forward with hope and confidence. Flying from the abuses of the past, they did not perceive that they were rushing headlong into a pit of still darker abuses in the future. Madame Roland was all eagerness, and threw herself into the movement with all the passion of her nature. Indeed, it raises a sad smile to compare the language in which she speaks of the turbulence of the populace at this time with that which she used when the oppression of her own friends had shown her the justice of mob-law. Roland, immediately on his arrival in Paris, joined the society of the Jacobins and made himself very active as a member of the Corresponding Committee. Utterly to his own and to his wife's surprise, he was, on the 24th of March, 1792, appointed

Ministre de l'Intérieur by Louis XVI., who had determined to try to govern with a popular ministry. For this post Roland, it is not too much to say, was quite unfit; and his nomination can only be explained by a complete dearth of men of capacity and integrity. During the ten weeks of his tenure of office he seems to have applied himself mainly to weakening the monarchy which he should have strengthened; and in the manner of his resignation he weakened it still more. The once famous letter announcing his determination to the king was the work of his wife.

Two months afterwards, on the 10th of August, the people invaded the Tuilleries; the king fled for refuge to the National Assembly, and was deposed, the revolution was triumphant, and Roland was reinstated as Minister of the Interior. The times were now terrible and the position horribly responsible. What was wanted was a statesman ready in decision, firm and prompt in action, fertile in expedients, plausible in speech. Roland, with the best intentions, was a pedant, and powerless as a leader of men. Something better than sententious circulars was required to rule revolutionary France at a time when the mob was butchering the inmates of the prisons. He failed; but while blaming him for his failure, it is but just to remember the almost insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend. It is but just, also, to remember that, by protesting against that which he had not prevented, he exposed himself to almost certain death. In this last duty his wife took a noble part. The charms of her conversation and the nobleness of her somewhat ostentatious sentiments had won for her a high place in the esteem of her husband's political friends, the Girondists. This influence she used to urge them to make no truce with the *Septembriseurs*, the assassins of the prisoners. Nor were they slow to answer to a call which was that of their own consciences; and the National Convention was swayed by their character and talents. But, unfortunately, the legislature was weak and powerless, and the revolutionary cut-throat *Commune* was all-powerful. For the time Paris was a despot and the rest of France a slave.

With the fall of the Girondists came,

of course, the fall of Roland. In January, 1793, he had resigned a place which it had for some time been a dishonor to hold. But this was not enough to appease such enemies as Robespierre, Hébert, and Marat. On or about the 31st of May, his arrest was decreed by the Revolutionary Committee, and he fled. His wife, who had something of the Roman in her composition, made no attempt to escape.

"I thought it quite right," says she, "that Roland should elude the popular fury and the talons of his enemies. As for me, their interest to do me harm could not be so great; to kill me would be an act so detestable that they would not care to incur its odium; to put me in prison would scarcely serve them, and would, as far as I was concerned, be no great misfortune. If they had some shame and went through the usual forms of interrogating me, etc., I should have no difficulty in confounding them; that might even serve to enlighten those who were really deceived with regard to Roland. If they actually instituted a new 2d of September [the date of the massacres], it could only be in the event of their having in their power all the upright deputies, and of all being lost in Paris. In that case I would rather die than be a witness of the ruin of my country; I should feel honored by being included among the glorious victims sacrificed to the rage of crime. The fury assuaged on me would be less violent against Roland, who, once safe from this crisis, might again render great services to some portions of France. Thus one of two things must happen: either I am only in danger of an imprisonment and of a judicial procedure which I shall be able to render useful to my country and to my husband, or, if I must die, it will only be in an extremity in which life will be hateful to me."

To these reasons, as we shall have further occasion to show, must be added Madame Roland's love for one of the Girondist leaders. But such words, be it remembered, are not in her mouth mere empty gasconade. Nothing in her words or actions during the term of her imprisonment belies these sentiments. Never once did she stoop to beg any favor from her tormentors, or cease to speak to them with the contempt they deserved. But into the details of that imprisonment, and of her trial and death, we must forbear to enter. We will not describe the cruel farce of her release and recapture, the respect with which she inspired even the fallen women in the prison, the favors her gracious conduct

procured from her guardians, the fears of the revolutionary tribunals lest her eloquent voice should be heard at the trial of the Girondists, the fortitude with which she bore the sharpest "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the serenity of mind that enabled her to write her memoirs untroubled even in the shadow of death, and, lastly, the high courage with which she went to the scaffold. It was not a Christian end, for Madame Roland had long forsworn the faith of her early years; but it was an end of which a Roman or a Spartan might have been proud. Her husband, as she had prophesied, committed suicide on hearing of her fate.

There is, however, one point in Madame Roland's life and character to which we must revert, inasmuch as it forms the main feature of M. Dauban's interesting, though somewhat grandiloquent *étude*. It had always been suspected that, during the last year or two of her life, she had nourished for some one of the Girondist leaders a warmer affection than the cold friendship and esteem she felt for her husband. She herself had made no secret of the fact, adverting to it pretty openly in several passages of her memoirs; but these passages had nearly all been suppressed by the first editor, M. Bose, and are only now restored. In her "last thoughts," written when she had abandoned all hope and was contemplating suicide, after addressing her husband and her child, she exclaims:

"And thou whom I dare not name! thou whom men will some day better appreciate, pitying our common sorrows, thou whom the most terrible of passions did not prevent from respecting the barriers of virtue, wouldst thou mourn to see me preceding thee to a place where we can love one another without wrong, where nothing will prevent our union? There all pernicious prejudices, all arbitrary exclusions, all hateful passions, and all kinds of tyranny are silent. I shall wait for thee there and rest."

The whole piece ends with these words: "Farewell. . . . No, from thee alone this is no separation; to quit the earth is to draw nearer to thee."

Hitherto the name, and, owing to M. Bose's mutilations, even the existence, of this Platonic though impassioned lover had remained doubtful. But towards the close of last year, an acciden-

tal *treasure-trove* of old papers cleared up the mystery. These papers contained several documents of great interest bearing on the fall of the Girondists, and, among others, some letters written by Madame Roland during her captivity to the proscribed Buzot, who had been one of the most ardent Girondist members of the Convention Nationale, and was then an exile and a fugitive vainly striving to rouse the provinces to resist the murderers of the capital. Four of these letters are printed in fac-simile by M. Dauban. The handwriting is neat and clear, and they are written almost without erasure. The sentiments are a mixture of patriotism, indignation, and intense personal tenderness. Her love for her correspondent and her determination to remain true to her husband create a conflict in her mind which finds expression in such passages as the following :

"I scarcely dare to tell you, and you are the only one in the world who can understand, that I was not very sorry to be arrested. 'They will be the less furious, the less eager, in their pursuit of R.' [Roland], said I to myself; 'if they attempt any trial, I shall know how to conduct it in a manner that will be useful to his glory;' it seemed to me that I was then giving him an indemnity for his sorrows; but do you not also see that, in being alone, I live with you? Thus by my captivity, I sacrifice myself for my husband, and I keep myself to my friend; and I owe it to my tormentors to conciliate my duty with my love. Do not pity me! others admire my courage, but they do not know my enjoyments; you who must feel them likewise, oh, make them retain all their charms by the constancy of your courage."

The feelings to which these words give utterance form the groundwork of the four letters — letters strangely rescued from oblivion to shed a glare of light on the characters of these two actors in a drama now long played out.

It is a phenomenon curiously illustrative of the manners of the time that neither Madame Roland nor Buzot, though both married, saw anything to be ashamed of in their mutual love. On the contrary, all the passages in their writings that relate to the subject tend to show that they were proud of it. M. Roland, the reader will not be surprised to hear, did not view the matter in the same light, and seems to have been deeply grieved. Doubtless, if Madame

Buzot's opinion could also be obtained, it would be found equally unfavorable. But as regards the two lovers themselves, they appear to have thought that, so long as there was no actual violation of the marriage vow, their wife and husband respectively had no right to complain if they loved somebody else. In extenuation of this monstrous proposition it must, however, be remembered that, during the last century, adultery was by no means a rare sin on the other side of the channel and that, therefore, so long as Buzot and Madame Roland stopped short of that offence they might have some excuse for thinking they had not strayed out of the paths of virtue.

One word more respecting the memoirs, and another respecting the rival editions of M. Dauban and M. Faugère, and we have done. The memoirs, as we have already said, were written in the few months of Madame Roland's captivity. They were written and preserved in the face of great difficulties and dangers, and a portion even perished in the flames. This sufficiently accounts for their fragmentary character. We may further state, for the benefit of such of our readers as may not be acquainted with them that they consist of a very interesting account of the authoress's own early life, of sketches of her husband's public career, and of descriptions of many of the public characters with whom she had been brought into contact. The style, like that of most of her contemporaries, is pretentious, and wants naturalness and ease. It shows too many traces of Rousseau's influence. But there is something in which Madame Roland's admiration for that great writer has led her even more seriously astray. For it is probably to the influence of the "Confessions" that we owe those passages in the memoirs which a pure-minded woman ought never to have written, and for which a self-complacent determination to lay her whole heart bare to the public gaze is not a sufficient excuse.

Having spoken about herself with such absolute freedom, not to say license, Madame Roland doubtless thought she had every right to do the same concerning her child, her husband, and, indeed, any one she might have occasion to mention. It was, therefore, no wonder that, when,

in 1795, two years after her death, M. Bosc published the first edition of her memoirs, he should have suppressed many passages and altered others. In the two editions now before us, however, all these passages have very properly been restored. M. Faugère, who was on intimate terms with Madame Champagneux, the daughter of Madame Ronald, obtained a correct copy of the original MS. while it was in her possession; and that correct copy is the text of his edition. On her death, Madame Champagneux, at M. Faugère's suggestion, left the MS. to the Imperial Library, where it has been carefully consulted by M. Dauban. Thus, as regards accuracy, there is, probably, not much to choose between the two. Unfortunately, however, M. Faugère has not thought it necessary to indicate the restored passages, and there M. Dauban has the advantage of him. But then, on the other hand, M. Faugère's two volumes contain some useful and interesting appendices which are wanting in his rival's work. But then, again, in addition to his edition of the memoirs, M. Dauban has given us a valuable sketch of Madame Roland's career and three or four documents of capital importance towards a correct estimate of her character.

British Quarterly.

WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.*

SANGUINARY as was this battle, and complete as was the victory, had Harold survived it might have ranked but as the first of a series of conflicts between Saxon and Norman power; but with the death of the leader, all hope of rallying the remains of his army, or of supplying new forces, vanished. Still, England was not as yet at the feet of the conqueror. His victory at most only gave him supremacy in Wessex. In Mercia were the powerful brothers Edwin and Morcar, supported by a large army; and it appears—although the details are very obscure—that on their advancing to London one of them sought to obtain the throne. But Edgar the Atheling was there—a little child, indeed, but who, as the sole descendant of the line of Cerdic, had the

sole *hereditary* claim to the crown, and “infant as he was, he was therefore proclaimed Basileus of England, by the authority of the rectores and potentes then in the city.” Meanwhile William proceeded against Romney, which he took; then to Dover, and from thence to Canterbury, which “gave the bad precedent of being the first community which had made a formal submission of their own free will, and unenforced by the sword.” William now advanced till within a day's march of London, and here, just below the reach of Greenhithe, the memorable meeting with the Kentish men took place. “The poetry in this tradition must not induce us to reject its substantive truth. Indeed, taking the transactions at the wood of Swanscombe at their lowest value, they fully evidence the main fact, that the Kentish men, having awed the conqueror into an unwilling pacification, received from the beginning a greater share of indulgence.” What might not have been the result had other parts of the kingdom stood out as firmly?

London was next to be reduced, and a detachment of William's army was sent to begin the siege, while he passed across the country to Winchester, which, as the city assigned in dowry to Editha, the widow of the Confessor, he treated with respect, merely requiring the citizens to render fealty. The siege of London was now commenced in good earnest. Barking on the east, and the Palace of Westminster on the west, were the two stations occupied by his troops; and “catapult and balista cast their showers upon the dwellings; and the old Roman walls, ascribed to Julius Cæsar or to Constantine, shook before the repeated blows of the battering rams.” But so strong was the city that it defied the attack; while the gallant troops within-side—not only the citizens, but “those men of renown, the northern thanes, the men of Anglo-Danish race”—would not speak of surrender. But William had other means at hand: he seems to have been ere long convinced that intrigue would answer better than open warfare; so he entered into negotiation with a citizen of great influence, one Ansgard, who, with fair words and fairer promises, so urged upon the fathers of the city the ills that would arise from an infant ruler, and the necessity of the supreme power being in the

* Concluded from page 114.

hands of one, "wise as Solomon, bountiful as Charlemagne, ready in fight as the great Alexander," that all opposition was withdrawn. Edwin and Morcar were among the first to give in their adhesion; Aldred, Archbishop of York, and Wolfstan, Bishop of Worcester, followed; while the deputation appointed to bear their homage and the keys of the city to their Norman ruler, bore with them—more important pledge than all besides—the little Atheling, who had been so lately recognized as their king.

London, on the whole, did well by this submission. William was evidently most anxious to obtain possession of the chief Mercian city; and he forthwith granted that precious charter, so short but so comprehensive—that little slip of parchment, which, "still perfect as on the day when the pen passed upon it, can lie within the palm of your hand, but contains within its brief compass all that the citizens could or can require." How few of the inhabitants of London are aware, that "they alone, of all the burgher communities in England, nay, of all the municipalities in Christendom," have retained until the present day all the rights and all the freedom which William the Conqueror secured to them eight hundred years ago! William, indeed, on many occasions seems to have treated the Londoners with marked favor. Even when building the Tower of London, "it is remarkable that, yielding either to respect for the rights of that powerful and unruly and jealous community, or to apprehension of the indignation which he might excite by their infringement, he encroached as little as possible upon the city ground;" and thus, while on the Middlesex side the authority of the royal constable extended over all the adjoining hamlets, his jurisdiction on the city side does not extend beyond the very gates. The Castle of Falaise, where William was born, was, it appears, the model for the White Tower, the only portion of the structure which was erected in his time.

Wessex was now subdued, Mercia, in the name of her chief city, had proffered fealty: it remained now but for William to be crowned to become *de jure* Edward the Confessor's successor. This recommendation certainly proceeded first from his Saxon subjects, and it has been questioned whether "the corruption of

his gifts, or the terror excited by his power," was the motive of this apparently most unworthy and slavish request. "Yet," asks Sir Francis Palgrave, "are such representations correct? do they not rather exhibit the prepossession of the modern writer than the facts and the feelings of the eleventh century?" and he proceeds very suggestively to point out the absolute importance of "the sworn king, the anointed king, the crowned king," in those days.

"Our feeling with regard to the royal authority is very different to that which then prevailed. With us, royalty is the realization of a theory, with the Anglo-Saxons, royalty was a necessity. Without a king, the body politic was paralyzed. . . . Rarely delegating his powers to others, no veil of etiquette, no train of attendants, no mist of forms and ceremonies concealed the sovereign from his people. His hall was open; the king presided in his own court, listened to the complaints of his people, on the throne, at the gate, beneath the tree, commanded his own soldiers, pronounced sentence on the traitor, spoke out his favors, invested his prelates, opened his own purse with his own hands. All the active powers of the Commonwealth sprang from the very person of the king, as the visible centre of unity, the centre around which every sphere revolved.

. . . The closest approximation to the condition of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth wanting a king, may be attained by considering what would have been the state of England, if, upon the abdication of James, William of Orange had not proceeded to take possession of the throne; and Parliament repudiating the Stuarts yet not daring to supply the royal authority by any power of their own, or by any fiction of law, an absolute interregnum had ensued. What then would have been the state of England? All the branches of public and national administration and jurisdiction would have come to an end. . . . It is well known how strongly the feeling in favor of a king prevailed in England during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and how much they contributed towards the restoration of the monarchy. Had Cromwell boldly acceded to the humble petition and advice, England would never have seen Charles Stuart on the throne. So innate and inveterate was the opinion, that no republican lawyer, Daniel Axtell himself, could ever well understand how it was possible to arrest John Doe unless by the king's writ of *capias*, or to imprison the petty larcener unless the offence was duly laid in the indictment, as a breach of the king's peace and against his crown and dignity."

But more important still, the Anglo-

Saxon king, like all his successors, was "a responsible functionary." No notion had our Saxon forefathers of "the right divine of kings;" and thus in calling upon William to take the crown, they actually called upon him to pledge himself that he would rule according to the established laws of the kingdom—in effect, to exchange his position as the victor of Hastings, for that of the monarch sworn on the Holy Gospels, "to hold true peace, and forbid stoutrife and injustice to all." William, it is said, hesitated; if so, it was merely after the "*nolo episcopari*" form, for his hesitation soon gave way. His Norman barons vehemently urged him, for shrewd reasoners were they. William had promised them land and fee in England. "If he made his grants to them without any definition of his own authority, without any certain law, they would have no law to defend them. Duke William was almost a despot in Normandy; what would he be if ruling as victor in England?"

The coronation took place at Christmas, the same year, in the Abbey of Westminster. Aldred, Archbishop of York, performed the office; but when presenting William to the multitude, and asking them, in their own English tongue, after the customary form, if they acknowledged him as their king, loud shouts burst forth. The Norman soldiery with-outside, ignorant of their import, or purposely misconstruing them, assumed they were the tokens of insurrection, and fired the adjoining buildings. The flames were quickly seen within the Abbey; the crowd rushed out; but still, amidst this alarm the service proceeded. William was anointed with the holy oil, he kissed the golden cross, and laid his hand on the gospel book—that very book which may still be seen in the British Museum; but it was with a faltering voice he pronounced the threefold oath, for "William himself, who never before had known apprehension, now trembled with very fear; and thus was the diadem placed upon his head by Aldred. The victor of Hastings was agued with terror when receiving his prize."

We have no account of a coronation feast, for William seems to have quitted Westminster at once for Barking; and there, pursuing "the tall deer" in the wide forest of Essex, and in superintend-

ing the foundations of the Tower, he sought to forget the evil omen that had accompanied his recognition as king. But the tale spread through the length and breadth of the land, and deep were the curses breathed against Norman fraud and cruelty, and stern were the vows of revenge. The unhappy mischance was accepted as a prophecy of evil, and "it was permitted to work its accomplishment." But William had other anxieties. His rapacious followers had been promised lands or gifts; but how should he reward them all? He was not now the successful invader, able to divide the conquered land at his will, but the king of the land, sworn to do justice, and to see justice done. And then Denmark had sent a message of defiance, bidding him do homage for his lately-gained kingdom; and well did he know that all along the eastern coast there was a Danish population ready to take part with the invaders, while even in the midland counties few of the cities had proffered even a reluctant submission. Truly William, even thus early, was doomed to pay the penalty of his ambition.

Quickly perceiving that want of energy had been the fatal error of the Anglo-Saxon kings, William determined to show his new subjects the benefits of a vigorous rule. He, therefore, in the spring, made his first progress, "extending from Oxford to the Humber, but yet including large districts which retained a species of virtual independence;" and all along his line of march his soldiery were restrained from all violence—not even food being allowed to be taken from the householders against their will. All law-breakers were sternly dealt with, robbers especially; and according to the testimony of the Saxons themselves, the Watling street and Ikenild street could offer the same security as that enjoyed by the mythic Irish damsel, when, with gems "rich and rare," and a bright gold ring, she journeyed safely along. William, at the same time, began the custom of celebrating the three great church festivals in the three chief cities of his threefold kingdom, Wessex, Mercia, and Danelagh, and of then solemnly "wearing his crown." Nor was this a mere matter of state, for, according to the Anglo-Saxon constitution, all remedial jurisdiction was annexed to the person of the king. Thus

the regal crown, like the ermined robe of the judge, was the visible sign that the supreme dispenser of justice and mercy was present, to hear the plaint and redress the wrong.

The undefended state of the kingdom next claimed William's attention, and, under his directions, strong castles were commenced in various parts. The protection of the coast, especially the south-eastern, and the necessity of providing for retreat, in case of adverse fortune, also engaged his attention; and the measures he took were singularly efficient. Sir Francis Palgrave points to Sussex, and observes, that "the territorial division there differs altogether from that which prevails elsewhere in England." Instead of the "hundred" we find the "rape;" and this word refers to the custom of the Normans of dividing land, not by any natural boundaries, but by actual measurement by the rope.

"Now this is the process which William effected in Sussex: the county is divided into six districts, extending down from the northern border, each possessing a frontage towards the sea, each affording a ready communication with Normandy, and constituting, as it were, six military high roads to William's paternal duchy. Sussex sustained this great territorial alteration alone, being dealt with, from the first moment, entirely as a conquered territory."

To satisfy the claims of some, at least, of his greedy followers, was William's next task; and for this the enormous extent of land possessed by the Godwin family offered a welcome facility. As king, he had a right to the lands of all traitors who had borne arms against him, and the estates of Harold and his brothers thus of course became available. The lands of those who fought and fell at Hastings, too, were also forfeited, and these altogether "gave him an enormous fund, so to speak, to draw upon." It is important, however, to remark, that, in becoming the possessor of English land, the Norman was compelled to hold it precisely by the accustomed English tenures. Thus, the same relief the Saxon earl had been wont to pay, was to be exacted from the Norman owner. The Danegeld was to be paid, as of old, two shillings for each hide of land: while, in case of any legal proceedings, these were to be conducted, "as the land was *tempore regis*

Edwardi, nothing less and nothing more." The villein also was not permitted to be removed from his land. Thus, in his first arrangements, William was evidently anxious to preserve a *show* of justice. His last act was the foundation and endowment of Battle Abbey; and then, having appointed justiciars, he passed over to Normandy with a numerous train, among whom were the brothers Edwin and Morcar, Agelnoth "the Satrap," and Earl Waltheof, invited as honored guests, but in fact prisoners and hostages.

William's return to Normandy, and his progress through various parts, were attended with all the magnificence of a triumphal procession. Indeed, this first visit to his duchy may be viewed as the culminating point of his prosperity. "He was enjoying all the first fresh pleasure of success, as yet unalloyed by its inevitable chastening." William kept his Paschal feast at Fécamp; and hither, summoned by lavish invitations, came a host of Bretons and Flemings, together with numerous French nobles, to gaze upon the rich spoils taken from the treasury of the English kings—the garments of exquisite broiery, the cups, the horns, the bracelets and coronals—all of surpassing beauty, and all the work of English hands. And well might they look wonderingly upon these, for the cup of English workmanship, and the mantle embroidered by the English maiden, were gifts, even at this time, for kings to offer, and for the pontiff himself to receive. The high value of the spoils, too, excited their wonder. "More wealth has the duke brought from England," said they, "than could be found in thrice the extent of Gaul." But, above all, upon the rare beauty of the Saxon youth they gazed with astonishment; the soft silken hair, the delicate features, the complexion, so exquisite in its blended red and white, awakened, as William of Poitou tells us, even more admiration than all these priceless treasures.*

* With this incontrovertible testimony of a Norman, and an eye-witness, before them, it is strange that any writers should think of claiming such vast superiority for the Norman race. The Saxons were evidently viewed by them as far superior in the arts of civilization; they seem to have been looked upon much as the Roman captives must have been by the brave but unciv-

William remained in Normandy nine months; he wished to bring Matilda with him, that she might be crowned Queen of England; but news of the ill-conduct of his justiciars, Fitz-Osbern and Odo, reached him, and hastened his return, for he found that their outrageous tyranny and injustice had driven the people to revolt. The west of England and Kent had already thrown off the yoke, and in the north, assistance from Denmark was supplicated and promised. William proceeded into the west and subdued Exeter; and at Pentecost he caused Matilda to be crowned with much splendor at Westminster. Ere the close of the year, Henry, his youngest son, was born—the son who, either from his superior abilities, or from the greater care bestowed on his education, for Lanfranc was his instructor, gained the title of Beaulerc. We may remark here that the stern Conqueror was an excellent husband and father. From his wife he received the affection which was justly his due; but his sons, almost from their boyhood, were doomed to become the source of his keenest sorrow.

The reduction of Exeter established tranquillity in Wessex; but the north rose in open revolt, under the brothers Edwin and Morcar, who had now quitted the court, and Waltheof, that powerful earl, had joined them. William advanced against them with his accustomed success, and Edwin and Morcar yielded a compulsory submission. Onward he proceeded to Nottingham, causing there a strong castle to be built, as he had done at Warwick, and from thence to York, where an even stronger citadel arose within the city walls. These manifestations of quiet strength seem to have had their intended effect upon a people whose defences were of the simplest

kind; as Sir Francis Palgrave remarks so graphically:

"Each tall square dungeon tower, with its fresh walls, harshly and coldly glittering in the sun, standing upon the ground of the habitations which had been demolished, and the gardens and homesteads which had been wasted, to give a site to the fortress in the midst of the people, bespoke the stern determination of the sovereign. They were trophies of the conquest in the strictest sense of the term; warning, threatening the native race."

But though overawed, England was not at the end of three years won. It was said that a plot was laid for a general massacre of the Normans; most probably this was but a pretence to justify the severer measures, which from henceforward William seemed determined to adopt, for doubtless the stern Conqueror, whose will had always been law to his followers, must have chafed with rage to find a people, whom he likely enough considered as thoroughly subdued at Hastings, openly defying his power three years after the crown had been placed on his head as their king. Imprisonments, spoliation, executions followed, and William again, though in the depth of winter, set forth for the north, where the Atheling had been proclaimed king, and where a large Danish force was shortly expected to land. The contest was carried on with changeful success, but on reaching Durham the Norman army was seized with a panic, caused by the thick darkness that overspread their path, which was attributed to St. Cuthbert's anger, and William was compelled to return to Winchester. Ere long the Danes landed in Suffolk; they proceeded to York, welcomed right heartily by the whole country, and ere long, "excepting the tall dungeon-keep upon which William Mallet still unfurled the Norman banner, the whole of Northumbria was again lost to the Norman king." William delayed his measures; he was in Mercia suppressing another insurrection on the borders of the Welsh marches, but after a battle in which he defeated the insurgents, he set forth again for the north. At Pontefract he continued long; it was said the waters were out and the army could not pass over; but William was engaged in negotiations with the treacherous Danes, and ere long they departed, laden with

ilized Goths, and the spoils of England with much the same wonder as those from Rome or Byzantium. To the great beauty of the English during the whole of the middle ages, we have abundant testimony, both of the illuminated manuscript and the monumental effigy, beside the remarks of the trouvères, who repeatedly characterize them as "most fair." The graceful bearing, too, of the female figure has often struck us, in turning over Saxon manuscripts. The drawing is rude enough, the proportions often extravagant, but the *pose*, and especially the turn of the head, have a grace that is almost classical.

English gold, leaving their too credulous allies to the vengeance of a Conqueror who never knew pity. It was then that William, always "a stern ruler and a pitiless warrior," determined to waste the whole country between York and Durham, a course entirely unprecedented, a crime of which "the heathen themselves, Dane, or Goth, or Vandal, had never committed."

"On every side the horizon was filled with smoke and smouldering flame, the growing crops were burned upon the field, the stores in the garner, the cattle houghed and killed to feed the crow. All that had been given for the support and sustenance of life was wasted and spoiled. All the habitations were razed, all the edifices that could give shelter to the people were levelled with the ground; wandering and dispersed, the miserable inhabitants endeavored to support life even by devouring the filthy vermin and the decaying carcasses. Direful pestilence of course ensued. The same devastations were extended far beyond the Humber, and during nine years subsequent the whole tract between York and Durham continued idle and untilld."

It is not surprising that, with this authentic tale of unexampled cruelty, our forefathers should have given a ready credence to the apocryphal story of the New Forest; but we are surprised to find Sir Francis Palgrave alluding to it as an historical fact, for not only is the tale unknown to every contemporary chronicler, but the very character of the land proves that it never could have been cultivated. From the earliest times the barren soil was incapable of producing a single ear of corn; how, then, could flourishing villages have been there?

William kept his Christmas at York in grim and gloomy state, and he solemnly wore his crown as King of Northumbria. It was then he made donations to his followers of the greater part of Yorkshire—mostly the possessions of Edwin and Morcar—and then again set forth to suppress the formidable revolt in the Fens. But he was to meet with sterner opposition than he had yet encountered. Meanwhile worn out by their toilsome marches his foreign troops refused to proceed. By threats and promises William, however, succeeded in persuading them, while his iron strength enabled him to set an example by being foremost to climb the rock, or to try the marsh, sometimes even walking if his horse failed.

Still the Fens held out, for hither Edwin and Morcar had retreated; but the great leader of this rising was Hereward the Outlaw, nephew of the Abbot of Peterborough, that true-hearted Englishman whose name was a cherished household word in many an upland homestead until the fame of the Saxon outlaw became dim in the wider renown of the brave and gentle outlaw of merry Sherwood. A pleasant and stirring tale is that "Geste of Hereward," an almost contemporary narrative, and we have little doubt on the whole authentic. It is like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of darkness and tempest to turn from the chronicles so filled with the records of William's cruel tyranny to the story of the gallant band in the Isle of Ely—how from their marsh-girdled fastness they defied force after force arrayed against them—how for long months they kept the fierce Conqueror at bay, nor even when those hapless brothers fell—Morcar, cruelly betrayed into his victor's power, and Edwin so foully assassinated—did Hereward yield. He still flung defiance to the armed host that had lingered on the borders of those treacherous marshes, and when at length the gallant band yielded, not to superior valor, but to starvation, he alone never did homage to the Conqueror.

The great Saxon nobles were now all slain or imprisoned, except Waltheof, who having married William's niece was restored to favor, and to his former rank as Earl of Northumbria; but although eight years had now past since Hastings, William was still in danger of losing the kingdom he had won at such a fearful cost of bloodshed and crime. He had depopulated and wasted wide tracts of land, and now his very followers, on whom he had bestowed so much, clamored at the injustice of repaying their services with sterile fields; he had imposed heavy taxes on the land, and the Norman landholder felt this as a heavy grievance—even a wrong. So they leagued together against him, and at the bridal feast of Guader, Earl of East Anglia, met together to mature their plans. With deep cunning hither they invited Waltheof, and hither he unwittingly came. It seems doubtful whether he took part in their counsels, but he was present when treason was planned. He, however repented of his connivance, and

took counsel of Lanfranc, who urged him to seek the king. Waltheof passed over to Normandy, but William received him sternly, and proffered no forgiveness, for his perfidious wife had already accused him of active participation. Meanwhile the Norman insurgents advanced into the west, and also toward London; but such was the hatred the Saxons bore towards them, that they heartily coöperated with the king's troops. Guader the chief, completely defeated, escaped to Denmark, the others fled or were captured, and when William wore his crown at the following Christmas, it was as judge in his High Court of Justice pronouncing their sentences.

Savage were the punishments inflicted by the king upon the meaner criminals; but as imprisonment had been the severest doom pronounced on the leaders who had not found safety in flight, a milder sentence was anticipated for the Saxon earl, who had certainly taken no part in the actual treason. But the rapacious nobles hungered for his broad lands; perhaps they found a savage pleasure in the thought of the last of the Saxon thanes dying on a scaffold. The council, however, could not agree, and he was therefore committed a prisoner to the Castle of Winchester. But although the prison doors might open to a Norman, against the Saxon they were closed for more than a twelve-month, and Waltheof passed his time in devotion, not improbably expecting his fate. And then arose reports that a rescue was intended—a convenient plea for those who for so many months had hungered for his broad lands; so,

"Very early in the chill gray of the dawn-morn, was Waltheof brought forth upon the rising ground beside Winchester, where the church of St. Giles afterward stood. He knelt before the block, and began to repeat the Lord's prayer, but before he could complete the petition '*ne nos inducas in tentationem*,' the sword of the headsmen swung, and when the citizens were coming forth to their daily labors, the train of priests and beadsmen returning, told them the fate of the last Saxon earl."

William, in this cruel murder of Waltheof, seems to have filled up the measure of his crimes against the Saxon race. But, crushed down as they were,

he was compelled to yield to their voice, and allow the body—insultingly buried at the foot of the scaffold—to be reverently conveyed to Croyland, with procession and chant, and there placed beneath a stately tomb in the chapter-house. And thither crowds repaired, with blessings on his memory, and curses upon the ruthless king; and far and wide among the Anglo-Danish population over whom he had ruled, was that rude lamen: sung, a fragment only of which remains to us:

"William came o'er the sea;
A cruel man was he.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land.

"Earl Waltheof he slew
Waltheof, the bold and true.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land."

A strange retributive justice seemed to track the king, even from the day he decreed Earl Waltheof's death. Never again during the remainder of his reign did he enjoy peace; never did he prosper. The Danes again entered the Humber, plundered York, and sailed away with the spoil. Brittany took up arms against Normandy, and when William advanced against the duke, he was repulsed, leaving stores and treasures behind him. But worse, his eldest son, Robert, a youth already distinguished by most profligate habits, and a most unnatural hatred towards his brothers, now claimed the duchy of Normandy, and ere long sought to take up arms against his own father, aided by many of the discontented nobles. But Robert had not wealth at command to maintain his followers, so he quitted Normandy, wandering from court to court, abusing his father, and seeking to excite public opinion against him, for nearly three years, all the time depending on the surreptitious supplies his doating mother could send him. At length he received from the French king the castle of Gerberoi, and from thence he menaced Normandy. William laid siege to the castle; he actually fought in person among the besiegers, and he engaged in single conflict with a knight who wounded him. His cry of anguish stayed his foeman's hand, for it was father and son engaged in deadly com-

bat! Defeated, humbled, chafing with grief and anger, the Conqueror of Hastings "retreated from the single donjon tower of Gerberoi." A reconciliation was now attempted, in which the Pope took part; peace was concluded, but William was compelled again to confirm the reversion of Normandy to the son who had borne arms against him. He gave the required promise, but he sealed it with a fatal curse, "and the father's ban was fulfilled in the child's destruction."

No peace in his family, no peace in England, was there for the Conqueror. Waltheof's northern possessions became a curse to whoever held them. All the territory of St. Cuthbert was in arms, and robbery and murder even of the bishop followed. The Scottish king advanced as far as the Tyne, and rich spoils rewarded his successful raid, while Denmark stood meditating a new invasion. Weighed down with sorrow, William returned to England with the only companion who really loved him, Matilda, but who was now fast sinking into the grave. Meanwhile the mysterious conduct of his half-brother, Odo—now almost the only one remaining of his early counsellors—awakened his anxiety. Whether Odo had ever thought of really seizing the kingdom is very uncertain, but that he contemplated attaining the papacy seems likely. Perhaps William equally feared either. He caused him to be seized when crossing over with troops to Normandy, and placed on his trial. Odo claimed the privileges of the church, but William rejected the appeal. "I judge not the bishop," said he, "but my accountant and minister." Odo was consigned to harsh captivity in the castle of Rouen; but, released from anxiety on his account, a sorer trouble was about to befall the stern Conqueror. Ere the close of the year, the only true friend, the only one whom he dared to trust, his faithful wife, Matilda, died; and as he stood by her closing tomb in the church of the Holy Trinity at Caen, he must have felt that, hated by those around him, and abhorred by the Saxon race, he was indeed alone in the world.

William survived Matilda almost four years; but these years brought no softening influences. Rebellion had

been crushed in England, but it had been followed by grievous taxation. Here it had been sullenly submitted to, but in Maine it produced revolt, and again he took up arms. Four years did the pride and flower of Norman chivalry besiege the strong castle of St. Susanne, only to see their bravest killed or shamefully repulsed from its walls. "The bravery which had gained a kingdom was foiled by one dungeon tower," and William was compelled to close the warfare by restoring the chief rebel to his former station and favor. The Conqueror's last sojourn in England was marked by two very important acts. The first, the compilation of *Domesday-book*, Sir Francis Palgrave thinks was probably undertaken at the suggestion of Lanfranc. "The calligraphy betrays an Italian hand, and we also first find in *Domesday* those abbreviations, afterwards so common in our legal documents, but which in fact are derived from the Tyronian notes of the Romans." A noble relic of an age called barbarous is this *Domesday*, the oldest survey of a kingdom now existing in the world. It is scarcely surprising that it was viewed with indignation, for so grievously heavy had been the taxation, that each man's name and land, noted down so formally in a book, must have seemed proof that even farther exactions were in prospect. William's last act was that of summoning all his barons, together with all his landholders, to Sarum, on Lammas Day, 1086, and there imposing "the oath of fealty upon all, without distinction of tenure"—a most important act, since, as Hallam remarks, it "broke in upon the feudal compact in its most essential attribute, the exclusive dependence of the vassal on his lord." This was the last public appearance of the stern Conqueror. Normandy now claimed his care. Robert was in open rebellion against his father, and the Duke of Brittany was preparing to throw off his obedience to his father-in-law, and against these, the foes of his own house, he had to make war. Ruthless to the last, he inflicted a heavy impost on the land, already suffering from storms, and blight, and pestilence, and then crossed over to Normandy, never to return.

Still evil fortune pursued the king. He

was compelled by defeat to make peace with his son-in-law, while his own son incited the turbulent burgesses of Mantua to revolt. A dispute arose, too, with the King of France, and for the last time William braced on his mail. It was glorious autumn weather; "the harvest ripening, the grape swelling, the fruit reddening, when William entered the fertile land." As he advanced, the corn was trodden down, the vineyards rooted up, and the city wantonly set on fire. William, aged and unwieldy in body, yet fierce and active in mind, rejoiced with a horrid joy amid this desolation, as he spurred his steed through the burning ruins; but the steed stumbled and fell, and his rider received his death-blow. He was taken to Rouen, and from thence, for greater quiet, to St. Gervase, but his end, attended by much suffering, drew near. It was then that the cruel Conqueror deplored his birth, his whole career of crime and bloodshed. "No tongue can tell," said he, "the deeds of wickedness I have perpetrated in my weary pilgrimage of toil and care." But his two younger sons are standing beside him, not to soothe his sufferings, but anxious to know who is to be heir. "Let Robert take Normandy, for it has been assured to him; but England?"—"All the wide-wasting wretchedness produced by his ambition arose up before him, and he declared he dared not bestow the realm he had thus fearfully won." But Rufus urged his petition, until the dying man directed a writ to be addressed to Lanfranc, commanding him to place Rufus on the throne. Henry was scantily quieted with a gift of five thousand pounds of silver. So they kissed him, and hurried off. But his captives—those kept so many years in hard durance—not without much entreaty did William, although agonized alike with pain and remorse, consent, for implacable was he to the last. At length he gave assent that all, even Odo, should be set free.

'This act of grudging, coerced, extorted forgiveness was his last. A night of somewhat diminished suffering ensued, when the troubled and expiring body takes a dull, painful, unrestful rest before its last earthly repose. But as the cheerful, life-giving rays of the rising sun were darting above the horizon, across the sad apartment, and shedding

brightness on its walls, William was half-awakened from his imperfect slumbers by the measured, mellow, reverberating, swelling tone of the great cathedral bell. 'It is the hour of prime,' replied the attendants in answer to his inquiry. Then were the priesthood welcoming with voices of thanksgiving the renewed gift of another day, and sending forth the choral prayer that the hours might flow on in holiness until blessed at their close. But his time of labor and struggle, of sin and repentance, was past. William lifted up his hands in prayer, and expired."

All was now confusion; the men of high degree rushing to horse to secure their possessions, those of lower degree seizing whatever could be taken; while the wretches who hung about the court stripped the body even of its last garment, and left it on the floor. At length the clergy, roused from their consternation, began to offer up the prayers of the church, and a knight of humble fortune, one Herlouin, took charge of the neglected king's obsequies, and, as sole mourner, reverently attended the coffin to Caen. At the gates the clergy came forth; but a fire broke out, and the procession passed through streets filled with stifling smoke, and crowded with affrighted fugitives, to St. Stephen's Abbey, where the grave was dug, and the service begun; but even now the body was not to be lowered peaceably into its last resting-place. Ascelin, a poor man, stood up, denounced the injustice of the king, and demanded payment for his grave. Inquiry was made; the land it was found had been violently wrested from the rightful owner; so the price was paid, the swollen body was lowered bursting into the ground; and "thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers, with loathing, disgust, and horror." How must such a tale have addressed itself to the feelings of a superstitious age? how must the Saxon peasant have dwelt with stern delight on each revolting detail as he looked upon the daisy-strewn mounds in the green churchyard where his fathers slept, for when had even the poorest tiller of the ground so deserted a death-bed, or so dishonored an obsequy, as the victor of Hastings?

In what light shall we view the Conquest? It was a stern visitation, replies Sir Francis Palgrave, for "in the same manner as the sins of the European

community demanded the visitation of the French Revolution, so did the English require the discipline of the Norman sword;" but while its immediate effects were disastrous, its after results, he maintains, were fraught with great and abiding benefits. The first benefit to which Sir Francis Palgrave points is one which we do not recollect seeing noticed before. This is, that by means of the Conquest "England was brought into a closer connection with the general affairs of the commonwealth of Western Christendom than had ever subsisted before." Constantly harassed by fears of the Danes, and yet more by internal feuds, England, especially during the last hundred years, had been gradually more and more severed from the feelings, thoughts, and interests of Western Europe. Now this in an age when facilities for learning were few, and learned men were widely scattered, had a most injurious effect upon English literature; it had an injurious effect upon the people, too, shutting them out from many source of interesting inquiry, from whatever had not immediate reference to their own narrow views. But from henceforward "the island and the firm land were compelled to be constantly in communication with each other, to be united by sympathies, or cognizant of each other by hostilities." May not the spirit of mercantile enterprise, which we can trace so clearly almost from the time of the Conquest, be assigned to this cause?

Sir Francis Palgrave next examines the assertion that the Conquest destroyed English nationality, by changing the language, and abolishing the old constitution. In answer to the first charge he remarks, that without any national conquest, the Danish language has undergone more changes than the English. Snorrio Sturleson is obsolete; and if Regner Lodbrok were to chant his death-song in the streets of Copenhagen, nay, even at Drontheim, it would be as little intelligible to his auditors as Caedmon's song, though accompanied by himself upon his harp, would be to an audience in Hanover Square. Indeed, so thoroughly is our language unchanged in its essential elements, that the Lord's Prayer, translated by Pope Adrian in 1156, has only a single word that can now be considered obsolete. Those

changes which the English language has undergone, he considers, may rather be attributed to the blending of the various dialects which were in use among our forefathers into one prevailing form of speech. To the charge of abolishing the ancient laws of the land, Sir Francis Palgrave replies, that much can be traced still, in our political constitution, while "the whole customary tenure of land over all the length and breadth of the island was, and indeed is, purely and sincerely English."

"If any one of my readers should chance to renew his holding under the Bishop of Worcester, it will be *gebooked* to him for three lives, exactly as if good Wulstane was to receive the fine. Of aldermen it is unnecessary to speak, and throughout the whole of our municipal institutions the vitality of the old English customs and constitution is truly wonderful. Bring an ejectment for lands in the parish of Clapham or Chelsea, and Judge Holt would at once have nonsuited you for not laying the venue in the Anglo-Saxon town. If the lord of the manor has to vindicate his franchise, he presses into his service, *sac* and *soc*, *infangtheof* and *outfangtheof*, and whatsoever else he can find in King Ethelred's charter. And if the Hlafod who now holds the possession of the Saxon owner were to exert his rights, the inhabitants of Manchester Square would be compelled to appear at the court of the *Lite* as in the earliest age."

Thus, too, "the courts of the burgh, the hundred, the shire, have not changed even in name," for "whatever aspects William's policy assumed, he never departed from the principle that he had placed himself in the position of a legitimate sovereign, asserting legitimate rights. And even his great seal," by which his will and pleasure, his grace and favor, or his enmity, was announced, proved this to an age in which symbol had far more power than words.

"On the reverse, the Duke of Normandy, mounted on his war-steed, grasps the sword of Rollo, defended by shield and mail; but on the obverse the *Rex Anglorum*, seated on the throne of justice, wears the crown of Alfred, and presents the sceptre surmounted by the peaceful dove. . . . William was cruel, prudent, cunning, entirely unscrupulous as to the means he used—the sword, the axe, and, if universal rumor could be trusted, the poisoned cup—but he made no attempt to introduce a new religion, new language, new customs, new laws. He never strove to Normanize the English."

Whence, then, the bitter memories called up in the popular mind whenever the "Conquest" is spoken of? wherefore the implacable hatred with which even our latest chroniclers pursue the very name of the first William? One, and perhaps the chief reason, was, we think, that his first steps in England had been traced in Saxon blood. Although he came, not as the invader of a kingdom, but as the claimant of a crown bequeathed to him by his cousin, still, the remembrance of the field of Hastings rankled in the breasts of his new subjects and forbade their yielding him a willing homage. Had William from thenceforth reigned in peace, "the lake of blood" might have faded from their memories, and they might have been prepared to adopt, even if they did not welcome, his stern but most beneficial system of police. But the English were a haughty race, and they chafed against the rule of a foreigner, even as they always have done. The forefathers of those, who almost drove their deliverer from his throne by their clamor against his "Dutch guards," who so foolishly played into the hands of the Jacobites by their phrase of "the Hanover rats," were not likely quietly to see a foreign king, far less foreign adventurers, crowding over to share in the plunder of a land which had yet to be won. William seems to have thought that wide England was rich and helpless as his saintly cousin. He soon found his mistake; and then the hard, remorseless character of the pitiless Conqueror was fully shown. Then followed confiscations, judicial murders, and a "razzia" along the whole northeastern coast, such as Christendom had never before seen. Of what value was "the good peace he made, so that a man with his bosom full of gold" might pass along, when tallage after tallage was so unsparingly enforced, and a land wasted by such awful devastations? Of what avail that "no man durst slay another, though he had done ever so much evil against him," when Edwin, Morcar, and even Walthef were sacrificed at the mere will of the ruler, and the Saxon churl hung on the gallows tree for infraction of the forest code?

And then, "the Saxons seem to have had a very strong aristocratical feeling;" and, therefore, nothing was more irritat-

ing to their pride than to see "the host of adventurers, most of whom had been rude, and poor, and despicable in their own country," take for their brides the fair and high-born Saxon maidens.* The Saxon, too, from his earliest settlement here, loved the untrammelled freedom of country life. It seems to have been only by very slow degrees that he became a voluntary dweller in towns. Now the Norman tendency was always strongly toward congregating the masses in burghs or cities; even their "castle life" accustomed their retainers to a control which the Saxon in his "toft," surrounded by his fields, could never have borne; and thus arrangements, actually most beneficial to an advancing population, were viewed as acts of enormous tyranny. Thus, that the hundred should be answerable for the murder, was pointed to as gross injustice; thus the compilation of *Domesday-book*, although an important boon to the smallest landholder, inasmuch as it secured to him all the rights he had hitherto enjoyed, was denounced as unheard-of oppression; while the enactment respecting the curfew—although a regulation easily set at naught by the scattered upland population, but a valuable protection to the inhabitants of the walled town—has ever been viewed as the very climax of "Norman William's" tyranny.†

* The reader who remembers Lord Macaulay's extravagant figure of the "white planter and the quadroon girl," must, under the far more reliable guidance of Sir Francis Palgrave, just reverse it; for the Norman adventurer marrying the Saxon maiden, was actually the quadroon man seeking the daughter of the white planter. As the author of *Revolutions in English History* truly remarks, except in military science—and we should be inclined to add, in architecture—the Normans were far inferior to the Saxons. "Their valor stood them in good stead, but their learning and refinement are almost wholly of a date subsequent to their settlement in England."

† Strange misapprehensions, even among well-informed writers, have prevailed on this subject. Forgetting the early hours of our forefathers, they have forgotten that eight o'clock precisely answers to midnight at the present day. The phrase *couvre feu*, obviously does not mean putting out the fire, but covering it up with a turf, or slow-burning coal, as is still in use in many parts of the country. That lights were prohibited after this time is a wholly unfounded assertion, and we could bring numberless proofs of this from contemporary chronicles. But the chief proof that this dreaded curfew-bell

Now, after the lapse of eight hundred years, need we echo these complaints? Rather let us inquire, In what light, as a whole, shall we view this conquest of William's? Let no praise be given to him; for bitter oppression, cruel wrong, was the portion he unrelentingly imposed on our forefathers, and under his iron sway a less energetic race might have been crushed hopelessly. But the evil, great and overwhelming, was but temporary, the benefits lasting. "No permanent evil was inflicted on the great masses of society; the shattered and decayed elements of old English policy were preserved, and the means provided for reuniting them in a more efficient organization." The main principles of our legal and political constitution continue, as we have seen, unchanged, while the very insults and oppressions of the Conquest aroused that spirit of steadfast persisting resistance, which, under inflictions less galling, might have slumbered on. Once thoroughly aroused, the Saxon resumed his former energy; he once more stood prepared to defend his rights, to fling off his temporary yoke, and ere four generations had passed away, the Norman and Normanly were lost sight of in the prouder names of Englishman and England.

The Leisure Hour.

EDMUND SPENSER AS A SACRED POET.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK ARNOLD.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I claim for Edmund Spenser a place among that noble company, the Sacred Poets of England. Those who are familiar with Spenser's writings will at once anticipate the grounds on which this claim is based. There are the directly religious expressions of some portions of his writings, and the indirectly religious character of other portions. There are many proofs of a generous, tender, and profound nature; moreover, many evidences, not altogether without alloy, of earnest religious feeling. He was indeed a man of

was a beneficial municipal regulation is, that during the whole of the middle ages it continued to be rung in every town and city, and that even the London "prentices bold" were compelled to be "within doors by curfew time."

rare genius, and of many sorrows—one who enjoyed a transient flush of prosperity and fame, but whose days closed amid the sombre shadows of unhappiness and disappointment. Let us humbly hope that in his case sorrow wrought in him its purifying and beneficent work, and that his last days, though his saddest, were his best.

Let us speak of his chief, his immortal work, the "Faerie Queene." It is not a religious poem, but it is a work which religious men have deeply loved. Good Archbishop Usher refused even to look at a work by an author who attacked Spenser, and his volume was the favorite companion of the holy Heber in his solitary rambles. In the language of Milton, the muse of Spenser

"Sung

Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Milton has dwelt on the religious reference of the poetry of Spenser. "Assuredly," he beautifully writes, "we bring not innocence into the world: we bring impurity rather. That which purifies is trial, and trial is by what is contrary; which was the reason why our sage, serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him with his palmer through the Cave of Mammon and the Bower of Bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain." Spenser prefixed to the "Faerie Queene" a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, which he intended should explain the design of his work, which he styles "a continued allegory or dark conceit." In this letter he says, that in his last canto he had intended to show that the armor on a true knight is none other than the armor of a Christian man, as set forth by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians. No earthly muse could do more than feebly follow that sublime description of the panoply of the warrior of the cross: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and

the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

A competent critic has declared of the "Faerie Queene" that in no poem is the elevation of morality blended with the romance of chivalry with such singular success; nowhere, not even in Milton, are the vagaries of the pagan world made so admirably subservient to the purposes of a Christian lesson. Nevertheless, we cannot altogether coincide with this extreme language of eulogium. Some of Spenser's writings, as we have said, are directly religious; but the "Faerie Queene" is only slightly and indirectly so. It also contains some things which could only be adduced with regret and hesitation. Our readers will probably thank us for bringing before them at one view some of the passages best suited to our purpose. The Spenserian stanza, the poet's marvellous creation, is the grandest metrical triumph of the English language. How wonderfully the great critics are sometimes mistaken! Dryden speaks of the "ill choise of his stanzas."

SINAI AND OLIVET.

The highest mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God
That blood-red billows like a wall'd front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,*
Dwelt forty days upon; where, writ in stone,
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flashing fire around
him shone;

Or, like that sacred hill, whose head full hie
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endlesse memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found
For ever with a flowering girlond crowned.

DAILY GRACE.

Ay me, how many perils do unfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquit him out of all.

MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there
love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the
case
Of men than beasts. But O! th' exceeding
grace

Of highest God, that loves his creatures so;
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man—to serve his wicked
foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard?

FRAIL ESTATE OF MAN.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That, ere they come unto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our frail reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of kaisars and of kings!
Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!

THE MIND THE MEASURE OF WEALTH.

In vain do men
The Heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
Sith they know best which is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst which men do most
refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune
in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance in his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools, therefore,
They are which fortunes do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortuneize.

And what about Spenser's life? it may be asked. How far does it present relations corresponding with his poetry? We do not design to attempt any formal biography; and indeed the materials for a biography are disappointingly scanty. But we know enough of the story of his life to see how checkered was his career, how side by side with his prosperity came misfortune as an attendant, and how an almost unexampled fame was attended by almost unparalleled suffering. When a young man at

* *Yod*, from the old verb *yede*, *yead*, *yeed*, to go.

college he was obliged to withdraw from the university through the scantiness of his means. This must have been very galling to a promising and sensitive scholar. It is said that he lost a fellowship for which he competed, and for which the victorious candidate was the celebrated Bishop Andrewes. The story is told, that, when the wainscot of Spenser's room at college was pulled down, a number of cards were discovered, on which were written stanzas of the "Faerie Queene." It must have been an embarrassing question with the young poet, what he should best do with himself under these unfavorable circumstances. He was of gentle blood; indeed, he often, perhaps with some little weakness, speaks of the "house of ancient fame" from which he descended. This "house" was that of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe; and it has been truly said that the "Faerie Queene" "outshines any jewel in the Spenser coronet." But his means appear to have been narrow, and his way to a livelihood uncertain. He himself was a Londoner—so he has twice told us; but at this period he went down into the north of England to dwell with some relations or friends. It has been conjectured that he was probably employed as a tutor. Here he had to undergo the unhappiness of "tricked and insulted affection." The young poet found his consolation in songs. He wrote the first of his works, the "Shepherd's Calendar," a beautiful specimen of pastoral poetry, which made, so Mr. Hallam considers—an epoch in our literature. His friends advised him to go up to London, where his name might procure him the favor of the court. In the "Eclogues" he tells us how the shepherd, meaning himself, was advised by a friend to quit the hill country and its barren solitudes, and seek a more genial soil.

This friend was an old college acquaintance, Mr. Harvey, a laborious antiquary. He had in his hands, for a long time, the manuscript of the "Faerie Queene." He kept it so long that the poet was obliged earnestly to request its return. At last it was sent back, and with a discouraging opinion of its merits. Happily Spenser appealed to a more qualified judge. This was the

illustrious Philip Sidney, to whom Harvey had introduced him. Spenser has given him the title, which posterity has emphatically confirmed, of a "noble and virtuous gentleman, worthy of all titles of learning and chivalry." Fuller calls him an "ubiquitarian," as he appears equally in the lists of poets, scholars, lawyers, and statesmen. Spenser called upon him at Leicester House, and introduced himself by sending in one of the cantos of his poem, in very much the same way as, long afterwards, the poet Crabbe obtained the support and countenance of Burke. The following very improbable circumstance is said to have occurred, according to Hughes's narrative: "Mr. Sidney was much surprised with the description of Despair in that canto, and is said to have shown an uncommon kind of transport on the discovery of so new and uncommon a genius. After he had read some stanzas he turned to his steward and bade him give the person that brought the verses fifty pounds; but on reading the next stanza he ordered the sum to be doubled. The steward was no less surprised than his master, and thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a bounty; but, upon reading one stanza more, Mr. Sidney raised his gratitude to two hundred pounds, and commanded the steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read farther, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate." The existence of such a story, though unlikely in the details, shows the high esteem in which Spenser was held by Sidney.

Worthy Fuller also tells the following anecdote of the poet and his fortunes: "There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser, presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him an hundred pounds; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alleged that the sum was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the queen, 'what is reason;' to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward; whereupon he presented this petition on a small piece of paper to the queen on her progress:

'I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time until this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason.'

Hereupon the queen gave strict orders (not without some check to her treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds she first intended unto him." I think this familiar story may be accepted. The more I know of Fuller the more am I convinced of his intense honesty.

The life of a poet depending on a patron is proverbially uncertain and unhappy. Sir Philip Sidney was a man who might be relied upon; but unhappily he was very much abroad. The queen's great minister, Raleigh, took lasting offence at some passages in the poems, of a political and polemical nature, and Spenser still further exasperated him by speaking of "a mighty peer's displeasure," in that canto of his poem where a description of Detraction is given. Thus, too, the poet sums up the uneasiness and unhappiness of his life:

"To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, and to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peer's;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with care;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

Sir Philip Sidney was not, however, a man permanently to neglect a meritorious and suffering poet. Sidney was the nephew of the powerful favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and he commended the poet to his uncle's good offices. In 1579 Lord Leicester sent Spenser abroad on some political service, the nature of which is unknown, but in which he appears to have acquitted himself well. Indeed, he appears to have been an excellent man of business. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a poet is naturally incapacitated for the ordinary business of life. Milton made

an excellent Latin secretary, and Sir Walter Scott made an excellent clerk of session. Upon his return an important political appointment was procured for Spenser, which was a most promising opening for a young man of twenty-seven. In 1580, Arthur, Lord Grey, of Walton, was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. Spenser became his secretary, and afforded every evidence of political sagacity, and of abilities that might have served the State well in the highest positions. The kind administration of Lord Grey did not last more than two years. Spenser returned with him to England, and appears to have lived in London for about four years. He was not forgotten, and it was determined to make a provision for him in Ireland. The Council of Munster was busily engaged in settling the country after an unhappy era of war and rebellion. They allotted lands to men who were able to spend money in their cultivation, and who were likely to possess a civilizing influence over a then barbarous region: Many thousand acres out of the confiscated estate of the Earl of Desmond were allotted to Sir Walter Raleigh, in acknowledgment of his important military services. A most modest proportion fell to the lot of Spenser. An estate of 3028 acres, in the county of Cork, was assigned to him, together with the castle of Kilcolman. Mr. Howitt has personally examined the locality, and his report is not very favorable. "When we hear Kilcolman described by Spenser's biographers as romantic and delightful, it is evident that they judged of it from mere fancy; and when all writers about him talk of the Mulla flowing through his grounds and past his castle, they give the reader a most erroneous idea. The castle, it must be remembered, is on a wide plain, the hills are a couple of miles or more distant, and the Mulla is more than two miles off. We see nothing at the castle but the wide boggy plain, the distant, naked hills, and the weedy pond under the castle walls." In the denuded state of the country the scene may at present appear barren and desolate; but we still cling to the idea that when the castle was still standing, and there were waving woods between the grounds and the hills and the river, Kilcolman would

not be ill adapted to fulfil the popular notion of a poet's residence.

Spenser and Raleigh had probably some business relations, since they were both sharers in the confiscated lands. But these two great men had, beyond any business, much in common. Raleigh, through all his life of adventure, retained his love for the Muse; and Spenser, though his life was devoted to the Muse, had also seen something of adventure. Raleigh now came to visit Spenser. It was in a season unfortunate for himself. This was in 1589; and a MS. letter at Lambeth, of that year, says: "My lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from court, and confined him into Ireland." Raleigh was one of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." He gave himself the appropriate title, according to the quaint fashion of those days, "The Shepherd of the Ocean." Spenser was then busy with his continuation of his great poem, and in the quiet retreat of Kilcolman Raleigh himself seems at this time to have touched the lute. How interesting and instructive must have been the conversation of those two marvellous men; and often, we are persuaded, as they wandered along the banks of the Mulla, would their conversation deepen into heartfelt earnestness. For each felt deeply the marvellous providence that characterized that wonderful transition age in which they lived, each possessed the sensibilities of an enlightened conscience, and each, through various errors and through many sorrows, clung fast to the hope of redemption through the Saviour. Doubtless it is on account of Raleigh that we find in the "Faerie Queene" an eloquent allusion to Virginia. To Spenser the coming of Raleigh must have realized one of his own beautiful lines, and have

"Made a sunshine in a shady place."

The autobiographic verses in which he relates this incident of his life have always been highly valued for their exquisite taste and feeling:

"I saile, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar.
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore:
There a strange shepherd chanced to find
me out,

Whom, when I asked from what place he
came,

And how he hight, himself he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea
deep.

He, sitting me beside, in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant fytt;,
And when he heard the music that I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it."

Hitherto we have chiefly spoken of the "Faerie Queene," which only in a subordinate sense can be called a sacred poem, and which Spenser himself speaks of as "a work in heroical verse, tending to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight, to be patron and defender of the same, in whose actions, feats of arms and chivalrie the operations of that virtue whereof he is the protector are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same to be beaten down and overcome." We now turn aside from this noble poem, which, according to Campbell, makes Spenser the Rubens of poetry, and to which nearly all our great poets have acknowledged their obligations: Cowley, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Shenstone, Thomson, Gray, Beattie, Collins. Referring to those poems which are of a professedly religious character, we first make some selections from the "Hymn of Heavenly Love." The poet, in the dedication to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick, gives the following account of its production: "Having, in the green times of my youth, composed in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies to call in the same; but being unable to do so, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two hymns of earthly or material love and beauty) two others on heavenly and celestial, the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honorable sisters."

"Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings

From this base world unto thy heaven's
height,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sov-
ereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof a heavenly hymn may sing,
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

"Many lewd lays (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call
love
I have in th' heat of youth made hereto-
fore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

"And ye that wont with greedy, vain desire
To read my fault, and, wond'ring at my
flame,
To warm yourselves at my wide sparkling
fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench
my blame,
And in her ashes shroud my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

"Man, forgetful of his Maker's grace,
No less than angels whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly
place
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thralldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds re-
main
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying pain.

"Till that great Lord of Love which him at
first
Made of mere love, and after likèd well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despairèd hell,
Him wretch in dool would let no longer
dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price all were his debt ex-
treme.

"Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which he reignèd with his glorious
Sire,
He down descended, like a most demyss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That he for him might pay sin's deadly
hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

"O blessed Well of Love! O Flower of
Grace!
O glorious Morning Star! O Lamp of
Light!

Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds
behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious
blood?

"Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this
love,
But love of us for guerdon of thy pain:
Ay me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he requirèd life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with
gain?
He gave us life, he it restorèd lost;
Then life were least that us so little cost.

"But he our life hath left unto us free;
Free that was thrall, and blessèd that
was bond;
Nor aught demands but that we loving be,
As he himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren to his image
wrought.

"Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we farèd had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did
save;
And last, the food of life, which now we
have,
Even he himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls unto us lent.

"Then next to love our brethren that were
made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's
hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of
land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price re-
deemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

"And were they not, yet sith that loving
Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their
needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live."

Here we see Spenser's religion, simple
and practical, presenting clearly the
great outlines held by the holy catholic
church throughout all the world: the
deep consciousness of weakness and er-
ror, the entire trust in the Saviour's love
and mercy and atoning work, and the

love of God to be manifested in the love of man, made after God's image.

The following is from one of Spenser's sonnets:

"Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowed hell, did bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest
die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed
from sin,
May live for ever in felicitie!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again."

One more brief quotation from the other of his hymns:

"But lowly fall before His mercy-seat,
Close covered with the Lamb's integrity,
From the just wrath of his avengeful
threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high:
His throne is built upon eternity. . . .
"His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
With which he bruiseeth all his foes to
dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth repress
Under the rigor of his judgment just.
His seat is Truth, to which the faithful
trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure
and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light."

It was probably through the kindly offices of Sir Walter Raleigh that Spenser obtained a pension. The grant of this pension was discovered by Mr. Malone, in the chapel of the Rolls. He appears also to have happily married during his stay in Ireland. His wife's name was Elizabeth, the same name as his mother. In his studious retirement he projected some important works, which, had his life been spared to accomplish them, would have greatly added to his fame. Several of the subjects are entirely sacred: translations of Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs; "The House of our Lord;" "The Seven Psalms;" "The Sacrifice of a Sinner." In the year in which Raleigh visited him he had the great misfortune to lose his illustrious friend Sir Philip Sidney. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, in a most glorious cause, fighting in aid of the Dutch, in their heroic attempts to achieve national in-

dependence and the free use of the Protestant religion. Fuller relates—but I am not aware of his authority—that Sir Philip might have been raised to the throne of Poland. He was a man of most sweet nature, that "gentle shepherd born in Arcady;" his work, *Arcadia*, being the reflex of his mild genius and eminently pleasing disposition. A most striking anecdote is told of him on the fatal field of Zutphen. Mr. Motley, in his history of the United Netherlands, says that he has not been able to discover a trace of the anecdote. He might have found it in the writings of Lord Broke, Sidney's friend, and also his biographer. Lord Broke says: "In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which, Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'" He was removed to Arnheim, where, after severe suffering, he died in the arms of his wife. Spenser lamented him in a collection of poems entitled *Astrophel*. The following is taken from them, a noble description of the face of a Christian man:

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books;
I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

The "Astrophel" poems are the earliest examples in our language of that mournful poetry which afterwards became so famous by the "Lycidas" of Milton, and in our own days by Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." There is no place oftener visited than Penshurst, dear from the familiar memory of Sidney, and very few that are more celebrated. In old days Spenser may have visited Sidney there. "And who would dissolve the dream of Spenser and Sidney walking together in sweet converse on the broad terrace, or under the beechen shade?"

According to the terms of his grant, Spenser was obliged to reside upon the property which he had acquired. He appears to have loved the country, and has given a glowing description of it. "And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish; most abundantly sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides, the soil itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto; and lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the west." Spenser saw that the unhappiness of the country lay in the sinfulness of the inhabitants themselves: "so little feeling have they of God or their own souls' good." He speaks earnestly of the blessing of Christianity, "to make, as it were, one blood and kindred of all people, and each to have knowledge of Him." "The care of the soul and soul matters is to be preferred before the care of the body, in consideration of the worthiness thereof." Spenser bitterly regrets that so few ministers of religion come over from England, and that those few were so ill provided for. His only hope for the Irish people is through the regenerating effects of religion. "Nothing will bring them from their uncivil life sooner than learning and discipline, next after the knowledge and fear of God; . . . according to the saying of Christ, 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof.'" Then, too, he deploras the lukewarmness that then subsisted on this great subject, and compares it with the proselytizing system of the Church of Rome. "It is expedient that some discreet ministers of their own countrymen be sent over amongst them, which, by their meek persuasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, may draw them first to understand, and afterwards to embrace, the doctrine of their salvation.

For if that the ancient godly fathers, which first converted them when they were infidels to the faith, were able to pull them from idolatry and paganism to the true belief in Christ, as St. Patrick and St. Columb, how much more easily shall godly teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already possessed? . . . Some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation open for them, and having the livings of the country offered unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do, by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest, which is ever ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago." We are sure our readers will admire "the sweet and voluble prose" of Spenser. These extracts are from his *View of the State of Ireland*, the only prose work the poet ever attempted. It illustrates the familiar criticism, that the prose of poets is generally very good. According to Isaac Disraeli this work should make us regret that Spenser only wrote verses. The historical value of this little book is very great. All historical writers who deal with the state of Ireland during the time of Queen Elizabeth are in absolute dependence upon it. For instance, Mr. Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*, follows Spenser with the utmost strictness.

Spenser's two last visits to London show his life in that phase of sorrow and uncertainty by which it is most frequently characterized. On the first of these occasions he was engaged in a law-suit respecting some lands on which he was accused of wasting corn and timber. He had the vexation of losing his cause, which must also have involved a heavy pecuniary loss. His second visit was his last, and in it he died, and under circumstances than which it is difficult to imagine anything more tragic and affecting. The flames of rebellion burst out in Ireland. The fight at Blackwater ended disastrously for the English arms. Tyrone and his adherents attacked Kilcolman Castle, and set it on fire. The poet and most of his family hurriedly effected their escape. The last six cantos of the immortal poem are believed to have been

then burnt. But there was another loss to Spenser's kindly heart far more terrible. There was left in the burning castle in that hour of terror and confusion, a "little child new-born." It perished in the flames. The desolate father fled from disordered Ireland, and took refuge in England as a land of safety. His own pleasant home destroyed, he was thrown on the hired hospitalities of an inn. In a common inn or lodging-house the great poet ended his days. One there had been, who, if still living, would have given him shelter and protection. But the chivalrous, kind-hearted Sidney was no more. Spenser's nervous system was utterly crushed by the shock of his burning house and perishing child. He sunk and sunk. It is even said that circumstances of peculiar penury and distress attended his last days. Ben Jonson relates that the poet "died for lack of bread in King-street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said 'he was sorrie he had no time to spend them.' " This statement, however, appears improbable. Spenser was at the height of an acknowledged fame; he had his pension of fifty pounds a year—equal to five or six times that amount at present—and he was surrounded by rich and influential friends. Nevertheless, an able writer is probably correct in saying, "Whether we adopt the version of Camden, or Jonson, or Fuller, as to the circumstances of Spenser's death, we can arrive at nothing but gloom and sadness." Let us hope that those divine words might be true of him: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

It was determined that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey. This had been his own desire. He had also wished to rest close by the tomb of Chaucer. This was accordingly the place of interment. The funeral was attended by poets, according to Camden; who adds, that "mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the tomb." A monument was erected to his memory at the expense of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It is probably familiar to many of our readers; and within the Abbey's solemn and tender gloom none other is invested with a greater degree of interest and pathos. We recall the words of the inscription:

"Here lyes (expecting the second cominge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his tyme; whose divine spirit needs noe other witness than the works which he left behind him."

Dublin University Magazine.

NINEVEH.

We stood at evening on the Asian plain
And looked across the waste where Nineveh
Stood glorified amid her rivers once,
And pondered o'er the peoples of the land,
Long fallen amid the shadows of the past,
Long faded from the memory of time.

Around us stretched the plain—a grassy
disk,

Spotted with lowly hills and shapeless mounds,
That held entombed the dust of centuries.
Along the river side in dusky groups
The Arab tents were huddled, whence arose
The smoke of evening fires, and on the wind
Came the low neigh of horses feeding near;
But other sounds were none. Ages had fled
Since aught save the wild cry of wandering
horde

Or eagle, type of victory in old time,
Startled the sullen solitude. At length,
Wearied with fancies born of the dim scene,
We laid us on the matted floor to sleep;
While swooned a-near the tent the low night
wind,
As though it murmured tongueless legends
o'er,

Waiting but an interpreter to fill
The soul with wonders. Ere we sunk to rest,
We gazed upon the setting orb, whose light
Shone slantly o'er the blackness of the place;
She only was unchanged of all that gave
Their glories to the plain; vanished were all
The golden-vaulted chambers of the kings;
The temples full of incense and of song,
The stirring incidents of ages, when
The shawled Assyrian, charioted and armed,
Dashed through the dust of battle—all was
dust,

And spirit-like she only hovered near,
Watching the world from her eternity.

Then, ere the soul was dipped in sleep,
there rose

The wish, to view the splendors of the past;
And looking on that sphere immutable—

"Oh, Moon," we said, "that gazest o'er the
waste,
Shine through our dream and light the van-
ished years

Which thou hast looked upon along this land,
Since the dusk tribes, wandering the desert
o'er,

Reared their rude tents beneath the azure air
Lured by the freshness of the streams; and
then,
As years rolled on and temples rose with
them,
To many a god, and many an armed tower
Looked o'er dominion widening more and
more,
The wandering nations flocked from distant
climes,
And through the East and deep into the
South,
As from some golden gong at sunrise swung,
Sounded the name of Nineveh."

Awhile
Our spirit, lost to earth, floated along,
Enveloped in the folds of phantom clouds,
And sightless in the hollow life of night;
But soon the distance cleared as with a dawn,
And wonder light sudden before us glowed
The mighty orient capital. It stood
High in the sunset heavens, a gloried pile,
With massy walls and mighty gateway
towers,
And broad courts open to the fiery sun,
Gardens and shrines and skyey pyramids.
Upon the marble terraces, that looked
High o'er the river floating to the West,
Lay many a group in festal attitude,
Lulled by the tonings breathed from harp and
lute;

And every soul seemed steeped in luxury,
Effeminate as the gentle summer air
That breathed around the bowers where they
reposed;

Warrior and minstrel, prince and potentate,
In revel joined, forgetting state, and lapsed
In pleasure enervate, as though the clime
Infused with magic elements transformed
The soldier, once the terror of the van,
Into the smooth and ringleted Sybarite.
The trees drooped heavy with perfume, and
a-near

A fountain playing in the rising moon,
A dusk-faced lyrist shook from out the strings
Of a small lute a shower of melody.
Forward we passed amid the shadowing
streets,

And saw the people tread the round of life
'Mid sacred ceremonials, luxuries
That steeped the soul in sense — charioted
trains

With conquest crowned and sacrificial pomp.
The hour seemed one of victory; from afar,
A vanquished host moved slow with down-
cast brows

And shoulders bent with many a treasure vase
Toward a great temple door that gleamed
a-near;

And followed crowds of cattle, dumbly driven,
And throngs of women huddled in despair,
With garments torn and flying, hurrying on,
Moaning in many a tongue their piteous fate.
Around the king, upon his chariot throned,
Gathered his captains and his councillors;

The booted warrior and the sandalled priest,
And many a long amasculated train,
Cunning and cold; while troops, bearded and
armed
With shield and spear and ponderous battle-
axe,
In brassy glitter, followed the victor's wheels.

Still moving with the moving cavalcade,
Upon a templed height we stood, and viewed
The gloried space around. Across the land
A river floated, like a stream from the sun,
And branched afar its golden tributaries
By breadths of summer gardens and by
bowers.

Along the marble quays that flanked its sides
Full many a fountain spouted amid heaps
Of colored fruits and bales of merchandise;
While painted barges floated on its wave,
Heavy with riches from Arabian shores,
And islands in the sumptuous Indian seas.
Beneath us all the city seemed alive,
As with the impulse of one joy, that spread
Like light around it, and the brazen trump
Stormed triumphing around its skyey towers,
As we approached a mighty temple porch,
Whose walls colossal crowned a height; it
stood

Armed with twin effigies of power, huge forms,
Wide-winged and lion-headed, but which
looked

Upon the crowd from man's immortal brow.
Before them bent the passing multitude—
Then entered filling the vast halls that yawned
With chambers like the caverned western
clouds.

Around the walls that soared to roofs of gold,
The mystic learning of the ancient time
Was graven, as with the gloomy hand of
death,

Prophetic type, symbol inscrutable
And legend long traditioned, though the
learned,

From hours when man and angel trod the
earth,

Lay in the silence of unspoken tongues;
Far off, the altar shone amid the priests,
While high above them in mid-air looked
down

Dark idols with a star upon each brow.
Beneath an opening in the cedared roof,
Whence fell a burst of sunlight, the great
King

Stood with unsheathed sword; the altars
flamed

With incense and the chants of victory rose
From white-robed trains of priests and chor-
isters;

Around them spread the trophies of the war,
And by the portals, scribes with reed and
scroll

Sat numbering the slaves and spoils of fight.
Thus for a space in sacred sacrifice
And ceremonial gorgeous passed the hours
Till night grew radiant with the summer stars;

While o'er the city's tracts, by shrine and
 bower,
 In scattered tent and pleasance chamber,
 pealed
 One rich voluptuous song of revelry.

Bentley's Miscellany.

CATHARINE CORNARO.

FROM THE GERMAN.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

ON the Sunday before Ascension-day, in 1472, there stood upon the Rialto, the largest bridge of Venice, and totally built of splendid marble, three youths, amusing themselves by lively conversation and satirical remarks upon all who were passing by, and upon the persons in the numerous gondolas which crowded the grand canal. Their tasteful and costly attire, consisting of silk and velvet, the waving ostrich feathers in their hats fastened by sparkling jeweled clasps, the golden chains to which highly-tempered daggers, with diamond-studded handles, were attached, but, more than all, their proud bearing, caused them to be recognized as nobles, whose fathers could not only command immense wealth, but who also, as members of the Serenissima Signoria, could influence the weal and woe of the republic. They sprang from three of the first families of the golden book, and many of their forefathers, as at the time was the case with the father of one of them, had on Ascension-day wedded the Adriatic Sea, and borne the ducal crown. Marco Falieri, the son of the Doge, was one, Lucio Cornaro another, and Giovanni Anafesto the third of the haughty, scoffing trio. Judging by their intimacy, they appeared to be friends; but if the expression of their countenances were watched more narrowly, in the eyes of one at least there lurked something which by no means evinced cordiality or good fellowship.

Marco Falieri was a youth of nineteen years of age, so handsome that on seeing him, even though he could not boast of the stature of a hero, one was involuntarily reminded of what those must have been who were the originals of the admired sculptures of Grecian antiquity. He was of the middle height, and slightly

built, but not delicate looking; on the contrary, the fresh tints of health glowed upon his cheek. His countenance, notwithstanding a dash of frivolity, which was the fashionable failing amongst the young noblemen of the day, nevertheless bespoke so much good nature and honesty, that all who knew him intimately could not fail to love him.

Lucio Cornaro possessed the form of a Hercules, and that vast amount of aspiring ambition, like the daring valor of his forefathers, which had rendered the republic such signal services. He also was handsome, but his features were less finely moulded than those of Marco.

The third of this group, Giovanni Anafesto, was not one of nature's favorites. His features indicated the blackness of his heart. Vice had early placed its odious stamp upon his wan and wrinkled cheek. In his eye flashed the wild glare of sensual desires, and the never-quenching fire of revenge. Those whom he hated, he hated terribly, and for ever.

Cornaro and Falieri were friends, for the latter clung to the former, and was beloved by him in return, although their fathers cherished in their hearts a secret animosity. Falieri's father was Doge, therefore Anafesto sought his society, and forced himself upon him.

The young men found rich materials for their amusement until the arrival of Cornaro's galley, for which they were waiting, and on which they expected a very different occupation. The soft wind wafted from the sea had cooled the air of the unusually hot May day, and as divine service had long since ended, and the canals were swarming with gondolas, and the song of the gondoliers, and the sweet tones of the guitars were already audible, a countless mass of human beings streamed backwards and forwards across the high Rialto, some merely hurrying homewards, while others were intent on business or pleasure. The eyes of the young men rambled now over the canal, now over the crowd sweeping past them, and in all directions objects to call forth their wit, and butts for their bitter satire, presented themselves. If Giovanni Anafesto became too ill natured, Cornaro, who was older than he, enjoined peace and quiet, but to no purpose. Common people and nobles,

men and women, all received their by no means flattering epithets. And just when there was arising among the people murmurs of dissatisfaction against the three scoffers, and they overheard words of menace, and beheld flashing eyes around them, a loud cannon-shot came booming from the roads that made the very air tremble again.

"Hark!" cried Cornaro; "that is our galley which brings my sister!"

A second report immediately followed; the young men hastened from the bridge, sprang into Cornaro's richly ornamented gondola, and glided merrily down the canal towards the lagoons. And as they thus glided along between the rows of houses, and palaces, and ornamented gondolas, Cornaro became serious and sad. His sister was all that was left to him; in giving her existence, his beloved mother had lost her life; therefore his deeply-afflicted father had sent the child of sorrow to a sister in Corfu, where she was brought up. Lucio had not seen his sister since her earliest childhood. But he possessed a portrait of her, which he always carried about with him, because his father told him that it was the most perfect image of his departed mother.

"Lucio," at length began Marco Falieri, "tell me, what is your sister like, that I may not be confused when I present myself to her!"

"They say this picture is a striking resemblance," replied he, as he offered the miniature to him. "It was painted by one named Calopulo, a Greek from Cyprus, who is doctor and artist, and the gods know what not!"

Marco seized it eagerly, and exclaimed, after gazing on it with eyes in which his whole soul lay:

"By my patron saint! this is a more lovely, angelic face than I have ever seen in Rome or Florence! And——" with an inward shudder he added, murmuring to himself, "I forgive my father for loving that Jessica so madly, if she resembled this miniature."

With eyes eager and longing, such as those with which Satan may be supposed to gaze up at paradise, Giovanni Anafesto looked over Marco's shoulder at Catharine's picture, while he said to Lucio, with a strange, malicious side glance at Marco:

"Your mother was a beautiful — a very beautiful woman!"

His tone of voice had something sneering in it, which smote painfully on Marco's soul, and he fancied that this disagreeable Anafesto was acquainted with a secret which his father had once confided to him. He glanced quickly back, but encountered a face apparently open and smiling, behind him.

Meanwhile they had reached the lagoons. Proudly floated the elegant galley along, with waving flags and pennons, and beneath a purple canopy three ladies were distinctly to be discerned. The gondoliers rowed with redoubled vigor, and the hurrahs of the crew greeted the new-comers.

Lucio quickly gave the captain a sign that he did not wish to be recognized, and, as the galley lay-to, he whispered into Marco's ear, "Do you first ascend its side."

The ladder of ropes was let down. Marco stepped upon deck, after him came Giovanni, lastly Lucio. The young men walked forward, bowing to the ladies, who had risen from their Turkish cushions to greet them. Catharine Cornaro cast a searching glance upon the features of the three youths, and then, her fair face glowing with blushes, she approached Marco Falieri, offering him her hand and her cheek as a welcome, while with a soft, flute-like voice she greeted him as Lucio.

But Marco blushed as crimson as the damsel herself, and disengaged himself from her encircling arms, while he replied:

"Forgive me, dear signora, this is your brother!"

The lady suddenly turned pale; Lucio held out his arms to her, the tears in the eyes of her brother removed her doubt, and she lay weeping upon his breast.

Fortunately for the embarrassed Catharine, her father's bark approached at that moment, and she flew to meet her beloved parent. But Giovanni stood there like a statue of envy, while his eyes, with a truly voluptuous expression, rested upon Catharine's lovely form, or rather wandered about, contemplating her charming figure. Marco involuntarily laid his hand upon his heart. He felt that that moment would influence his life, and he murmured to himself, "Oh,

that I may not share your fate, my poor father!"

II.

IN the apartment of the palace of St. Mark, gorgeously decorated with gold, velvet, and silk, costly furniture, and gay carpets, sat, on the morning of the following day, the Doge Falieri in his richly-cushioned arm-chair. His arm supported his weary head, he looked pale and agitated, and his eyes were fixed, with a melancholy, gloomy expression, upon the miniature of Catharine, which a servant in attendance upon the Doge had found upon the corridor before Marco's door. Something extremely painful must have excited the feelings of the silver-haired, although still powerful-looking old man; it was betrayed by the long heavy sigh which escaped from his oppressed breast.

When he had sat awhile thus still, gazing upon the picture, he arose, and paced the apartment with quick steps. It seemed as though the past had raised its sable curtain, and the soul once more fought through the struggles of earlier years.

"Heart, heart!" at length the Doge exclaimed, "wilt thou, after the lapse of twenty years, again disturb the peace of my life, that peace acquired with so much difficulty? Ah, the volcano should have exhausted itself—passion and gray hairs ought not to be companions!" He walked more firmly up and down the saloon. "How could this portrait have come into Marco's possession?" he asked himself, as he laid his hand upon his brow. "Cruel fate! Shall the woe of the past again electrify the aged sufferer? Shall the remembrance of fatal bliss vibrate through him again like torture? Jessica! Jessica! on thee the Judge beyond the stars has passed a mild sentence, but on me!—me!—what fearful punishment will be my portion when the great Judge pronounces that terrific word, 'Adulterer!'" He buried his face in his ample purple robe, and sank back in deep thought. "Alas," sighed he, "I had hoped by a blameless life, by severe penitence, to have appeased Heaven, but now—now—I deeply feel the gravity of my sin!" He threw himself upon his knees, and prayed in an under tone with profound

devotion and fervor; words here and there were audible:

"Forgive, forgive, O Creator, the weakness of human hearts! Judge mercifully, and let the misery suffice which has fallen upon my gray head, and made me old before my time. Oh, give peace and quiet to my anxious soul!" With a drooping head, while no sound escaped him but sighs, he remained for a time buried in silent prayer. Rapid steps at length approached; he arose, and listened attentively.

"That is Marco!" said he. "Now, Falieri, be a man again!" He seated himself in the arm-chair, to all appearance calm; the doors were thrown open, and Marco entered, looking very pale, while in an agitated manner he greeted his father.

"How early you come, Marco," said the father; "and how pale you look! I trust that you have not been passing last night revelling at the Casinos?"

"Not exactly that, dear father," replied the son; "it is something else that agitates me. I went yesterday with Lucio Cornaro to meet his sister, who arrived from Corfu, where her aunt has brought her up. In the gondola Lucio showed me his sister's portrait, forgot to ask for it again, and, without thinking, I put it in my pocket, and cannot find it, now that I wish to return it to him."

"Marco!" began the father, earnestly, and with a frowning brow, as his voice assumed a tone of severe reproof—"Marco! how often have I begged you to avoid Cornaro's society; how often have I warned you against these Cornaros, who have destroyed the happiness of your father and have condemned him to unspeakable struggles, and innumerable hours of bitterness! And yet you will not hearken to the voice of your parent!"

"Forgive me, dear father," answered Marco, "if I have overstepped your commands. Lucio attaches himself so unobtrusively and affectionately to me, his principles are so sound, so pure, his life so blameless, so totally opposite to the dissolute habits of the rest of the nobles, his feelings so chivalrous, that I—forgive me if my words shall hurt you—that I have often thought that, by my behavior, I ought to make good an injury which you seem to have done the Cornaros."

The father looked at him severely. "Marco," he then continued, more earnestly, "your good nature sees light where there is shade. You are not versed in the school of bitter experience, like your father. You may trust to the mature judgment of my gray hairs, and may believe that I do not willingly condemn people; but"—here his voice became so solemn that a cold tremor ran through Marco's body—"your destiny might hurry you towards an abyss of unutterable misery connected with those Cornaros, in the which you would be ruined. The threads of your fate are more closely interwoven with theirs than you imagine. Inquire not how, nor why. But say, will you send your aged father to his grave with a broken heart? I am a decayed tree, stripped by Fate of every blossom, except one—shall I lose it also? Say, Marco, shall I?"

The son threw himself into his father's outstretched arms, and trembling, exclaimed, "Not mine, thy will be done!"

After a painful pause the father proceeded: "You say Lucio's sister has returned, Marco?"

"She returned yesterday, father."

"You were with Lucio on board his father's galley. How did old Cornaro behave towards you?"

Marco reflected. "I cannot tell you, father. I think kindly, though."

"And Cornaro's daughter, Catharine, if I mistake not?"

Marco grew red. He was accustomed to have no secrets from his father, and yet he now found it difficult to relate the scene upon the galley.

The Doge read his soul. "Have you a secret from your father, Marco?" asked he.

The young man felt ashamed that he could have been a moment doubtful. "No," said he; "you shall know all."

He then related what had occurred, without reserve, to his attentive listener, not excepting even the most trifling circumstance. When he had finished, the Doge knitted his brow. "That is not good," said he, with inward emotion. "Marco, I beseech you, by all that you hold sacred, by the salvation of your immortal soul, shun the Cornaros—shun Catharine's society. Fly her, as you would fly the hereditary enemy of your peace. Will you do this? Will you

comply with the only request of your father?" Falieri offered his hand to his son, who clasped it, raising his eyes towards heaven, as if imploring strength and courage.

"But," said he, after a pause, in which both were absorbed in their own thoughts and feelings, "what shall I tell Lucio when he asks after the picture?"

"Return it to him, Marco, for it has been found," replied the Doge, with violent emotion, as he glanced at the portrait. "Now go, my son, and do not forget what you have promised me."

Marco left the room, pressed his lips upon the picture of his beloved, and sighed deeply:

"To renounce thee and life itself is one and the same thing. And yet a cruel destiny seems to separate us, while my heart feels drawn towards thee by a sweet magic power?"

The aged father, on the contrary, fervently besought Heaven graciously to watch over Marco and himself.

During the accustomed siesta, while the whole of Venice, usually so full of life, was transformed into a state of death-like stillness; while many eyes, but shortly before sparkling with joy or dimmed with tears, were closed; and while even in the ducal palace the powerful poppy wand of Morpheus had overcome the guards as well as the servants of the Doge, nay, even the Doge himself, Marco Falieri sat beneath the Oriental flowers and sweet-scented shrubs trained into a thick bower upon the green jalousied balcony of the palace of St. Mark's, and gazed forth into the silent deserted piazza, and upon the tiny bluish waves of the restless sea. He looked like a statue; yet this was only in outward appearance; inwardly, a fierce storm was raging, and his heart seemed as if about to burst from his breast. Shortly after he had left his father, he had hastened out of doors, wandered over the piazza, through the crowds on the grand square of St. Mark, flung himself into the first gondola that he encountered, and ordered the gondolier to row to the Cornaro palace. The light bark skimmed rapidly over the calmly-flowing stream. The gondola dashed round several corners; there lay the marble palace of the wealthy Cornaro, and the glance which Marco cast on its balcony caused his heart to beat more

violently, for—there stood Catharine in a snow-white flowing garment, with a half-blown rose in her charming bosom; Lucio was leaning on the railing at her side.

As Marco drew nearer, Lucio pointed towards him, Catharine's eyes followed the direction of his hand, and he saw a sweet smile play round her lovely mouth, while a slight blush passed over her cheek. Lucio now shook his finger in a threatening manner at his approaching friend, and gayly called down to him, "Come quickly, you thief; you have much to answer for!"

Marco trembled as he left his gondola. A delicious power drew him onwards, and yet it seemed to him as if a cold hand held him back. While still under the influence of this inward dissension, he entered the splendid saloon, ornamented with pictures by Titian and Tintoretto in handsome gilt frames, and passed through the large glass-door into the balcony, where Lucio received him with a cordial shake of the hand, and led him to his sister, who, in the most charming embarrassment, bade him welcome. In a few words the young man excused himself for coming so late to inquire after her health. Lucio did not allow him to finish what he was saying, but laughingly exclaimed:

"It is true, you have given my dear Cattinetta no very favorable impression of the refined, chivalrous manners of the nobles of Venice, but she will forgive you that if you will promise to reward her this evening by the sound of your lovely lute and silver voice!"

Marco bowed to Catharine, as, although with an unsteady voice, he assured her that he would consider such a permission as a great honor and pleasure; and the young girl replied that she ventured only to beg, where her brother imperiously commanded.

"But I have still got a serious word to say to you, Faleri!" continued Lucio, half jestingly, "for yesterday you stole something from me. You thought, probably, since I had the original, I could more easily dispense with Calopulo's copy? Verily, I should have fancied that I had let it fall into the sea, but Giovanni Anafesto informed me that you hid the picture near your heart."

"To bring it back to you is partly my

object now," answered Marco, whose embarrassment increased as he beheld Catharine's blushes deepen; she evidently knew of what they were talking.

Marco flung back his velvet mantle, and drew forth Catharine's portrait, which hung by a rose-colored ribbon round his neck, just over his heart, and he handed it to him.

Lucio's spirits rose with Marco's and his sister's confusion.

"Only look, Cattinetta!" he laughingly exclaimed, "where he had your picture! I swear by Lysippus's horse upon St. Mark's, that if to-day for the first time your picture has not rested upon the heart of a youth, it must then have been in Corfu!"

The embarrassment of both increased every moment, and at every word that Lucio uttered. Catharine gave him a half-reproachful, half-beseeching glance, and was about to withdraw. Lucio seized her hand. "Be not angry with me, sister," entreated he, "that I so foolishly jest; but see, you both deserve a slight rebuke—you, because you seemed inclined to select the handsomer young man as your brother; and he, because he is pleased already to look upon the portrait of my lovely sister as his property. Rather"—he seized the hands of both, and said good-naturedly—"attribute it to the joy which I feel at my sister's return!"

A gondolier beneath now sang:

"When the tempest wildly raves,
And loudly roar the hollow waves,
I only think of thee!
Unheeding then the raging storm,
For midst its gloom I see *that form*
Whose love remains to me!"

The sweet sentiment breathed in the words of this melody, charming in the rich language of Italy, penetrated Marco's heart, and struck a corresponding chord. Lucio hastened into the saloon, and returning with a superb lute of ebony, handed it to Marco, crying:

"Sing, oh sing us the splendid Barcarola!"

Catharine also begged in her soft voice, so that the young man, whose feelings were powerfully excited, could not refuse. Meanwhile the sun had risen high above the island city, and poured its burning beams upon the balcony, the

heat of which was redoubled by the reflection from the bright marble. Catharine proposed to return to the saloon. There, at the side of the lovely maiden, Marco, in a trembling voice, sang the song which so thoroughly expresses the pure sentiment of strong and fervent love, and his agitation added an expression to the melody that was sure not to fail in its effects, more particularly as Catharine's heart was by no means indifferent towards the handsome and fascinating youth. The last melancholy chord still trembled upon the silver strings, when Lucio sprang up and folded the singer in his arms, as he exclaimed:

"You never sang more beautifully!"

Catharine, too, spoke feelingly of his charming singing. He then placed the lute in the young girl's beautiful arms, begging that she would also favor them with a song. She took the lute, preluded a few chords, and then commencing a soft strain, began to sing a modern Grecian air, the melody of which was as sad as its subject. Marco's eyes rested upon the lovely creature. His whole soul was in his gaze, and her image became at that moment indelibly imprinted on his heart.

It was at length time for him to withdraw. He took leave, after promising to return in the evening. This meeting had been decisive for both. A flash like lightning had struck their susceptible hearts, and the flame blazed brightly. Marco had not hitherto found among the daughters of Venice any to equal Catharine in charms and grace; what he had hitherto considered love had been but the boisterous, passing storm of a sensual passion, after which, in generous dispositions, the calm of repentance and shame always follows. Now for the first time he felt that divine feeling, that "*Menschen Göttern gleich macht*," or fills the lover's cup with woe unutterable. With him love had become suffering, and suffering, love; for his heart was divided, and the dark words of his father often fearfully disturbed his inward joy. Yet the mysterious and and unfortunate veil which hung over his connection with Catharine had a charm for him that drew him unconsciously more and more towards her. He too had made a deep impression upon Catharine's heart. From

the first moment that she beheld him, when she had mistaken him for her brother, she felt her heart powerfully attracted towards the young man, and this feeling continued to increase. She silently rejoiced that she was to see him again in the evening.

Marco returned home in a dreamy mood; but when he wandered through the saloons of the palace where hung the portraits of his ancestors in their singular costumes, he trembled, and a cold shudder ran through his veins as he walked past the picture of his mother, taken in her early youth, and that of his grave father. The father's picture looked frowning down upon the son. He had broken his word!

Marco's chamber became too confined for him; it was a torture-room to his feelings. He flew to the balcony, in the vain hope by change of place to still the conflicting emotions which racked his mind. He dared not appear before his father, for he deeply felt, with shame and repentance, that he had broken his word, and acted contrary to the wishes and commands of his beloved father. He sought in reflection an exit from this labyrinth, but found none. Love and duty were opposed to each other. Love conquered. Yet even this victory was painful, because the voice of conscience continually tortured him with reproaches. Should he shun Catharine? Alas, his heart drew him towards her! It was the voice of nature, should he not hearken to it? His love was pure and noble, why should he struggle against it? Was it not perhaps the old hatred to Antonio Cornaro, who had carried off the beloved Jessica from his father, which induced his parent to warn him against the Cornaro? Did he not perhaps wish to fill his son's mind with fears by the mysterious terror of his words, and thus, through the mind, steel his heart against love towards a member of that hated family?

The above was pretty nearly the course of ideas which filled Marco's brain clearly in favor of the affair of the heart. The heart was the advocate of love before the judgment-seat of cold reason, therefore the sentence could no longer be doubtful. Often he longed to go back, but that was now impossible.

He could not break his word without

letting himself down in Catharine's eyes. The result of his meditation was that he would keep his love secret from his father, also conceal his evening visit to Cornaro. Marco's guardian angel cried, "Woe, woe!"

III.

THE golden tints of the setting sun still tinged the horizon far over the sea. Purple clouds tipped with gold, melting into soft lovely reds of every hue, chased each other, slowly driven by a mild west wind across the deep blue vault of heaven. The towers, spires, and palaces of Venice lay enveloped in the shades of the approaching evening, and the narrow streets were already shrouded in twilight, more resembling night than day. Here and there were seen lights shining in the dwellings, and flitting along the large windows of the palaces, like *ignis fatui*. Marco still remained on the balcony, leaning his head upon his hand. The lower the veil of evening sank, the more his disquietude increased. At length, driven forth by the tumult of his feelings, he set out for the square of St. Mark. Here was a scene of noise and bustle scarcely to be described. Streams of people from all the streets which led into the wide square were wending their steps thither. Here carpenters were erecting the booths of the shop-people; yonder the tent-makers from Pavia were eagerly engaged in pitching roomy tents in rows. Others planted in the ground garlands and May-trees, and hung the latter with festoons. Sailors bore costly embroidered flags towards the harbor, and others were carrying baskets full of splendid flowers to ornament the galleys and gondolas of the rich. Here an active Armenian in his long dark dress, his head surmounted with the curious cap of his country, hastened through the crowd; yonder solemnly walked a Turk in front of his slaves, who carried heavy chests full of magnificent Oriental articles, which were destined on the festival of the morrow to catch the eyes of those inclined to buy, and empty their well-filled purses. Polish Jews, enticed from their rude homes into the far South by the love of lucre; cunning Greeks, attracted by the gain which was here to be found; tall Albanians and Dalmatians in their strange costumes, all bustled

about, lighted by the dazzling glare of innumerable torches. The crowd of human beings made a buzzing sound like swarms of thousands of bees, when suddenly the bells of St. Mark and St. Geminiano raised their time-honored tones, and the booming of the cannons from the harbor announced the Fiera dell' Ascensione, the espousal of the Doge with the sea. The two temples which crowned the square of St. Mark, St. Mark and St. Geminiano, were radiant with a thousand wax-lights. The mass of human beings separated, and while the Turk, with a face in which scorn and contempt were painted, turned to his booths and tents, the Christian bent his steps towards one of the two temples.

Greater and greater became the rush of the crowd in the direction of the churches. Hitherto, Marco Falieri had thoughtlessly gazed at the gay confusion, which to-day appeared to him more wonderful than ever, although he had so often witnessed it before. In his excited frame of mind, absorbed by his own feelings, he had not noticed the tumult which even in the square of St. Mark was occasioned by the coming festival of the following day. Without intending it, he was carried along by the stream of people into the Church of St. Mark, where, on the eve of so important a political and ecclesiastical festival, the vesper service was more solemnly performed than usual. As he surveyed the spacious splendidly-illuminated dome, as the harmonious music filled the capacious vault, like the murmuring of gentle waves, the discord that reigned in his heart gave place to a feeling of devotion, which elevated his soul beyond the limits of space and time. It seemed to him as if the spirit of his mother hovered round him, and wafted peace to his mind. His head sank upon his clasped hands, and thus he knelt praying until divine service was ended.

Darkness hovered over the square of St. Mark when he left the church. The crowd of laborers had given place to throngs of promenaders. Only here and there one caught the sound of a hammer. He made his way through the crowd, sauntered along the street by the Procuratori, and gained the canal! Numberless gondolas, illuminated by torches, were gliding backwards and

forwards. Marco slipped into one, which still lay fastened to the bank. Many of the gondoliers, in anticipation of the morrow's rich gain, had got drunk with Cyprus wine, and their wild shouts grated the more disagreeably on the ear, because they overpowered the melodious songs of others. Immediately before Marco's gondola glided another the same way down the canal, the brilliant light from which illumined the waters far and near, and was reflected back from them as if it had set them on fire.

Marco was too far away to be able to recognize the persons who sat in the gondola. He asked the gondolieri who were rowing him whose it was, and heard, not without emotion, that it must be Cornaro's gondola. He then ordered them to row faster, and overtake it, but, before they had gone any considerable distance, a piercing scream, loud oaths, and cries for help were heard. Marco was instantly seized with an agonizing fear. He shouted, ordered, scolded, besought, all in a breath. Quickly, and yet too slowly for him, the gondola now flew along, and at length reached the spot where the confusion was, and from whence the scream had proceeded. He beheld people anxiously searching by the light of the torches, and Lucio Cornaro fling himself into the water, while Giovanni Anafesto stood in a gondola, wringing his hands in despair, as he cried:

"Save, save the lady!"

Horror-struck at this cry, Marco felt a sort of choking, convulsive sensation in his throat, but though he had scarcely any breath left, he sprang quick as lightning into the canal, and with a powerful arm divided the engulfing waters. The swimmer speedily fancied that he beheld something beneath the water; he dived downwards, and grasped a silken garment. "Help! help!" cried he; "I have her! This way!"

The gondolieri were quickly on the spot, and Catharine was drawn out of the canal into the gondola, pale and stiff, with her eyes closed, looking the very picture of death.

She was immediately carried home, where remedies judiciously administered recalled her to life.

Old Cornaro, who had only just return-

ed from the signoria, rushed into the room in a state of great excitement and grief, just as Catharine opened her eyes. He knelt beside the couch on which she had been laid, and after returning thanks to the Almighty for having saved his child, he cried with increasing enthusiasm:

"Where is the preserver of my child, that I may press him to my heart?"

Lucio, who still stood by extremely pale, and in his dripping clothes, roused himself in an instant, seized Marco's hand, and, leading him to his father, said: "Behold him, father!"

The old man's eyes rested a second upon Marco's features, and immediately his brow knitted, his mouth assumed an expression of bitterness, and he slowly asked: "You—a Faleri—saved my child? Accept the thanks of an aged father!" He coldly shook his hand.

But Lucio's eyes flashed. "Come to my heart, brother!" cried he, and pressed him in his arms.

Catharine, who had observed her father's cutting coldness, and had now for the first time become aware who had saved her life, beckoned languidly for Lucio to bring him to her side. She took his hand, and tried to say in words what her eyes so eloquently expressed, but her voice refused to perform its office. The young man besought her not to fatigue herself by attempting to speak.

Giovanni stood near very pale, but from envy rather than from anxiety, for he saw the young girl's eyes fixed with an unmistakable expression of sincere love upon Marco, who had risked his own life to save hers; he silently cursed his own ill fate, and casting an angry glance at Marco, as he murmured in an under breath, "You shall atone to me for this!" he noiselessly withdrew.

Catharine soon fell into a gentle slumber, which promised to restore her strength more speedily than anything else. Every one now left the apartment, except Catharine's nurse and her other female attendants. Now that he was certain that his beloved was restored to life, and that all danger for her was past, Marco began to feel the effects of his own immersion, and to observe that his clothes were dripping wet.

Lucio saw him shiver. "Come, dear friend," cried he, when they had reached the ante-chamber to Catharine's apart-

ments, "come, and let us put on other clothes, that you and I may not catch cold!"

They went, and old Cornaro looked after the young men with eyes in which anger and annoyance clearly predominated, and he muttered: "Am I still to be doomed to be under obligations to that hated race?"

When they reached his chamber, Lucio again wrung the hand of his sister's deliverer. "Accept my sincere thanks, and may Heaven's blessing follow you!" exclaimed he. "Oh, forgive the coldness, Marco, with which my father thanked you; forgive it! It is the old hatred which still gnaws at his heart. Let us be united in friendship, that the affection of the children may atone for the hatred of the parents. Let mine and Catharine's love be a reward for your noble action!"

"Catharine's love? Oh, Lucio!" passionately exclaimed Marco, "do not repeat that word again; let not so blissful a delusion steal upon me, only afterwards to melt into empty nothingness, and then cast me still deeper into the abyss of despair!"

"Can you doubt, Marco? Believe me, I have gazed into the very depths of my sister's heart; your image alone have I seen reflected there. She is yours, Marco—yours, if I have to fight with hell itself, for she loves only you!"

The young men shook hands cordially, and the certainty of being beloved shed a feeling of unutterable bliss over Marco's soul.

"Is it true, Marco, what I hear?" asked the Doge, with a smiling countenance. "Have you really rescued Cornaro's daughter from death?"

"A strange chance, my father" —

"No, Marco," said his father, interrupting him, "do not call that chance which affords the opportunity to perform a noble action. Believe, rather, that the divinity, who directs every event which may lead to our moral improvement, supplies opportunities for these actions. But relate the accident to me."

"I was in St. Mark's church during the vesper mass," began Marco, "and after it had ended, I was rowing towards the Rialto, upon the broad canal, which was crowded with gondolas, when suddenly a cry for help struck my ear. I

ordered the boatmen to row faster, and just arrived at the spot to see Lucio spring into the water. I instantly jumped after him, and was so fortunate as to save his sister."

"But your clothes are not wet?"

"Lucio gave me other garments."

"So you were in Cornaro's palace? How did Antonio Cornaro behave?"

"He thanked me as coldly as if he had considered that my service would have been well rewarded by the gift of a zechino."

"Oh! with him the old hatred will continue to glow until it grows cold amidst the chills of death!" exclaimed the Doge. "Even when he is inclined to be friendly, his outward appearance resembles the earth around Vesuvius, which is richly covered with gay blossoms, while beneath fire is continually smouldering. You have rendered a service to an enemy, Marco, and I thank you for it; may Heaven reward you." He kissed his son's forehead. "But how did the misfortune happen?" he inquired further.

"I cannot exactly tell you, father. My gondolieri, however, informed me that Anafesto's gondola struck against Cornaro's, and Catharine, who, as Lucio relates, was leaning over the side, watching the reflection of the torches in the canal, lost her balance, and fell forward."

"And do you intend to go to Cornaro's again?" Marco was silent. "It might seem," continued the Doge, "as if you came to be thanked. Besides, to-morrow, during the solemn festival, you will have to remain at your father's side, therefore there will be neither time nor opportunity to do so. Go now, my son, see that you make proper preparations for to-morrow."

Marco withdrew. He fancied that his father had been moved while speaking to him. "Oh, perhaps, perhaps!" cried he, animated with hope. But he had not the courage to clothe in words that which his heart longed to add. Sleep flew from his eyelids. Ah, how rich this day had been in events, to all of which his thoughts and feelings gave but one direction. He had saved her he adored! She loved him; her brother himself had admitted it to him. Who could be happier than Marco?

Dublin University Magazine.

THE STYLE OF BALZAC AND THACKERAY.

TOWARDS the latter end of the year 1850, there died, in Paris, one who has exerted a more marked influence on modern French literature than any other man of his age, and whose influence has been indirectly reflected upon the literature of our own country. That man was Balzac, a writer not much read in England, save by the few studious obscure individuals who ransack the French literature for something more than the materials for an "original drama," or the perplexing incidents of a mysterious novel. That Balzac's works are not more generally known to the English public, is a mystery yet to be solved, and an error which we trust will be one day remedied; for those forty-five volumes which he left behind as a legacy to the literature of his country, under the title of *La Comedie Humaine*, contain a more subtle analysis of human life and passion, a more vivid picture of men and manners, than anything that has been transmitted to posterity by the pen of one single man since the days of Shakspeare. It has so often been objected by the English critic, that the French school of fiction is one of extravagant improbabilities and refined immorality, that the mere recommendation of a French novel is quite sufficient to excite the alarm, if not the indignation, of many worthy people of most approved principles, who, nevertheless, delight in the perusal of such novels as *Nobly False*, *Recommended to Mercy*, and a hundred others. This may have something to do with the ignorance of English readers of the treasures lying hidden in the *Comedie Humaine*; but although Balzac is not wholly free from the vices peculiar to French novelists, yet we may safely assert that there will be found in his works very little of that which some fastidious reader of a modern sensational novel would term "objectionable." Many of his works are wholly free from any trace of this dreaded taint; he is never coarse, never frivolous, and France may fairly meet all criticism on her school of fiction by pointing to her Balzac, who, with his caustic wit—more brilliant though less

bitter than that of Douglas Jerrold—his polished style, his keen perception of character, amounting almost to an instinct, has not only elevated the tone of her own romances, but has tinged, if not in a great measure formed, the style of one of the greatest novelists of England—the late lamented author of *Vanity Fair*.

Perhaps before endeavoring to compare the styles of Balzac and Thackeray it would be interesting to notice some one or two extraordinary coincidences in the careers of the two men.

As soon as he had attained his majority, Balzac, much against the advice of his parents, left home, and took up his abode in the renowned Quartier Latin, a region in Paris which has no parallel in any other European city. A Utopian republic of artists, law students, medical students, literary aspirants of all nations and tongues, living together on terms of perfect amity—a wild, jolly, reckless community, acknowledging no other law than its own unwritten code, whose enactments are suited to the temperaments of these gay Bohemians. Thither went Balzac; and in a garret, living upon a diet that would have starved an Edinburgh reviewer, he passed some two or three years of hard labor. Into this community, and at about the same age, Thackeray entered and acquired that love of artist life which, like Balzac, he has so pleasantly depicted and so frequently alluded to in many of his works.

After an ineffectual struggle to attain popularity as a writer, Balzac's father insisted upon his turning his attention to some more promising career, advanced him a considerable sum of money, and started him in business. At the age of twenty-seven he had failed in that business, lost all his money, and retired again into solitude a ruined man, to write vigorously for his livelihood. At about the same age Thackeray lost his fortune in an unsuccessful speculation; and after much previous *diletante* writing, began to sit to his desk in earnest, with the bravery of a brave man struggling against adversity. Balzac worked on steadily through a ten years' obscurity, patiently striving to attract public notice, when by one bold effort in the shape of the *Physiologie du Mariage* he reached the foremost rank of the writers of his

day, being then thirty-two. Thackeray, as his biography tells us, spent a similar ten years in almost ineffectual struggle, when, like Balzac, at one stroke, and by the issue of *Vanity Fair*, he attracted the attention of the literary world of England, and was thenceforth recognized as one of her first novelists, being at this time also about the age of thirty-seven. Twenty years of labor brought fame and fortune to both, and the parallel of their lives ran on to the end perfect; for they both suddenly fell victims to the same fatal malady—Balzac at fifty, and Thackeray at fifty-two, both enjoying the gentle shelter of an aged mother's love, and both honored, beloved, and lamented. A strange, most strange, parallel, scarcely to be found in the lives of any other two men in the literary history of any period.

We now advance to the investigation of the styles of these two great writers, and we must here premise a few observations concerning the material upon which they had to work. The heroic age must have gone out with what is called the dawn of civilization; for from that time we find heroes making way for merchants, troubadours for commercial travellers, and chivalry for policemen. Baronial halls retired before well-appointed mansions, retainers threw aside their jerkins of dull leather for a material of a softer nature and more brilliant hue; the even tenor of that romantic existence, interrupted occasionally by those tipsy brawls which formed the undercurrent of chivalry, was supplanted by the present gay, active, busy life, with its myriad of strange actors, and its multiplicity of conflicting and novel interests; an age of mighty achievements and mighty shams; an age adorned with dazzling splendor of much real wealth, and the thin electroplate of much genteel poverty; an age of boundless charities, tempered by work-houses; an age of good and evil; a broad checkered life, whose undulations are as varied as the aspects of nature, or the everchanging emotions of the human heart.

No two men could have appeared more fitted to stereotype the manners of such an age as this than Balzac and Thackeray. Without being dazzled by the glare or stunned by the noise of the world, they watched the scene narrowly, penetrated beneath the surface of social

life, and discovered the simple machinery by which it was all worked. They glided noiselessly through the gay masquerade with us, telling us strange stories, and occasionally lifting the mask of some passer by, when we saw what miserable padded wretches the blustering hectors of life often are; and as to the Venuses and Dianas, when we came close to them—and they had their masks off—we saw that so far from being goddesses, they were very ordinary people indeed. Consequently, instead of describing imaginary heroes and heroines, these keen observers of life have depicted men and women, not beautiful sculptured statues, but living objects—some far from being handsome, but all real, warm, palpitating, living. They forced their way through external appearances, through the elegant outworks of life, and dragged human nature to view in all its truthful and terrible reality. Both gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous, with a bright vein of satire, their pictures of life have a striking similitude; and in fine, in their opinions, their views, and their style of expressing them, there is a consistency and a likeness which may be best illustrated by a few comparisons.

Take the great secret of success as propounded by the two men. Balzac from bitter experience knew what was the fate of modest struggling worth, had doubtless often compared it with the rapid success of many a flourishing charlatan, and had come to the conclusion that success in life depends a great deal more on boldness and persistent energy than on actual merit: such is the nature of human admiration. He develops this theory in the *Peau de Chagrin*, where Rastignac, who is a gay man of the world, advises Raphael, the poor, patient, obscure student, as to the proper way of proceeding. He tells him that, instead of shutting himself up and laboring at his books, he should go into the world and accustom men to hear his name, to force himself upon their notice, indifferent about what they may think.

"Let us examine results," he says. "You only work. Well, you will gain nothing. As for me, I am ready for everything, and good at nothing, idle as possible; and yet I shall accomplish everything. I spread myself about; I push myself forward; people make room for me. I boast of myself; people believe me.

I create debts; people pay them off. A man's life is a speculation; he places his capital in friends, in pleasures, in protectors, and acquaintances."

The same theory is developed rather more fully in the following passage from *The Newcomes*:

"To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him, and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman, at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice Champagne and seltzer, cold pâté, or other of his or her favorite flesh-pot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper, whence hundreds of people come empty away."

The same theory, only more fully worked out and applied to a few instances. We shall endeavor to show presently in what points these two great students of human nature differed in their estimate of the female character; but as regards the female character in the personification of the mother-in-law, they are both heartily agreed.

In the *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*, one of the most amusing of Balzac's works, Adolphe is married, and like Clive Newcome, taken in charge by his mother-in-law. The scene is a drive into the country; the mother-in-law is seated with her daughter chatting about the excursion. Adolphe wishes to return home to dinner; the "*belle mère*" is anxious for a dinner *à la campagne*, and stimulates her daughter by saying: "After all, Adolphe is right—it is more economical to dine at home."

Incited by the word "economical," the wife begins to torment the husband, but to no purpose; and the "*belle mère*" completes the mischief by another stroke. "Never mind, Caroline, he will do as he pleases." Consequently, by the time they return, the wife is sulky, the husband cross, and the whole pleasure of the trip has been destroyed. He adds, "Nothing tries your patience more than being managed by your mother-in-law; she is a hypocrite, enchanted to see you at cross purposes with her daughter, and softly,

and with infinite precautions, she pours oil on the fire. . . . 'You must bear all these little things for the sake of a woman who is in such a delicate situation,' whispers your atrocious mother-in-law."

"In the evening you hear her consoling her daughter with these terrible words: 'Be calm; they are all selfish: your father was just the same.'"

Clive's mother-in-law—Mrs. Mackenzie the campaigner—is no better than the "*belle mère*" of Balzac. The reader will recollect the scene at Boulogne, where they try to separate the married people from that worthy lady. It was all but accomplished, but the weather was rough, "and he was pronounced a brute to venture on it with a wife in Rosey's situation."

"Behind that 'situation' the widow shielded herself. She clung to her adored child, and from that bulwark discharged abuse and satire at Clive and his father. . . . She averred that she might be reduced to beggary; that she might be robbed of her last farthing, and swindled and cheated; that she might see her daughter's fortune flung away by unprincipled adventurers, and her blessed child left without even the comforts of life; but desert her in such a situation she never would—no, never!"

The "atrocious mother-in-law" of Balzac, and "the campaigner" of Thackeray are alike in all their features, both continually throwing oil on the fire, and both invariably taking shelter behind the terrible "situation."

In his estimate of the female character, Thackeray is an instance of how a very wise and clever man may be led astray by a theme so full of subtle perplexities and mysterious contradictions as that mystery of mysteries, a woman's heart. Balzac himself humbly acknowledges the insuperable difficulties of the study, in his *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*, where he says: "To know them as I know them is to know very little about them; they do not know themselves; in fine, the Creator was deceived in the only one he had to govern, and whom he had taken the trouble to create." It has been objected that Thackeray never sketched a thoroughly good woman, whilst all his bad women are masterpieces. That he acknowledged the existence of really good women, and rev-

erenced them, there are plenty of evidences here and there in his works; that he could have sketched them had he chosen there cannot be the slightest question; that he has not sketched them so perfectly, so completely, as he has done their opposites is an artistic defect which has been justly reprov'd. His pictures of frivolous intriguing bad women are executed *con amore*, and with the greatest minuteness; so perfect and so faultless as works of art as to make it a matter of wonder that he who knew so thoroughly the weaknesses and follies of the female character, did not leave behind him, as a set-off to these terrible pictures, some embodiments of their virtues, some incarnations of self-sacrificing devotion, and unsullied purity, qualities which we feel sure no man was more able to recognize, or more ready to reverence than he. His bad women are executed, as we have already said, with artistic enthusiasm, whilst his good women seem to be sketched as it were by the hand of an unwilling workman. There are no artistic defects in his Becky Sharp, or his Baroness Bernstein; but two of his most prominent good women, Amelia Sedley and Ethel Newcome, are seriously defective, the one being a fool and the other a flirt. His virtue has the Rochefoucauld taint in it—it is worldly, politic, or proud. Mrs. Hobson Newcome, "consummate virtue," as she is called, is nevertheless mean, jealous, selfish, and even spiteful. That there is no absolute perfection in the world we all know, but that women are virtuous without being spiteful, intriguing, or stupid, is a fact of which every man in his own experience can find proofs if he will. There is no such defect in Balzac, he took a more complete estimate of the female character, his bad women and his good are sketched with equal justice, as anyone will acknowledge who reads his *Eugénie Grandet*, *Femme de Trente Ans*, or *Physiologie du Mariage*; so that we are driven to the conclusion, that he must have had a more thorough knowledge of the female heart, or was a better artist than his English compeer. In many other points their conclusions about women are strangely coincident. They have both given a most touching picture of the patience of women under domestic tyranny, which we shall extract, not only as a

comparison of their opinions, but also as an excellent specimen of the similarity of their styles, which may be seen by the most cursory examination.

In Balzac's *Lys dans la Vallée*, there occurs the following passage:

"What weakness! What impotence in human justice! It only avenges open acts. Why, on the one hand, should you punish with death and shame the murderer who slays at a stroke, who generally surprises you in slumber, and sends you to sleep for ever, or who strikes suddenly, and spares you the agony? And why, on the other hand, should you accord a life of happiness and esteem to the murderer who pours the gall drop by drop into the soul, and undermines the body to destroy it? Oh, the number of *unpunished murderers*! What complaisance for elegant vice! What acquittal for homicide caused by moral persecutions!"

"I have seen many such victims who are as well known to you as to me. Madame de Beauseante who went a few days before my departure to Normandy dying! The Duchess of Langeais compromised, Lady Brandon brought to Torraine, to die in that humble house where Lady Dudley staid for two weeks, and slain by what a horrible catastrophe! Our age is fertile in events of this nature. Who did not know that poor young lady who poisoned herself, overcome by the jealousy, which, perhaps, was killing Madame de Mortsauf? Who has not trembled at the destiny of that charming young girl, who, like a flower stung by a gadfly, perished after two years of married life, a victim to her own virtuous ignorance—victim of a miserable wretch, to whom Bonquerolles, Montriveau de Marsay give the hand of friendship, because it suits their political projects? Who has not palpitated at the recital of the last moments of that woman, whom no prayer could unbend, and who would not see her husband again, though she had so nobly paid off his debts?"

"The world and science are the accomplices of these crimes for which there is no court of justice. It seems that no one dies of chagrin, of despair, of hidden miseries, or of fruitless hopes. The new nomenclature has ingenious words to explain everything. Gastric fever, pericarditis, the thousand maladies of woman, serve as a passport for funerals, escorted by hypocritical tears, which the hand of the notary will soon dry up. Is there at the bottom of this unhappiness some law of which we have no cognizance? Is there in existence a strong, venomous life which battens upon gentle and tender creatures? Mon Dieu! do I then belong to a race of tigers?"

Compare this passage with the following, taken from *The Newcomes*:

"Do you know, gentle and unsuspecting neighbors, or have you ever reckoned, as you

have made your calculation of society, how many most respectable husbands help to kill their wives, how many respectable wives aid in sending their husbands to Hades? The wife of a chimney-sweep or a journeyman butcher comes shuddering before a police magistrate, her head bound up, her body scarred and bleeding with wounds which the drunken ruffian, her lord, has administered. A poor shopkeeper or mechanic is driven out of his home by the furious ill temper of the shrill virago his wife, takes to the public-house, to evil courses, to neglecting his business, to the gin bottle, to delirium tremens, to perdition. Bow-street, and policemen, and newspaper reporters, have cognizance and a certain jurisdiction of these vulgar matrimonial crimes; but in politer company how many *murderous assaults* are there by husband or wife, where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under blows quite as cruel and effectual—when, with old wounds yet unhealed, which she strives to hide under a smiling face from the world, she has to bear up and to be stricken down, and rise to her feet again under fresh strokes of torture? If you were acquainted with the history of every family in your street, don't you know that in two or three of the houses there such tragedies have been playing? Is not the young mistress of No. 20 already pining at her husband's desertion; the kind master of No. 30 racking his fevered brains, and toiling through sleepless nights, to pay for the jewels on his wife's neck and the carriage out of which she ogles Lothario in the Park? The fate under which man or woman falls—blow of brutal tyranny, heartless desertion, weight of domestic care too heavy to bear—are not blows such as these constantly striking people down?"

If the reader will only take the trouble to compare these two passages, he will perceive the strong likeness in the style of Thackeray to that of Balzac. The sentiment of the one passage is the exact counterpart of the other, with this single exception, that Balzac applied it only to the wife's sorrows, whilst Thackeray has, in addition, applied it to the husband's. But the marked peculiarities of Thackeray's style may be clearly traced in the passage of the French author. There is the same caustic vein of thought, suggesting the antithesis between the speedy punishment of open brutality and the impunity with which a victim may be crushed under a weight of moral brutality more ferocious, more fatal, but over which conventionality and refinement have thrown a veil, and of which justice takes no note; the same pointed personal

form of sentence, as if to drive the truth home into the heart of every reader: "Do you know?" "Have you calculated?" And then Balzac's: "Who has not known?" "Who has not trembled?" "Who has not palpitated?" The same vigorous application of the truth to actual instances, such as come within the observation of every one: the lady of No. 20 pining away at her husband's desertion; the kind master at No. 30 racking his brains, etc.; the poor young lady who poisoned herself under the secret tortures of jealousy; the outraged wife who nobly paid off her husband's debts, and yet would not see him in her last moments. Do not these marked similarities of idea—this harmony in the ring of their sentences—this family likeness in their conceptions and sentiments, illustrate the proposition we have set out with—that the sharp, caustic, profound genius of the author of *La Comédie Humaine* has exerted a powerful influence over the form of opinion, the cast of thought, and the peculiar ring or tone of style so characteristic in the author of *Vanity Fair*?

There is a passage in that well-known work, which bears upon the defect in the author's estimate of the character of a good woman alluded to. We shall have to quote the whole passage presently, but it is to the concluding sentence we call attention. He pays her a graceful compliment for her humility and devotion, her readiness to take the man's faults on her side and bear them, and then he deduces this unfortunate axiom: "It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them. They are born timid and tyrants; and maltreat those who are humblest before them." He will not let the good woman be good from principle; she must be terrified into humility, frightened into devotion; she must either be a bully or a martyr. Now, without meaning anything invidious, we should have thought that an Englishman's estimate of woman ought to be at least as high, if not higher, than that of a Frenchman; but Balzac, in all his works, has never insinuated such an unhappy solution of woman's tenderness as that. His theory is contained in one sentence in *Eugénie Grandet*—"Woman has this in common with angels, that suffering beings belong especially to

her." One idea seems to have struck both these writers forcibly—that in the sum total of the happiness of a life woman gets the lesser share. Compare the following passages. Balzac in *Eugénie Grandet*, says:

"In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. *To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman.*"

Thackeray recognizes the sentiment fully in *Vanity Fair*:

"Oh, you poor women! Oh, you poor secret martyrs and victims, whose life is a torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the drawing-room table! Every man who watches your pains, or peers into those dark places where the torture is administered to you, must pity you, and thank God that he has a beard."

Again—

"I know few things more affecting than that timorous debasement and self-humiliation of a woman. How she owns that it is she, and not the man, who is guilty! How she takes all the faults on her side! How she courts, in a manner, punishment for the wrongs which she has not committed, and persists in shielding the real culprit! It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them. They are born timid and tyrants," etc.

Then, when speaking of the ease with which women hide their feelings, their patience as compared with that of men, Thackeray says in *The Newcomes*:

"*To coax, to flatter, and befool some one is every woman's business*; she is none if she declines this office. But men are not provided with such powers of humbug or endurance. They perish and pine away miserably when bored, or they shrink off to the club or the public-house for comfort."

The refined cruelty which women sometimes practice upon each other has been touched upon by our two authors in passages which have the same marked likeness of thought and style. In the *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*

there is an amusing description of a little matrimonial incident, the truth of which, probably, the experience of most married readers will confirm. Madame Adolphe and her husband are going to a ball. Infinite pains have been spent on Madame, and at last she is ready:

"The carriage is brought up. All the house watches Madame as she goes out. She is the masterpiece in which they have all had a hand, and they all admire her as the production of their common labors. Your wife sets out intoxicated with herself, and not very well pleased with you. She marches to the ball gloriously, like a cherished picture finally touched up in the atelier, caressed by the painter, and at last sent to the exhibition in the vast bazaar of the Louvre. Your wife finds, alas! fifty women present more beautiful than she; they have invented toilettes of an enormous price, more or less original, and there happens for the feminine masterpiece what happens to the work of art at the Louvre—your wife's dress pales by the side of one very similar, but whose more brilliant color extinguishes it. Caroline is nothing; she is scarcely noticed. When there are sixty handsome women in a drawing-room the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes something very ordinary. The little stratagem of her smile, usually so perfect, is not appreciated amongst the grand expressions of bold and haughty ladies. She is extinguished. She is not even invited to dance. She tries to smile—to look pleased; but as she is not pleased, she hears people saying: 'Madame Adolphe is not very good-looking.' Other women hypocritically ask her if she is in pain—why she does not dance. *They have a repertoire of malicious expressions, covered with good-nature, and plated with kindness enough to damn a saint, to drive an ape serious, and to chill a demon.*"

In *Vanity Fair* we have an instance of the good-natured malice in the ball scene, where Becky Sharp, or rather Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, flirts with Mr. George Osborne, and then cruelly teases poor Mrs. George, who is suffering all the pangs of jealousy. She thus operates upon her victim:

"For God's sake, stop him from gambling or he will ruin himself. Why don't you come to us of an evening, instead of moping at home with that Captain Dobbin. I dare say he is *très-aimable*; but how could one love a man with feet of such a size? Your husband's feet are darlings. Here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Are you coming to fetch me for the quadrille? And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's

side and tripped off with George to dance. Women only know how to wound so. *There is poison on the tips of their little shafts which stings a thousand times more than a man's blunter weapon.* Our poor Emmy, who never hated, never sneered all her life, was powerless in the hands of her remorseless little enemy."

Again, in the same book, where Becky goes up stairs amongst the great ladies after the dinner at Gaunt House:

"As they say the persons who hate Irishmen most are Irishmen, so assuredly the greatest tyrants over women are women. When poor little Becky, alone with the ladies, went up to the fireplace whither the great ladies had repaired, the great ladies marched away and took possession of a table of drawings. When Becky followed them to the table of drawings, they dropped off one by one to the fire again. She tried to speak to one of the children, but Master George Gaunt was called away by his mamma; and the stranger was treated with such cruelty finally, that even Lady Steyne herself pitied her."

One more quotation and we have done. It is a portion of a letter written by a lady in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, to a young gentleman on his entering life, and contains advice so valuable that it would well repay the study of the French language to read and master it. The reader will recognize in it that spirit of worldly wisdom which characterized the homilies of Major Pendennis. After touching on nearly all the topics which would concern a youth just going into society, she says:

"I now come to a grave question: your conduct amongst women. In the drawing-rooms where you are going take for your principle not to waste yourself in coquetry. One of the most successful men of the last century was accustomed never to occupy himself with more than one person during the same evening, and always to attach himself to those who appeared neglected. That man, my dear child, was the master-spirit of his age. Most young men thus waste their precious fortune—the time necessary to create relationships which form one half of social life. As they please by themselves, they have very little to do to attach others to their interests, but this spring-time is rapid. Learn to employ it well. Cultivate influential women. Influential women are elderly women; they will teach you the alliances, the secrets of all families, and the shortest roads to success. They will be yours heartily. Protection is their last love—they will serve you marvellously, they will talk about you and

make you desirable. Flee from young women! The woman of fifty years of age will do everything for you, the woman of twenty nothing; the one will demand all your life, the other only a moment's attention. Joke and be agreeable with young girls if you will, they are incapable of a serious thought, my friend; they are egotistical, little, without real friendship, they only love themselves, they will sacrifice you to the first success. Besides they all demand devotion, and your situation requires it towards yourself—two irreconcilable pretensions. None of them will enter into your interests—they will think of themselves not of you; they will injure you more by their vanity than they will serve you by their attachment; they will devour your time without scruple, will cause you to spend your fortune, will destroy you with the best grace in the world. If you complain, the most foolish among them will prove to you that her glove is worth the whole world—that nothing is more glorious than to serve her. You know not with what perfidious art they will convert a passing taste into a love which commences on earth and should continue in heaven. The day when they will quit you they will tell you that the dictum 'I love no longer' justifies their abandoning you, just as that of 'I love' excuses their passion—that love is involuntary. Absurd! Believe me, true love is eternal, infinite, always true to itself; it is equable, pure, without violent demonstration; it may be seen in gray hairs always young in heart. None of these things are to be found in a worldly woman. She will interest you in her griefs, she will appear the gentlest and least exacting of women, but when it becomes necessary she will domineer over you slowly, and make you do her wishes. You will want to be a diplomatist—to go and come—to study men, interests, and countries. No, you must remain at Paris with her; she will tie you to her apron, and the more devotion you show the more ungrateful she will be. You will sink some day, but she will float over you. The least intriguing woman has infinite stratagems; the most imbecile, triumphs by the little suspicion she excites; the least dangerous would be the one who would love you without knowing why, would quit you without motive, and resume you from vanity. Both will destroy you in the present and the future."

The last peculiarity we shall notice observable in both writers is this, the connection which is maintained between the characters of all their works—a sort of family continuation. Beatrice Esmond turns up afterwards as Baroness Bernstein. Young Pendennis reappears in *The Newcomes*; the Major is alluded to; so is Warrington. In Balzac the Nu-

cingens, Rastignac, Bixiou, De Marsay, Madame Fichtaminel, the Deschars, reappear continually in the working out of other plots.

Many additional passages might have been selected, but we think these will suffice to show how much the style of Thackeray was influenced by that of Balzac.

We have adverted to the defect in Thackeray's delineation of women, it is but just that we should pay our humble tribute to his delineations of men. They are masterpieces without a fault, whether in the polished villany of a Steyne, the contemptible meanness of Sir Barnes, the sterling friendship of a Warrington, or the chivalrous kindness and patient resignation of a Colonel Newcome. No one but a man endowed with all the spirit of a Christian and the instincts of a gentleman could have sketched such a character as that. As regards the style—the vehicle of thought so peculiar to these two great writers, it might perhaps be traced to other sources; it seems to combine the quaintness of Sterne with the sharpness of Swift, and to be tinged with some of that merciless satire and refined cynicism to be found in the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. It is a style which has many excellences and many defects; it has all the point of epigram and the brilliancy of antithesis; it is elaborate and minute to a fault; in description or analysis it exhausts everything, the most trivial object, the most transient feeling; it is the pre-Raphaelism of composition; its ethics are based upon that sad but unquestionable doctrine, the depravity of the human heart; it traces man's actions, even some of the best, to a hidden feeling of self-interest, sometimes palpably clear, at others almost unconscious; it is a terrible enemy to the elegant hypocrisies of life, and makes sad havoc amongst our most cherished deceptions; it admits the existence of good, but often qualifies it by motives of policy. We are at first inclined to be angry with its bitterness; but in the end we are compelled to weep over its truth. A terrible power! In the hands of a wise benevolent man, like him who has just relinquished it, an instrument of much good; but in the hands of a man of equal perception but less generosity, a pestilence and a scourge.

Saturday Review.

JOHN LEECH.

It would be only pedantry to compare the late and lamented John Leech either with his contemporaries or his predecessors as a caricaturist. A caricaturist he was not; and if he is to be reduced to a single type, Hogarth is the only artist—and Hogarth only partially—to whom he can be at all likened. Chronologically, of course, Leech stood in legitimate succession as the representative humorist of the day, in that series which comprises the names of Bunbury, Gilray, Rowlandson, H. B., and George Cruikshank. But the range of each and of all these artists was confined, and their aim comparatively narrow. Bunbury attached himself to fashionable life, but he was a mere caricaturist, or distortionist. Gilray, with wonderful fertility of invention, chiefly occupied himself with politics. He was a partisan, and a coarse one. Occasionally he almost hit the sublime, as in the *Worship of the Sans Culotte Deity*; but he must have been a man of fiery temperament and strong passions. Rowlandson, who was a real artist when he chose, must have been a man of nasty ideas—so coarse, so swinish, so bestial are his subjects. And if he satirized the worst animal passions, it was not without a sneaking sympathy with them. H. B. confined himself, we believe, to political portraits, which were not deficient in character; but they were cold, and the wit usually required a scholiast. Cruikshank, though a genius of the first rank, and of wonderful fertility in invention, and unrivalled in subjects of *diablerie* and grim fancy, is absolutely without a sense of beauty. It has been reserved for Leech to pour out in unabated succession for more than twenty years, week after week, works of real art, which are certainly not caricatures, but rather humorous pictures, illustrating the actual life of the times, its political and social facts, with a precision and versatility and originality—and, above all, with a real moral goodness—which presents a new chapter in the history of the pencil. Hogarth's aim, it must be admitted, was much the same; and he had the unapproachable merit of originating a new function for art. He brought art home to living

men by showing it concerned with living life—with the vices, follies, and facts of the times as they were. The "Enraged Musician" might have been one of Leech's own subjects; "Beer Lane" and "Gin Alley" might appear in next week's *Punch*; and if Hogarth's chief fame depends upon his two great pictorial epics, it is only by reason of a change in taste that Leech was precluded from scourging the Fast Life of our own days with the vigor of the immortal painter of the Georgian Rakes and Harlots. Hogarth attacked sin rather than folly; while Leech confined himself to the pettinesses and weaknesses of mankind. At any rate it is something to be proud of that neither our Hogarth nor our Leech prostituted their gifts by the sort of apotheosis of the *demi-monde* and loretism which forms the main attraction of the *Charivari*. Leech, however, had advantages which were denied to Hogarth. The brush or the etching-needle were Hogarth's only tools; wood-cutting is to a prolific draughtsman what the railway is to the traveller.

Leech's works divide themselves naturally into two great groups—the political and the social "pencilings," as he thought proper, and with all modesty, to call them. Political epigrams with the pencil were impossible in Hogarth's days. There was not a congregation for the pictorial preacher to address. Nor are we aware that the thing itself was in Hogarth's way. Besides which, the weekly epigram on *Punch's* full page only epitomizes the *Times's* article of the week. It compresses, as with an hydraulic power, the floating sentiment of the day—presents it with admirable point, and in the neatest and most memorable shape. But Leech, as a politician, is hardly ever original. He only claims to reflect and to represent the general public judgment on men and things. Hence there is a certain timidity in his obsequious following suit to the popular voice. At the time of the Papal aggression he was a strong anti-Catholic; but as the popular fanaticism began to cool, he ventured on one of his most memorable hits—Lord John chalking up No Popery and then running away. If all the world had not agreed that the same Lord John's official powers were limited, we should not have had

the Page who was "not strong enough for the place." Had not a gust of gossip surmised that Lord Brougham was, some twenty years ago, intriguing for place, we should not have had to laugh at that most comic of sketches, the ex-Chancellor as the Merryman in the Circus, ready "for to come, for to go, for to fetch, for to carry." But to say this is no disparagement to Leech. He secures impersonality by the palpable abeyance of his own private views. Gilray dashed and daubed under the inspiration of strong personal feelings, in his fierce attacks on the French Revolution. But Leech gains in force and impressiveness by merging the man in the chronicler. His commentaries on public things are party commentaries, but they do not affect to be his own. They are the current interpretation of regular politicians; they only claim to represent with point and definiteness the judgment, on public men and public events, of at least half the nation. And this has its value—the value, that is, of all contemporary judgments, with their incompleteness, their rapidity, their one-sidedness, their inexactness. To the Macaulay that is to be, a volume of *Punch's* political "pencilings" will stand him in good stead for a file of the *Times*. But in one thing Leech must be credited with personal merits of no slight character in his political sketches. Personal in one sense he must be, but in other he is not. It is always open to the political satirist to treat his subject in the spirit of the early *John Bull* and the manner of Theodore Hook. This is what Leech never did. Private character was to him a sacred territory. He never listened at keyholes, or subsidized butlers and lady's-maids for the barb of his epigrams. And if it should be said that the taste of our own days would not bear the revival of the *Age* and *Satirist*, it may be owing to such as Leech that the *Age* and *Satirist* are nowadays impossible.

After all, however, it was not by his political satire that Leech made himself a personal friend and intimate of all English circles. He was one of ourselves. He entered into our common domestic life, with all its little funny affectations, its grotesqueness, its foibles, its weakness, and its strength. Leech shot folly as it flies; but he was never bitter, sel-

dom cynical. He was not a mere Thackeray, with a theory of life that we all have a dark cupboard, that there is a spectre always hovering over the hearth, and some vice or crime that we dare hardly to confess to ourselves. Leech had all the human sympathies; a sense of the beauties of nature, both in men and in the external world; a certain confidence in his kind, and a large sympathy with the great humanities. It was not, as in Thackeray's case, that the satirist took a solitary foible or a pettiness and expanded it into the representative of a class. Leech really did assume the class and then limn the individual. He was rather the Theophrastus than the Timon of Art. He could not, even had he been capable of writing, have invented a Becky Sharp; but it is no disparagement to Thackeray to say that he could not have imagined Leech's Mr. Briggs, or his ideal "servant-gal," or his superb flunkys, or his schoolboys, so fearful and wonderful in their immature insolence, and in a wisdom of impertinence which nearly reaches the sublime. Nor must it be forgotten how wide was the range of Leech's keen observation. In the hunting-field, at the watering place, on the river bank, in the drawing-room, in London streets, on the solitary moor, at home or abroad, far out at sea, in the next garret, sumptuous or squalid, high or low—it mattered not what was his subject, he was always at home. And somehow or other, one never thought worse of one's kind even in their absurdities and vanities and oddities, after they had been quizzed by Leech. He always contrived to leave some subtle trace of sympathy with the objects of his pencil. He wielded only summer lightning, which played genially round its subject, but seldom scorched it. His victims, if they may be called victims, never became disagreeable or offensive. Once, and once only, if we remember right, he put forth his full strength when he drew a hideous and almost awful group of French prostitutes—the foreigners whom we could well spare; but somehow there seemed to be hardly enough of sincerity in the public mind to be grateful for, or to appreciate, this sterner stuff. It was not understood, and Leech never ventured again out of the region of the playful and sportive.

It was in him to have been a Crabbe or a Swift; public taste compelled him to be elegant rather than austere. No doubt he was, in some class-portraits, monotonous. His girls, fresh, honest, pretty, and unintellectual, are true to fact, but, as a class—which perhaps makes them more true to fact—they are slightly tiresome. Yet there was always heart in them; their ankles might be impossible, but they represented the right stuff out of which wives and mothers are to be made.

In all this we have been, however slightly and superficially, only touching on the moral characteristics of Leech as an illustrator of extant English life. But it must not be forgotten that he was really a very great artist. It may be that his artistic versatility is to be traced to the circumstance that he was not regularly trained to art as Hogarth was. It may sound something like treason to the received canons if we say that Hogarth's professional training, slight as it was, cramped his genius. Leech, at any rate, by trying all branches of art, found the vast range of his powers. We are not aware that Hogarth ever went beyond character-drawing and expression by the human figure. Of landscape he seems to have known little. But Leech was equally at home when he had to hint the subtle sense, the mixed motive, the suppressed emotion, the unspoken witticism in his Peels or his Cobdens, his O'Connells or his Disraelis, or when he had to convey the vastness of immeasurable stretches of ocean, or the depths of a wood, or the lengthening distance of miles after miles of flat inland scenery by a few but masterly lines of the mere lead pencil. Nor was his art at all the less accurate because he occasionally reached even to something of Turner's sense of space. His horses are as well defined, and bear witness to as careful study, and as well satisfy the skilful in horse flesh and horse points, as those of Alken; and in accuracy of drawing he was not inferior to the more legitimate disciples of the historical schools. The only wonder is how any man, compelled or induced to be so prolific, could find time for his largeness and versatility of study; and it could only have been by the hardest work that he so seldom repeated himself, and was

for so many years a genial student of life, and its conceits and follies, its strength and weakness. But his soul and strength were in his work, and it has been given to few with the same loving heart to feel, and with the same easy hand to transcribe, the powers of scenery, the mountain and flood, the deep squelchy ploughed fields, the blackness of night, the curl of the breaking sea, or the dullness of the moor. Of course he paid the penalty for all this hard work. Nobody can work week after week, and year after year, without intermission, and not suffer loss of the substance of life. Leech, it seems, was—or he could never have done what he did—susceptible, delicately organized, impatient of the little worries of life. He fell an early victim to overwork. His powers never failed; they seldom do in the case of a lover of work, and a conscientious high-minded character. His invention did not wax feeble, nor did his facility degenerate into mannerism and vapid iteration. But he sacrificed life for the means of life or at least for the work of life. If he had taken a six months' holiday, he might have lived to a riper age; and though it may be an exaggeration to say that he was killed by the detestable organ-grinders, it is not too much to say that he was worked to death, and that, to a man in his excitable and probably morbid state, organ-grinding, or any other petty misery of human life dwelt upon and acutely realized, accelerated the crisis which only rest could have averted.

Edinburgh Review.

FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL NOVELS.*

THE principal characters in these novels are interdicted priests: the lives of two men at variance with the hierarchy to which they belonged, and finally proscribed by its power, furnish the Abbé * * * with many scenes and combinations new as yet in fiction. In presenting these views of French society and French clerical life, he necessarily dwells more on the dark than on the bright side

of his subject. No class of men are more miserable than interdicted priests, and were a new Dante to describe the circles of our social Inferno, a special place must be reserved in it for the outcasts of the church. With sorrow he it said that their number is considerable in every Catholic country, though the Abbé * * * naturally confines his observations to the French priesthood, whose ruined members congregate for the most part in Paris. These men, deprived of their spiritual functions by absolute authority, are incapacitated from resuming their civil character and existence, and they have to seek in the capital for the bare means of subsistence which are too often denied to them. They are Pariahs even in French society. The descent to this Limbo may be rapid, but many paths lead to the edge of the abyss. Some priests are ruined by flagrant acts of misconduct, some by breaches of ecclesiastical discipline; some have despised things which the church delights to honor; others have held opinions which the church has agreed to condemn. But if the guilty suffer for their misdeeds, innocent victims are also to be found who can blame others and not themselves for their reverses, and say that "an enemy hath done this." For them, however, as for their compeers, there is no redress; their persons are insignificant, their means slender, their position equivocal, and their advocates few; and it may easily be imagined with what concentrated hatred men so circumstanced will regard the power which has thrust them out into the wilderness.

That hatred has at last found a tongue; those wrongs have at last found an expositor; that class has at last found an apologist, and one so ardent that it is almost impossible not to believe that he has himself come into the same condemnation. Men learn in suffering what they teach in song, and it appeared as if it were "out of the depths" that this voice cried, so loud and so strident, so wild in its cadences, as hoarse with anger and with pain, it has stirred the whole of Catholic Europe. The name of the author of *Le Maudit* was instantly demanded; but that name has been as studiously withheld, neither taunts nor sympathy, neither praise nor blame, having as yet tempted him to reveal it. How

* *Le Maudit*. Par l'Abbé * * *. Three vols. 8vo. Paris, 1863.

La Religieuse. Par l'Abbé * * *. Two vols. 8vo. Paris, 1864.

long will the mystery last? Literary secrets are seldom well kept. The author of the Waverley novels did not even wait till all his tales were told, before he ceased to be to the public *vox et præterea nihil*; the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell did not long conceal the three daughters of the rector of Haworth; "Owen Meredith" can hardly be said to be a *nom de plume*, so flimsy is the mask its owner wears; that of "George Eliot" ceased to be impenetrable when *Adam Bede* had made another lady-novelist famous; and Junius alone remains, the riddle of our century as of his own. The Abbé * * * can hardly flatter himself that he is to be a second Junius; the singularity of that exception, the narrow limits within which the doubt lies, the very near certainty which was arrived at in that solitary instance, ought not to encourage any satirist to hope that notoriety and secrecy can at once be his portion; and if the system of religious *espionnage* be as perfect in France as the abbé represents it to be, it is almost incredible that such a book should have been written by a priest still in the exercise of his charge.

That it is not the work of a layman we think we may take on us to aver; for its merits and still more its faults would seem to show that it has not a lay origin. Its enemies themselves found their position untenable when they at first contended that only a secular person could and would have written it, and in the preface to the *Réligieuse* the "orders" of the writer are placed beyond a doubt. The next resource was to declare that it was written by a "Maudit," and that its doctrines were only less scandalous than the life of the writer, prelates and presbyters darkly hinting as they thus spoke that they could, if they chose, supply the name which the abbé had left blank. Here the Ultramontane party had the public with them, at least in some degree; and in this country, while we read and wondered, we also applauded, in some measure, the nameless abbé, settling in our minds that he was indeed some priest under the ban, whose life might have been blameless, but whose opinions and fate corresponded with those of the Abbé Julio. But what are we to think of his distinct denial given to this hypothesis in the preface to *La Religieuse*, a

hastily written sequel to the first book; in which he declares, not only that he is not an interdicted priest, but that no such person has had anything to do with *Le Maudit*? In what diocese, then, does he reside, this over-bold abbé, who has employed his leisure in the composition of such pages—or rather where has he suffered who has so suddenly begun to complain? Who have been his associates? Has he never espoused, in deed as well as word, the cause of those who were ready to perish? Has no hint escaped him till now of the opinions he entertains, of the love he bears to his church, of the scorn with which he regards the tools, and the pity with which he yearns over the victims, of spiritual tyranny? He must have lived with men and for men to have learned so much, and he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits if no sign of passion or of power has escaped him till now. Is he not an object of suspicion to his superiors? Has he never whispered ere this in the ear of bishops, vicars-general and preaching-friars, "*e pur si nuove!*"? Does he preach down the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of the saints, and exalt faith, hope, and charity, sobriety and order, as virtues transcending the macerations and ecstatic visions of the cloister? Does he confess his penitents as Julio confessed Thérèse? Does he feed his flock as Julio led his at St. Aventin, and is he not thus known to many, at once hated and beloved? In short, if *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* are truly the work of a priest as yet unsuspended, it is by something little short of a miracle that he has not been identified long ago. It is almost incredible that he should not have been betrayed by accident or by surprise, or have been discovered by a servant, and denounced by a petty official, a jealous neighbor, a suspicious diocesan, or a watchful spy.

But while he preserves his incognito, his books obtain a daily increasing celebrity, and his crime assumes, we may be sure, an ever deeper dye in the eyes of an offended hierarchy. The three volumes of *Le Maudit*, with their unusual bulk, their ill-omened name, and *sambénito* binding, seemed an insulting satire on the whole spiritual machinery of France. Ultramontanism, monachism, and sacerdotalism, all have been attacked,

and the gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up without delay.

While the literary world exhausted itself in conjectures as to the authorship of the book, and it was ascribed, now to M. Renan, now to the Abbé Guetté, and then to M. Louis Ulbach, only to be disclaimed by them all, the church proceeded to angry and spasmodic action. *Le Maudit* (become, as its compiler ironically observes, far more obnoxious than Renan's *Vie de Jésus*) was denounced from a thousand pulpits; a bishop threatened to suspend every one of his clergy who read it, reserving the intellectual feast for his own stronger digestion; and a cardinal archbishop stigmatized it in the French Senate as one of the most fearful scandals of our age. The civil authorities were requested to take cognizance of an outrage upon laws imperial and divine, while the spiritual directors of families strove to banish it from the libraries of the faithful, and absolution was refused in one diocese to all who should open its polluted and polluting pages.

Yet the thunders and anathemas of priests have not diminished the sale of *Le Maudit*; on the contrary, as in the case of some recent theological works in our own country, a different result has been attained, and for the last ten months the interest excited in France by the sufferings of a freethinking abbé is scarcely inferior to that which M. Victor Hugo kindled in behalf of his philanthropic felons.

The unknown author assures the public in a pithy preface that he expected such a reception. This tale was not written, he says, *not* to be read; and he adds that though he is aware that a fanatical camarilla will be horrified by his book, which is neither a history nor yet a political thesis, and which lays no claims to being a work of art, yet he believes that religious and impartial men will have the courage to admit that he serves rather than injures that holy cause which is already compromised by too many pens. So true is this assertion that its truth is the main cause of the present excitement. *Le Maudit*, unlike M. Eugène Sue's voluminous novel, *Le Juif Errant*, is not a profane work; on the contrary, its spirit is religious, and its language is always deeply respectful to-

ward the essentials of revealed religion, the true province of faith, and the characters of single minded and pious persons. But, on the other hand, the writer has spared no class, and favors no denomination. He has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty, and without independence of thought; abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the church do not come out of the picture in more favorable colors. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocesans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the reverend fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional £1600 a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this the sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in *Le Maudit*, with the more disgusting episode of the Carmelite Confessor, in *La Religieuse*, and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the church. As they accuse him of having written for a speculation, it is interesting to hear the reasons he gives for having chosen the novel as his vehicle. Had he written a treatise, it might have made an ecclesiastical scandal, though not one to any extent. This reformer wished to popularize his subject, almost to dramatize it, and to make the truth live before the eyes of multitudes. He had another object besides publicity or literary success. In advocating reform he pleads it is the interest of the laity as much as of the clergy; that Christianity, as distinct from theology, mysticism, or formalism, must leave the laity, if it is to maintain its hold on society; and he demonstrates that a superstitious, greedy, narrow-minded clergy, by their ignorant teaching and ignoble lives, have done and are doing more harm to the faith

than a whole century of infidelity, be its teachers Voltaire, Comte, Renan, or About.

A new world without religion will, he believes, be the result, if religious liberty is to be long sacrificed to sacerdotal power, and Christianity kept in the swaddling bands of mediæval Catholicism, too mystical and unreal to meet the exigencies of an age which must be fed with more living food, if faith is to be preserved in the earth. Religious decline will be inseparable, he shows, from moral and social ruin; and

"With such a prospect before us, others may allow theories the most fatal to humanity and the church to be propagated in the world, and be unable, through indifference or weariness of spirit, to meet them with one vigorous protest; but I have not this failing of silence. Had I only faith as a grain of mustard-seed in humanity and in the church, two things which I love with the like love (unless, indeed, it would be better to say at once, with St. Augustine, that they are one and the same thing), that faith, I say, would oblige me again to take my post as an observant sentinel, and again to sound that cry of alarm which has startled so many noble minds."

Just such a watchman was Julio de la Clavière, the curé of St. Aventin, whose career we must follow from his ordination to his death; for some knowledge of the story is requisite before we can appreciate the argument of this curious book.

The scene is laid in Southern France, in the archiepiscopal city of T—— (evidently Toulouse), where an elderly lady, Madame de la Clavière, drags out her days, the victim rather than the dupe of the Jesuits, who have persuaded her to bequeath her money and estates to their society instead of to the Abbé Julio, her nephew, and his sister Louise, her niece and ward. Julio has just taken orders, but he is already suspected by the reverend fathers; his character is frank and independent, and so impatient of deception in all its shapes that they have failed in their endeavors to win him to their order. He becomes more and more unpopular, as it appears that he is a man unlikely to allow himself and his sister to be robbed with impunity. His manners are so pleasing, and his talents so remarkable, that he is soon recommended to the notice of his metropolitan; he

becomes private secretary to the prelate, and would soon have been one of the leading men of T——, had not a stroke of apoplexy removed a patron whose opinion of the Jesuits coincided with his own. The dying archbishop made Julio the depositary not only of his confession of sins, but of his confession of faith, and the young abbé, by publishing this document and becoming, so to say, its sponsor, ruined himself forever in the estimation of the Company of Jesus. He refuses to withdraw the book; it is published and has an extraordinary circulation, and the Jesuits can only revenge themselves by banishing the editor from the household of the new archbishop, and by causing him to be appointed to a very unimportant cure. But here Julio shines as a preacher, and dissuades a young heiress from taking the veil, against the wishes of her parents and at the instigation of the priests. Emboldened by this step, he holds conferences and preaches animated sermons, not only against monastic life, but against the celibacy of the clergy; he denounces the vices of a licentious youth, but proclaims that their correctives are not the vows of the cloister, but the claims of women to be loved and respected as the friends, the partners, and the civilizers of man's life. For promulgating such doctrine as this, he is reprimanded, and being translated to a distant living in the Pyrenees, spends some years at St. Aventin. There his troubles soon recommence. The young parish priest has not been long settled in his new charge before an accident makes him privy to a liaison between a neighboring curate and a beautiful parishioner. Julio's intervention prevents the ruin of Thérèse and the fall of Loubaire; he makes two fast friends for himself, but also lays the foundation of many scandalous reports, and of a disagreeable "inquiry" which the Jesuits oblige his metropolitan to institute into the circumstances of Thérèse's flight and appearance at St. Aventin. This first disaster had some tragical elements in it, and we shall see that it exercised a permanent result, not only on Julio's life, but upon the religious interests he had at heart.

His next adventure had a comical aspect. A Capuchin friar arrives to preach the month of Mary, and to warm the

hearts of the villagers towards the saints, and other intercessors acknowledged by the church. Julio cannot conceal his amusement at the sermons of the monk, and the Père Basile is equally scandalized at the tone of Julio's teaching, which savored of common sense and of the essential truths of revealed religion. The Père Basile, once on the scent, discovers much amiss in the parish, and a devout but ill-natured old lady of the flock has very curious tales to tell him of Julio's life, pursuits, and opinions. To crown all, the friar and the Mère Judas proclaim a miracle, and Julio endeavors from the first to hush up the affair. St. Joseph is supposed to have appeared to a pretty hysterical *protégée* of this over-pious pair. Père Basile maintains that St. Aventin is as likely as La Salette to be the scene of such a manifestation. Julio, apprehending that St. Joseph was as unlikely to appear in the one place as the Madonna in the other, declares that it is a case for exhibiting the mineral tonics, and prescribes quiet for the mind in great danger of becoming permanently diseased. The matter is carried before the higher powers and Julio's diocesan is worked on by the Jesuits to acknowledge the miracle, and reprimand the incredulous priest.

Meantime Julio has other occupation for his thoughts. His aunt, Madame de la Clavière, is dead, and he finds, as he had already suspected, that he and Louise are to inherit nothing but a small annuity out of her fortune, M. Tournichon, a notary of the town, being her sole legatee. This man is a creature of the Jesuits, and is to hand over to them a property which could not have been left to them as a religious corporation; thus the worldly goods of the Dowager de la Clavière assist in building a new college for the society in the city of T—.

Julio determines to dispute the will, and his counsel is no less a person than M. Auguste Verdelon, once a seminarist, now a rising barrister, and an attached friend of his family. M. Verdelon had found, before taking orders, that the yoke of the church was too heavy, both in matters practical and theoretical, and he had slipped the burden from his neck before it was too late. Had he not done so, he would have found his way into the ranks of the "*Maudits*" in far less

time than the Abbé Julio, since he had less faith, less patience, less unselfishness, and more ambition. He is attached to Louise de la Clavière, but, being poor himself, cannot marry her unless she can recover the inheritance due to her from her late aunt. Any reader of novels will understand how exciting is this *cause célèbre*: Julio de la Clavière, for himself and sister, against the Company of Jesus and their stalking horse the legatee Tournichon. The whole town is in a ferment. A friendly manager fans the flames by putting the play of the "*Juif Errant*" on the boards of his theatre. Rodin, the arch-schemer of that piece, is hissed; the robbed and maltreated heroines are applauded—the papers, both of T— and of the provinces, are full of the cause, and on the following day the trial opens. Verdelon delivers an able and pointed address; but the Jesuits are too strong for the orphans of La Clavière; they have suborned the old servant Madelette, the most important of the witnesses; the case is lost, and the verdict given against Julio. The Père Briffard, confessor to the deceased lady of La Clavière, receives the thanks and congratulations of his society, and Julio returns to the tears of Louise and the silence of his parsonage. Verdelon soon afterwards marries a richer wife.

Julio determines, however, not to let the matter drop, and he is meditating fresh steps, when his sister is spirited away from St. Aventin by the machinations of a lady devotee. This friend is a tool of the Jesuits, and has been sent by them to convince Louise that it is for her sake alone that Julio ruins himself in body, soul, and estate. Louise, convinced that if her interests were no longer at stake, her brother's litigation with the reverend fathers would cease, is weak enough to fall into the trap, and, disappearing from St. Aventin, she leaves Julio no clew to her fate. He pursues her from town to town, from convent to convent; he appeals to the civil power, consults the police, and is angry, anxious, but helpless. At last he hears of her being in Italy, and goes to Rome, seeking her through every hamlet and cloister of the Papal States. His footsteps are dogged by a Jesuit spy, who often succeeds in putting him

off the scent, and whom Julio, by some unaccountable stupidity, never suspects. But Louise is at last discovered. Her shrill and sweet soprano is heard rising above the choir of nuns in the convent of Notre Dame de Forcassi, and Julio, maddened with joy, affection, and surprise, rushes at the *grille*, tears it open, and carries off his sister.

It may be imagined that this is the crowning point of his misdeeds. To have violated the sanctuary, to have abducted a bride of Heaven, to have interfered with her vocation, and to have terrified her companions, are crimes not to be forgiven, least of all in the States of the Church and in the neighborhood of the *Gesù*. Julio is sent to expiate his offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where his adventures are less thrilling than the lovers of the horrible might expect, and he is liberated by the stratagem of a friend and the courage of an obliging bandit. It is one of Julio's misfortunes, not only to have his good deeds evil spoken of, but also to get into questionable company, to have more than a fair share of the strange bedfellows of adversity, and to perform acts of justice and mercy under circumstances to which his enemies could, without difficulty, give a very odious color.

After this, his downward career is rapid. He goes to Paris with Louise, takes the low place of a "diacre de l'office," for he is not yet suspended, preaches at St. Eustache, again becomes popular, and is again persecuted by the Jesuits. He retaliates by the allusions and disclosures which appear in the *Catholique Liberal*, a paper of which he obtains the direction, and in this way he is able to give a wider notoriety to his religious and polemical opinions. It may be asked how Julio obtained a subsistence during these months of his life. He worked as a journeyman printer in the Pignal printing-house, where interdicted priests earn their bread and receive half the wages of ordinary artisans. His companions are other outlaws of the church; among them, Loubaire reappears, and there follow in this sacerdotal Bohemia many scenes—strange in themselves, strange in their antecedents, and strange in the tone in which they are set forth. At last Julio is appointed to another cure; but as parish priest of Melles fresh trou-

bles await him. Louise lived with him; but he discovers in some old family papers that she is not his sister. Julio feels their position to have become equivocal; but he conceals his own struggles, and Louise opportunely dies. He next appears before the public as the author of a pamphlet against the temporal power of the popes, and the cup of his iniquity is full. He is interdicted, and denounced by a diocesan Synod in the following terms:

"Cursed is the priest who from the pulpit of truth has taught scandalous doctrines!"

"Cursed is he who attacks the temporal power of the Popes of Rome, without which their spiritual power would not be free!"

"Cursed is the proud, the heretic, the innovator, the fabricator of scandalous books, the profane person!"

"Cursed is he who shall approve the doctrines of Julio, still curate of Melles in the diocese of T——!"

The interdicted abbé is now alone in the world, and at last his strength gives way. The constant intellectual effort, the moral anguish, the harassing thoughts and the bitter experience of the last years of his life, exhaust his frame, and "Le Maudit" dies, breathing less of anger towards his enemies than of gratitude to his Maker, and of aspiration for *that* abiding city, where there is no temple made with hands, but where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Here the story of "Le Maudit," properly speaking, ended; but the narrative is now continued through the pages of *La Religieuse*, where Loubaire and Thérèse succeed to the places which Julio and Louise had left vacant. By the instance of the Jesuits, Christian burial is refused to Julio in the cemetery of Bigorre, and he has to be interred by his two friends, who select a peak of the Pyrenean chain as a resting-place for this pioneer of the church for the future. Loubaire, softened by Julio's presence and example, is also deeply affected by his death, and when he returns to Paris, his associates are no longer the printers of the priestly Bohemia, but the Bishop Laurent and the Abbé Cambiac. Both these men have experiences of their own which made Julio dear to them. The bishop had so far allowed this tenderness towards the "Maudit" to appear

that it cost him his bishopric, and the Abbé Cambiac had left the ranks of the Jesuits because, like Passaglia, his righteous soul was vexed by them day by day. Loubaire is cherished by them for Julio's sake, and they devise together plans for diffusing his principles and vindicating his fame.

It is decided that the bishop should write a book, and spread it anonymously over the length and breadth of the land. Under cover of the history of "*L'Eglise Nouvelle*," the Abbé * * * gives an account of the publication and reception of *Le Maudit*, and takes occasion to satirize the insolent bigotry of his own Ultramontane critics.

One of the subjects especially urged by these reformers was the training of women in France. They objected to conventual education as unfitted for forming the minds of intelligent wives and mothers; and to secure a change in this respect the bishop, the abbé, and Loubaire open a normal school for governesses. Their coöperator in this work was to be Thérèse.

At the time of Julio's death we saw Thérèse in the garb of a sister of charity, and left her determined to continue in a life of separation from a world she had found too full of snares. She sees an amount of variety in convent life, such as must rarely, we should think, fall to the lot of any postulant, and her vicissitudes are certainly invented (like the misfortunes of Julio) less with a view of forming an interesting or harmonious narrative than to show the workings of the system. From having been a sister of charity, Thérèse enters a convent of St. Agnes. Here her life is embittered by the evil reports which have been circulated about her former life and her friendship with Julio. She has so little aptitude either for flattering her abbess or for mystical devotion, that she leaves Bigorre without regret, and goes as a postulant to a Carmelite house, where she hopes to find peace in a life of greater austerity, and oblivion of the past in more complete seclusion. The Carmelite nuns aim at perfection, and endeavor to attain it by a discipline as severe as that of the sisterhood in the "*Rue Petit Picpus*," which afforded Victor Hugo a theme for his striking interlude on the monastic life. But Thérèse has been ac-

customed to mountain air, to cleanliness, and to exercise. The monotony of Carmelite rule is maddening, and the enforced filthiness of dress and person so great that her health gives way. Nor are her distresses all of a bodily nature. The abbess looks on her with an unsympathetic eye, and she falls into disgrace with her confessor, after a series of conversations which are represented as occurring during confession, and which we would fain believe to be over-colored, if not impossible. A doctor whom she consults advises her to leave without waiting for the expiration of her noviciate; and after quitting this den of moral and physical nastiness, she returns to her father's house to recruit her strength and to watch over his last days. All these details we gather from Thérèse's letters to Loubaire; and they are the great blemish of the book. In both these novels there are passages open to criticism, but none that warrant such condemnation as Thérèse's letters. Surely, the narrative might have been cast in some other than the epistolary form. The gross incidents and still grosser innuendoes, which Thérèse repeats, should hardly under any provocation have occupied a woman's pen; but is it conceivable that any woman with a particle of delicacy, we had almost said decency, should have written these details to a man who had once been her lover, and with whom her own relations had been so compromising, so dangerous, and so sad? When our author argues, when he pleads, and when he protests he never offends; he can sometimes handle an equivocal relation, and does handle many a delicate subject, with firmness as well as with modesty; but in inventing situations his taste is far more questionable. He has either graduated in the worst class of French novels, or we must suppose that in constantly touching pitch his own mind has not escaped defilement. The objectionable vulgarity of too many of his pages is a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and it is strange that he does not perceive how it perverts the better tendencies of his book.

In spite of our sympathy for these novels and their author, we feel that he knows nothing of the reserve and sanctity of domestic life; and though the

character of Julio is one of angelic purity and spotless virtue, it must be said that those who espoused his cause and opinions fell far short of that standard of moral dignity of which he set so bright an example. Thérèse is not an interesting heroine; she is too dogmatical and too unblushing for our taste, and most alarmingly ready to be a law unto herself. Sometimes, however, she allowed herself to be guided by others. Her father's death left her a wealthy heiress as well as an orphan, and though her first impulse was to go to Paris, and to put her fortune at Loubaire's disposal for pious and polemical purposes, common sense and a friend whisper that she is too young and too beautiful to make such a step reputable or wise. This friend prevails on her to try another religious house where the sisters, instead of living like Trappistes, are devoted to tuition and the care of the poor. The convent of the Sisters of the Nativity promised well; it was newly established, and was under the care of a parish priest distinguished by the absence of religious extravagance. But extravagance soon made its appearance, and Thérèse found that works of practical piety were less grateful to Marie de Saint Trélody, her superior, than works of supererogation and *newvaines* of prayers to the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. The offices of the ordinary confessor were at a discount, and a monk of Ultramontane and ascetic tendencies preferred before him. Under his auspices the nuns because daily more quarrelsome, and also less edifying in the eyes of a novice thus deeply read in convent life and manners. Innumerable petty jealousies appeared, and all the intrigues consequent on the election of a superior convinced Thérèse that she must abandon her hope of finding a religious house in which, as a sensible woman, she would not be made ultimately both wretched and ashamed. That these and other evils exist in conventual life no person will deny; but the Abbé *** cannot expect these details to pass for the whole truth. Women have ere this, and will after this, find it possible to lead active, useful, and comparatively happy lives in religious retreats, and some of the best, if not the wisest, of their sex, have obtained very different results from the experiment

which answered so ill in the case of Thérèse. Paris was her next point, and there the triumvirate of reformers employed her money and her talents in furthering their schemes. Her especial province as a nursing-mother of "La Nouvelle Eglise" was to canvass the women of the upper and middle classes, and to engage them to renounce the old plan of a conventual education for the daughters, in favor of the governesses and the normal school to which we have before alluded. Fresh instances come daily under Thérèse's notice of the bad effects of consigning the youth of France almost entirely to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, and she works assiduously in the path which Loubaire had marked out for her. Thus, as a bitter opponent of nuns, nunneries, and all their works, ends the career of "La Religieuse" in these two volumes, which are in truth only a continuation of *Le Maudit*. Through all these incidents the Jesuits play their part. Infuriated by the sympathy which the new sect inspires, they writhe under the sense of the intellectual inferiority of their own arguments, and they take counsel together how they may suppress a book which they cannot answer or refute.

The actions and devices of the two parties are woven together, as in the first part of the story, with a slender thread of romance, and the catastrophe is brought about by the murder of Loubaire in a street of the Faubourg St. Germain. His assassin is the Comte de Saint-Hermenegilde, a *roué*, whose madness is partly caused by love for Thérèse, partly by the wish to revenge the Company of Jesus, to which he is devoted, on the man whom he considers to be his and their arch-enemy.

Loubaire is buried beside Julio on the Pyrenean mount, and after life's fitful fever, both sleep well, where the evening sunbeams still linger long after the valley is gray with the shadows of the coming night, and where they again strike in the early morning as heralds of the approaching dawn:

"Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala,
pax sine pace;

Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus, in Syon
arca."

So sung Bernard the Cluniac seven hundred years ago, and as painting their

portion in life, and their hope in death, the lines might serve as a device for these two martyrs of the Company of Jesus, slain in the nineteenth century.

To give a rapid and perspicuous *précis* of five large octavo volumes is not an easy task; but we have attempted such a sketch of their contents as might enable our readers to apprehend the plan of these curious books. Their composition has, we believe, been a work of conviction, but it has sometimes been one of temper and of haste; and characters have been sacrificed throughout to situations upon which a demonstration could be made or an argument founded.

Some of the *dramatis personæ*—and here perhaps the abbé's work resembles real life—are singularly uninteresting. Louise, for example, abuses the privilege of the heroine to be insipid, and the Archbishop of T—, M. Le Crie, is so faintly portrayed that, unless we were carefully told of all his feelings and peculiarities, his identity would hardly be palpable to the reader. Some of the slighter sketches, on the other hand, are very successful. Mademoiselle de Flamarens, upon whom probably very little pains was bestowed, is thoroughly lifelike, and Madame de Saint-Trélody, the Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Nativity, disagreeably so; her narrow minded, obstinate, cold temper, being as oppressive as the bad air of a Carmelite cell. In short, *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* are two portfolios of powerful sketches—their enemies say caricatures—of all the possible trials and situations of a typical curate and of a typical novice, whose principles and opinions run counter to the received order of things, and who find little sympathy and much ill-will in the sacerdotal class. Agreeing, as we must do in the main, with the author's views as to monachism and the abuse of clerical power, it is also necessary to receive his statements with allowance if not with some measure of distrust. He would have better served the cause he has at heart, did he not show so much of a vindictive temper, and thus lay himself open to the charge of exaggeration. Having said this, and having admitted that as these are not mere sensation novels by an author who has had the luck to hit upon fresh fields and pastures which are new, not to say

rank, it is only fair that they should stand or fall by other claims, and be judged by other standards than that of literary taste.

The style throughout is very unequal, often nervous and excellent, seldom careful, but never spasmodic. Thus we have to thank the Abbé * * * for sparing us five volumes of periods copied from the fatiguing and melodramatic manner of M. Sue, or inflated with all the bombast of M. Victor Hugo, when French prose “faisait décadence” in his last epic. The conversational parts are, perhaps, those in which the want of finish is the most felt; they sometimes have great merit, and at others they sink below the level which we could have thought possible in an author of so much power. His matter is so varied and so profound, that no extracts would do it justice; but they may give some notion of his manner; we have selected them without any view of dramatic value, and have rather taken passages which, while they give a fair idea of his opinions, also do justice to his capacity as an author at once satirical and grave.

The day before Julio de la Clavière received his ordination, he learned from his friend Auguste Verdelon the reasons which had determined him not to take orders. Verdelon concluded his argument with these words:

“The bare idea of finding myself engaged by solemn ties to a corporation which openly declares itself as the antagonist of all forms of social emancipation is unendurable by me. From the day in which I said to myself, Let us leave those honest but blinded men who preach about the light and make the extinguishers under which the light and they are both dying out—from that day I have been free and happy.”

“Julio listened to his friend with the greatest attention. Many a time had he asked himself what was the explanation of this grave problem, of the flagrant contradiction between the social theories of Christianity, so wide and so emancipative, and the domineering spirit of the clergy. His nature was a liberal one, but it was as gentle as it was intelligent, and he believed that he had found a solution for the problem, by blaming men only for the ambitious tendencies of the clergy ever since the irruption of the barbarians had made them the only intellectual guides of the western world. Less rigorously logical than the inflexible Verdelon, he had said to himself that there was much good to be done inside the limits of the priesthood, and that he might

take its vows on himself without abjuring his warm sympathy for the social progress of mankind. He interrupted Verdelon. 'Are you not making a confusion here? Why blame the whole clerical body for the ambition of some men, whom history shows us in all ages as aspiring to theocratic rule? One must look on the church in its human aspect, and its divine. The first I give over to your anathemas, for *man* defiles everything he touches; but the second is noble, great, and will never perish. . . . It appears to me that it would be better to make haste to enter the priesthood, and to carry back to it much of the spirit it has lost. Our task would be all the greater.'

"My friend, the time for that is not come. Every earnest man who, like you, may wish to effect a reconciliation between modern society and the clergy will break down in the struggle. I love you for your noble aspirations, but I see all the sorrows which they prepare for your future. Your nature is too elevated to allow you to cast in your lot with the violent party which now governs the clergy; and from the day in which you do not join these men in hurling maledictions against the age, and in singing the old anthem of praise of the good old days of the middle ages, you will be looked upon with suspicion and thrust out as a pariah."

"My dear Verdelon, I deplore as you do the fatal antagonism to their times in which part of the clergy have placed themselves, but I do not believe that this is the case with the whole ecclesiastical body. There is an intelligent minority which, faithful to old teaching, has known how to escape the hurtful animus of which you speak. This minority preserves the sacred spark in the church, and constitutes, with all faithful men who daily realize with more and more distinctness the grand doctrine of the gospel, what we may call the *soul* of the church. . . . I regret that you have not my courage, Verdelon."

"It is too painful to be a part of the official church, and to have to condemn at every moment the spirit by which it is directed. I hope that the mildness of your character, your moderation and conciliatory temper, may render a position more easy for you of which it is impossible not to foresee the risks. If you succeed, you will be a hero. If you fail, you will be a martyr."

"Already the shadows were deepening in the plain, and a beautiful setting sun presented to the two friends one of those spectacles before which few remain impassive, which the inhabitants of countries not too inland can behold in all their magnificence. The vast and serrated chain of the Pyrenees stretched across the south, like a curtain barred with purple and with gold. T — lay in the middle distance between the spectators and the sun, which lit up the edges of the clouds by which it was

half enveloped, the confused mass of the town being crowned by the spires of St. Séverin, and by the high naves of its churches. A whole creation of the fancy might be seen in the fleecy clouds which covered the sky, and the eye might wander forever over the panorama which Nature, so prodigal of her wealth, unrolled at the horizon. . . . As they reached the town, the different groups of seminarists drew together, and it would have been imprudent to have continued their conversation.

"After retiring to his cell, Julio turned over again in his mind the discussion he had had with his friend. How often had he said all this to himself! But the young priest had received from his Maker an almost angelic mind, and if he understood the dangers, he also had a presentiment of triumph. 'What,' he would say, 'is Virtue, if she does not strive? This sacerdotal world upon which I am entering is retrograde and unintelligent. But what then? I may do some good to the poor, the weak, and the neglected of this world. I may be as a providence for some years to any hamlet in which I am settled. No doubt I shall have troubles, contradictions, and trials, but I shall finish my course on earth—and it seems to promise me a noble future.'"

We have said that Julio was sent to just such an humble cure when, after the death of M. de Flamarens, he was appointed to St. Aventin. Thus he carried out his ideal:

"I have been installed for a month in my little parsonage. It is small and very poor, but I feel already that I shall soon get accustomed to it. I have simple tastes, and shall be always happy, while a good old woman comes every day to prepare my food and put my humble housekeeping in order. These things settled I am free. What a strange fate has transported me, as by the swirl of a hurricane, from the active, intelligent life of a large town to the humble existence of a poor highland village! But I shall not find fault with Providence. Has not God got a design in everything he does? How stupid of us to forget that he knows best by what paths, steep or easy, our pilgrimage is to be accomplished. I bless thee, O my God! . . . Then my mountain home is a very beautiful one! I shall like it: I can follow my tastes for natural science, and very interesting studies I shall make. Before two years are over, I shall have a splendid herbal. . . . My first visit has been to the cure of Luchon. I found him horribly prejudiced, for in our clerical world it is not enough if victims are stricken, they must also be aspersed. Our archbishop must have been writing to him in his finest style about the tainted sheep over whom he is recommended to keep an eye, lest it should infect

the rest of the flock. . . . It is evident that my smallest actions are watched, and that I am placed under the surveillance of the high archiepiscopal police. . . . My life as a pastor has its consolations. I found ignorance, superstition, and routine among these poor people; but I feel that I may uproot some of it. I am accustoming my poor highlanders to understand me, and they are grateful for the pains I take to speak to them in the plainest words. I only propound one thing to them at a time, and I present that idea over and over again. I teach these men as one would teach children, and see the advantage of this method. . . . Last Thursday there was an official dinner at Luchon. I was there, and so were the whole of the clergy of the canton, and I observed that I was the object of a general and lively curiosity. These reunions are very gay; the jokes have nothing very commendable in them, but they excite plenty of laughter, all vulgar as they are. The dinner lasted three hours, so did the hilarity of my companions, who ate much, drank much, and made noise enough. As the youngest and latest arrival, I was placed at the bottom of the table near the *cure* of the Valley of the Lys, a little parish like my own. I talked to him, and he struck me as more simple, more true, and less vulgar than the rest of them. Yet, like me, he is a proscribed person. After dinner, we met in the garden, and he made me understand that he was the object of an unenviable supervision. We promised to see each other from time to time. . . . In my botanizing rambles the distance will not seem inconvenient. Besides, I feel that this solitude is killing me, and I feel that I must have a friend."

This *cure* of the Valley of the Lys is the Loubaire who afterwards plays so important a part in Julio's history both for evil and for good. Is this picture of the country clergy of southern France overdrawn? We fear that there are some districts of the Welsh and Scotch highlands where a gathering of the local incumbents, or of a presbytery, would exhibit similar peculiarities; and if we consider the position of the inferior clergy in France, we can hardly think that Julio's neighbors at St. Aventin were very unlike what he describes them. Their incomes, or rather their stipends—since a French bishop receives his pay like an admiral, and a French priest receives his like a petty officer—are slender. The stipends of some incumbents vary from forty-eight to sixty-two pounds; while those of the *desservants* range from thirty-six to forty-eight pounds. These sums are eked out by the parsonage and gar-

den; but they are not likely to tempt any man of birth and education to enter the ministry. It follows, then, that the priesthood must be constantly recruited from the peasant population, and the result upon the moral and intellectual tone of the clergy is what might be expected. It is an object for a peasant proprietor to get his son into the church. The future *seminariste* is not liable to be drawn for the conscription, and a father who objects to sending his children to be made "*chair à poudre*" can put him into a profession which is respectable in his eyes, and which insures him the lifelong possession of a house, a garden, and the forty pounds a year which has become proverbial in our country. We said that the calling and status of a *cure* insured, or rather promised, the lifelong enjoyment of these things; but it is not always so. Not only must the recipient stand well with his spiritual pastors and masters, avoiding the hidden reefs on which Julio and Loubaire struck, besides the more patent rock of offence which laxity of morals throws in his way, but he is answerable for his conduct to the temporal power also. He must stand well with the local police, with the mayors, and with the heads of the *gens-d'armes* of the district, and he must make himself in all political questions as subservient and unobtrusive as possible. In short, his life is a negation of everything which a gentleman prizes, and an outrage on many of the feelings which a gentleman possesses. Such is the situation (since the Revolution destroyed the revenues, and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church) of the humble men who, in Chateaubriand's touching words, have "to console the afflicted, share their mite with the poor, comfort the sick, exhort the dying, bury the dead, and pray for France." It is almost well for them that their antecedents are equally humble, and that their education is of a kind little calculated to turn out a race of Galileos. A lower depth is reached by the friars, and the better are they fitted to act the spy at the bidding of the Jesuits. Thus the preaching friar Don Basile came down to St. Aventin less to edify the parishioners than to report on the young heretic. A scene between Julio and the Capuchin is a good specimen of the Abbé * * *'s satirical vein:

"Julio showed him the chamber which awaited him, and there the friar deposited a cargo of consecrated articles which he had brought with him; he was then offered some refreshments, but excused himself by reason of that breakfast at Luchon which he had not yet digested, adding that he should keep his appetite for dinner. . . . After all arrangements for the friar and his errand had been made, Julio drew into the middle of the room the small table at which he worked, and taking his microscope from a drawer, began to examine the specimens he had just brought home, with a view to classifying them.

"We are very rich here, *mon pere*, in mineralogy. The Pyrenees having only risen, like the Apennines, towards the end of the cretaceous period, are found to contain nearly all the rocks of the igneous and sedimentary formations. These mountains, therefore, furnish me with well-nigh the whole history of the successive ages of the earth's crust. I am all the more favorably placed here at St. Aventin, because I am at the centre of the chain. I have only to follow the torrent of l'Arboust, to go up to the lake of Seculejo, and to reach the peak of Espingo, less distant but more dangerous in their ascent than my mountain, although they have no glaciers, and I find myself on the ridge between France and Spain.

. . . This explains to you how we have rocks of all kinds—the beautiful granites of which the monumental baths of Luchon have been built, with syenites, porphyries, and marbles of all colors. I will show you the result of to-day's exploration—and passing each specimen under his lens, he showed them to the monk. 'Here is a granite of a very fine grain.

. . . Here a piece of eruptive quartz of the greatest purity; it is from a thick seam which traverses one ridge of the mountain in all its length. Remark, *mon pere*, by the aid of this glass, these little black crystals—this is peroxide of manganese in a crystallized form. I have one bit of red porphyry as fine as that which the Egyptians used for their sepulchral edifices, their sphinxes, and the statues of their gods. . . . The infiltration of springs charged with carbonates of chalk and the appearance of different acids have occasioned stalagmites in thick masses, which are quarried under the name of marbles; they are all the more remarkable because they are of the richest hues, and very transparent; but I perhaps weary you, *mon pere*, with twaddling in this way.'

"Not at all, not at all," replied the Capuchin, in whose ears these words—orthoses, quartz, oxyde, carbonates, and stalagmites—sounded like so many words out of the Babylonian inscriptions. Afterwards he muttered to himself, 'Well, is it astonishing, after this, that these young people who poke their noses into science should become, as St. Augustine says, beasts of pride, and in their pride wish

to reform the church? Oh! blessed and holy ignorance, thou art a far better thing!'

"But the monk did not wish to be obliged to preserve a silence, which might be mistaken for a modest but humiliating avowal that he knew nothing. A Capuchin ought to know everything. He proceeded, therefore, to seek in the remotest lobes of his brain for some faint traces of his studies in Dom Calmet's lectures on the Deluge and the age of the world.

"Do you, then," he said to Julio, 'believe in these successive ages ascribed by modern science to our globe?'

"Yes," replied Julio, 'because I handle and see them.'

"All these are systems, M. le Curé—nothing but systems.'

"Systems, I admit, but if founded on facts from henceforth realities in science.'

"But you see all this has been invented by atheists; it is against religion.'

"Not at all, *mon pere*; religion is a very different affair, and far beyond all this. What relation is there between religion and the study of all the phenomena which may have arisen during the cooling of the globe, when it passed from its incandescent state to a temperature suited to the existence of plants and living organisms?'

"But still, why not stick to what Moses says? He ascribes all this to the Divine Power in six days. You don't doubt that God could have created all this in the space of one second?'

"Most certainly he could—no doubt of that; but that is not the question. The matter in hand is, to discover if God was pleased to organize the world, with its mineral crust, its vegetables, and its living creatures, in a few days, or through several millions of centuries. . . . The order and province of scientific truths is one thing, and the order of revealed verities is something very distinct from it. The Bible is divine in the matter of revelation; it was not necessary that it should be so in regard to science. . . . Oh! *mon pere*, you and I may believe or not believe in the teaching of modern science, as we think best, but we cannot change by one iota the valuable attainments of science, or deprive it of a step that it has gained.'

The curate of St. Aventin could find both labor and amusement in his solitary home, and his days alternated between pastoral labors and such researches as drew upon him the censures of Father Basile. But his mind was too eager, and his necessity for sympathy as well as occupation too great, to make rural life ever truly acceptable to him. For him the life of a great capital, and the intercourse of men of education, was al-

most a necessity, if his mind was to preserve its sanity and to be saved from preying on itself. Paris was his real home; for the place of preacher at St. Eustache, and the labors of editing his journal, had made life busy and almost hopeful to a priest who desired to labor more abundantly, and to mediate, if possible, between modern society and the sacerdotal party. He wrote thus to a friend, and the letter is characteristic of the Frenchman and of the man:

"I thought I heard the voice of God bidding me leave the field of religious controversy where I felt that I had suffered loss in defending his cause. Yet it has cost me much, and how poignant are my regrets! I fancied myself settled for ever in Paris, in the middle of that phalanx of men whose opinions often clashed, but who were all seekers after truth, all honest and loyal-hearted amid the flux and reflux of human thoughts. They were noble brothers to me. Graciously did they open their ranks to receive the priest who could and would not yield one of his Christian convictions, but whose words were never bitter against any doctrines, not even against those which ran counter to his belief.

"Men bigoted with Catholicism murmured at my adoption into this great world of European publicity. I was a living protest against their system of polemical hatred, and their appetite for anathemas and persecutions. They have been powerful against me. I was, humanly speaking, the weakest, and between them and me who cared for truth. Now the sacrifice is accomplished. *Consummatum est!* Oh! Paris! Paris! land of liberty and life. Paris! the new Rome, conquering the nations, not by armed legions, but by the peaceful phalanxes of thinkers, artists, and men of letters. Paris! receive in this letter, which one friend will read and then give to the winds, the last farewell of one who has loved thee so well—of one who was once obscure and unknown, and whom thou hast received as one of thy men of mark and might. I preserve for thee the imperishable love of a son! In the wild, restless motion of our age which carries away men and things, as the tides of ocean roll up the weeds that once lay heaped in her quiet caves, names are soon forgotten. I do not seek for myself any glory which might be won from others who in their search after truth have labored with as much ardor and as much love; but leave me this illusion—that in the day when this life goes out in solitude, those who once grasped me by the hand, as a pioneer of the future, will sometimes recall my name to the intellectual world which I loved."

A chapter of the second volume gives a sketch of the ecclesiastical world which Julio did not love:

"The college of the Jesuits was built on the southern side of the town of T—, where, being a vast and imposing structure, it towered as a citadel above the aristocratic quarters of the old capital of Southern France. Its white mass caught the eye as much as the splendid choir of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, with its high roofs and its numberless buttresses. The reverend fathers had had great success; the gifts and subscriptions had amounted to a large sum, and none of the hoped-for successions had slipped past them. They had had the pleasure of seeing expire (duly and fully prepared by the sacraments of the church) both M. Cayron, Madame de Vateil, and M. Legros; and so wise were the precautions they had taken, that in all these instances few people in T— (with the exception of those inquisitive persons who always scent out the most secret transactions) were aware that four or five families had been pillaged, and old relatives in their second childhood robbed, that this luxurious palace might be built for the Jesuits. M. Tournichon had, with equal dispatch and method, arranged everything regarding the succession of Madame de la Clavière, and as he found by experience that religious bodies never err on the side of generosity, he armed himself with his ledger before he presented himself to reckon, as it would be vulgarly called, with the reverend *pere provincial*.

"The porter, well knowing the consideration with which the good fathers regarded the old man, announced him to the *pere provincial* with that smooth, obsequious tone of voice which is peculiar to such pious servitors.

"'M. Tournichon, if you please, my reverend father.'

"'You are welcome, M. Tournichon. Well! you have had a great success here! All the better—we are very much pleased.'

"'Yes, reverend father. She made a very holy ending, did this good Madame de la Clavière. She had all proper honors, and I have even ordered a tomb.'

"'Ah! very right. Yes, a tomb . . . it was not very expensive?'

"'I ask your pardon, *mon pere*, it was dear; but I made a bargain, and I think I may say that we are out of it for five hundred francs.'

"'Very good.'

"'Then, reverend father, I bring you my little account. As I dare say you do not care to fatigue yourself with all the details of this reckoning, you have the sum-total at the end of the columns. I have done as for myself, and as a good administrator for the church, in the matter of a pious legacy.'

"Oh! the worthy man! We are very grateful to you. What a pity it is that such good Christians as yourself are rare!"

"I do not deny that I have had some trouble. No less than ten years have I been about this business; and for ten years to play a hand at cards with an old lady whose wits were not the cause of her death, and who often played very ill!"

"Was not amusing, I grant it; but then how meritorious before God!"

"So much pains and perseverance could hardly fail. Shortly before her death she all but changed her mind."

"Indeed!"

"I was obliged to speak very sharply, and the old thing was frightened. I reminded her of her engagements, and threatened her with the vengeance of God which overtakes those who, having got upon the right path, dare to turn back: and I secured everything at last."

"What a worthy man! God will assuredly recompense the energy with which you have defended his cause."

"Well, by the help of time and monsieur the doctor with his perpetual prescriptions, all has come right; but that rogue of a doctor! he has sent in a horrible bill."

"That bill must be disputed."

"I have done so. I also made him perceive that if he was so exacting, it might bring him into trouble with his supporters, and his long bill of three thousand francs!"

"Three thousand francs! Horrible!"

"Has been tidily reduced by two thirds—the third demanded with very many excuses."

"Admirable! You are really adroit, M. Tournichon!"

"The old man having then unrolled the valuation of the Clavière succession, pointed meekly and as to a trifle, at the sum of 50,276 francs standing among the expenses, and representing at five per cent. the honorariums, journeys, and other outlays of all sorts of the above-named Tournichon, *minus* which, the all and whole of the above succession was handed over by him in his integrity, to be disposed of by the reverend *pere provincial* at his good pleasure."

"Though this reverend personage had long known how to estimate the disinterestedness of Tournichon, he could not refrain from exclaiming, '50,276 francs! that is rather strong, M. Tournichon.'"

"Only five per cent., my reverend father."

"But we are so poor, my dear M. Tournichon."

"Five per cent., reverend father."

"You should do something for our labors of piety, M. Tournichon."

"I have remembered you in my will, reverend father. I owe too much to the church and the religious orders not to minister to

them after my death with a portion of my modest competency; but you understand that I have a daughter."

"Come, come! this must be arranged! We will look at this bill another day; you will then be more accommodating."

"Reverend father, at my age one ought to put one's affairs into order. I require tranquillity of mind. I have done, believe me, more than I would ever do for any but for the men of God."

"Then pointing out the total again to the Jesuit, he made him read—"

"Accepted and verified by us," adding, "You will have the goodness to accept and sign this now."

"It is dear, very dear. You will not make it less?"

"No; it is impossible, reverend father. It is not five per cent.; and then playing cards for ten years with an old woman for nothing!"

"The reverend father took up a pen, hesitated, looked at it, and then signed. Then putting the voluminous memorandum among his papers, he murmured to himself, 'That good man has fleeced us.'"

"God be with you, reverend father!" answered Tournichon, as, thankful to have had his account settled, he made a profound obeisance to the priest, and departed."

In this way the Jesuits of T—— secured money and dealt with the usurer. Equally pungent are the paragraphs in which the Abbé * * * describes the Jesuits of the capital, when they wanted a review of *L'Eglise Nouvelle*, and hired a journalist named Pantaléon Laboue. The reverend father prescribes the matter, the manner, and the price of this critique, which is evidently the counterpart of some of the Ultramontane reviews with which the author and his publisher have been favored. Characteristic as the passages are, our space does not allow us to copy them and many others which would seem to ask for admission. We have given, however, extracts enough to show the style and temper of the Abbé * * * and of the novels in which he has popularized the subject of clerical life and clerical reform in France. The strife between the two parties — between the Absolutists and those who, by timely reforms, wish to make the Catholic Church free, useful, and respected—is patent to the world. Nor is the French empire the only field on which the same battle is likely to be fought. There are those who think that

what is passing in the whole religious world of to-day is but the harbinger of a great approaching change; of the dissolution of that system of mediæval theocracy, which has exercised for a thousand years so great a power over the minds and consciences of men and the fate of nations. Many of the most enlightened minds of this age are filled with a presentiment of an approaching storm; and though we are unable at present to foresee the results of a great ecclesiastical revolution (of which the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy would probably be the signal), yet it is impossible for the most sanguine or the most indifferent to ignore that in every European country a strong religious movement is taking place. It occurs in Protestant kingdoms as well under Catholic rule, and it assumes different shapes according to the complexion of the established faiths, the temper of parties, and the attitude which the hierarchy assumes toward the educated laity. In Italy, the impetus is at once religious and political. In Belgium, politics rather than controversies seem to deepen a feeling which is directed less against creeds and dogmas than against measures and men. Not only was the priestly party defeated in the late elections, but it is believed that no cabinet, formed on an Ultramontane basis, could at this moment command the confidence of the nation. In England, the situation is not complicated with any political bias whatever, and the present phase of religious thought appears as a reaction from the two last movements in the Anglican Church against the Evangelical and Tractarian schools. In Scotland, the Established Church, placed between the great Seceding party of 1843 and the Scottish Episcopal body, must consider her interests, and is awakening to the necessity of a liturgical reform. In short, the controversy is world-wide, though it is in Italy chiefly that men see the day approaching. Thus it is that the praise or blame of originality in his views cannot be awarded to the author of *Le Maudit*. If M. Michelet has for years been the terror of the Jesuits, who wince under that fierce and well-applied lash, the anti-papal movement in Italy has assumed great proportions, and the names of Passaglia and of Liverani are as unwelcome to ecclesiastical ears as the

author of the *Maudit* could ever wish to become. In that mass of Italian reactionary literature, priestly pens are mostly employed. Mongini is in orders, Monsignore Tiboni pleads for the secularization of the Bible, Reali is a canon, and the disclosures as well as the sentiments of these men are all inimical to priestcraft, if not actually to the priests. This Free Church party has its newspapers, the *Colonna di Fuoco*, edited by Don L. Zuccaro, which might vie with the imaginary journal of Julio, and they have their cheaper publications, which, in the shape of pamphlets and almanacs, command an enormous sale. The *Almanacco Popolare* is most vigorous against the Jesuits, and, though it is a contraband article in pious families, eighty thousand copies of this book alone were sold in the year 1862.

Having thrown in his lot with the thinkers and politicians of this school, the Abbé *** has the satisfaction of feeling that in his work of reformation in the Gallican Church he is not without examples or without sympathizers. While an angry camarilla classes him with Renan, men of cool judgment see that his place is with Cavour and with Azeglio, with Passaglia, if not with the earlier reformers. But, as the Free Church of Italy has refused to sympathize with the Waldensian communities, so the Abbé *** shows no leaning to any Protestant Church, and, indeed, he seems inclined to do Protestantism less than justice where he says: "The Reformation has been barren of religious results. By it old Catholicism was overthrown, but it has not made one Christian the more; and in the Reformed churches, quite as much as in the lands of prelates and monks, life is dying out in that state of atonic skepticism which has become the complaint of souls disgusted with the old forms in which the gospel was wrapped during the middle ages." A better acquaintance with the shape which religious controversy has assumed in our country would, we think, induce the Abbé *** to alter this sentence, which, however much or little it may apply to the Protestant schools of Germany, is wholly inappropriate to the freedom of inquiry and earnestness of thought which will make this epoch memorable in our own church. There is no doubt but that the long-ex-

isting antagonism between the Church of Rome and the Reformed bodies, as well as the narrow peculiarities which sectarians exhibit in every country, have indisposed men like this unknown abbé to claim religious kinship with Protestants, however much they may be satisfied with the intellectual results of our Reformation.

A review of the books before us would be incomplete unless we gave our readers a precise account of the direction which this movement has taken in France, and of the hopes and dreams of its directors. We give the author's own words, where he describes his ideal church of the future, prepared for no separation and no schism, but desiring the work to be begun and carried out by every hearth, as loyally and as effectually as in the temples and by the altar. He has spoken of the contradictions and sufferings experienced by enlightened Catholics, of Lacordaire, of M. de Lammenais, of the brothers Allignol, of the curate Dagomer, and others who have combated the Ultramontane and perverse tyranny of the day (contradictions which are not wholly unknown, we may believe, to such men as Count Montalembert, the Prince de Broglie, and Sir John Acton), and yet he encourages Catholics of this calibre to hope:

"The salvation of the church must come from this party, which, being moderate and full of faith, wise and intelligent, knows that it must not follow in the path of folly, theocracy, and mysticism. . . . These are the believers of the church of the future; they are its embryos. They form the elementary church, as the grain of mustard seed has in it the life of the tree which is to come from it, complete in roots, trunk, and branches.

"These are the peaceful initiators of a new order.

"But these are the hard conditions of their apostleship:

"To remain in the visible church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it return to the simplicity of primitive ages).

"Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected; for an immense number of these men of the old church are men of

virtue, and it is among them that the new church must find her apostles.

"To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous, anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent to the grand doctrines of the gospel.

"To stigmatize these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them, like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cummin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God—whited sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

"This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

"We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength.

"No heresies; . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of *man* for *God*; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of his church.

"To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . . We must be impassible and patient.

"We must disabuse the minds of women. . . . Let them know that religion is great, but that the systems of the men who direct them are narrow and dangerous. Let them be saved from a mysticism which is their death, from puerile practices which take up their time, and from the servile submission which tortures their conscience. Much harm has been unwittingly done in the church by women, and they ought to repair it."

Such is the programme of the Abbé * * *. Is it practicable? and if practicable, what would be its results? Assuredly the influence of such reforms would not be religious only. Were such a transformation to become general, it would make a great political movement again imminent in France. The first effect of such teaching and belief would be to convince every French man and woman that he and she are responsible agents; and the first claim of every responsible being is liberty. The French nation has gone through such singular and repeated changes, and has alternated so between tyranny and license, that it is impossible to say whether, in appreciating this first truth, it would also lay hold of the greater truth by which it is followed; namely, that a sense of collective responsibility is the surest guarantee of order and support of the laws. Our

author has observed a more than marked reticence on this head, as if the political liberties of his country were wholly out of his thoughts. He is discreet, but we cannot believe him to be indifferent or ignorant of the civil and social result if his religious hopes should be realized. To what extent he is ever to be gratified is a grave as well as a curious question, and being himself without data, he must be content to wait for the answer. *That* is hid, he says, and "is the secret of God,"—"but *this*," he adds, "is no secret—that the human mind will conquer, for it will not let itself be taken in the webs of theocracy; and that *caste* must give way which is now so powerful, and which, with a cunning long unperceived by the masses, has interwoven its personal interests with those of religion. It must perish, but this shall endure, even the truth as revealed in the gospel, which fadeth not away."

London Society Magazine.

THE MODEL'S STORY.

I DON'T know what it was that first induced me to become a painter. Every one was against it. My father thought it was madness. My mother said she was dreadfully disappointed at my foolish choice. My sisters wondered that I did not prefer the army, the bar, a public office, *anything*, rather than such a profession. As for Dr. Dactyl (then headmaster of Muzzington School, where I was pursuing my curriculum), he privately informed me in his library that any young man who would wilfully abandon the study of the classic authors at my age, and thus forego the inestimable advantages of a university career, must be in a bad way.

The truth is, the doctor and I had not been on the best of terms. Long before I began to draw in an orthodox way from the "antique," at Mr. Mastic's atelier in Berners-street, I had had an idle knack of scribbling; and, in my school hours, this youthful taste frequently developed itself in the form of caricature. I believe I might have filled a portfolio with sketches of my schoolfellows. Podgkins, the stout boy, in his short trousers; Dullaway, the tall dunce in the

fourth form, who was always blabbering over his syntax; Mother Banbury, who came to us regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays with a tremendous basket of pastry, and with whom we used to run up a monthly "tick;"—all these characters, I recollect, were depicted with great fidelity on the fly-leaves of my *Gradus* and *Lexicon*. Nor did the doctor himself escape. His portly form, clothed in the picturesque costume of trencher-cap and flowing robe, was too magnificent a subject to forego; and many were the sheets of theme-paper which I devoted to this purpose. One unlucky cartoon which I had imprudently left about somewhere, found its way into the doctor's awful desk, where it was recognized weeks afterwards by Simkins, a third-form boy, who had been sent to fetch the birch from that awful repository; and whose information to me fully explained how it came to pass that I had lost at one and the same time my favorite sketch and the doctor's affections.

I need scarcely say that I made no endeavor to reclaim this lost property when I took my final *congé*. The doctor gave me a cold and flabby hand—remarked, with peculiar emphasis, that if I persisted in my wish to become an artist, he only hoped I should devote my energies *in the right direction*, and not degrade my pencil by—. I guessed pretty well what he was going to say; but as we saw the Muzzington coach draw up at that moment outside his study window, he was obliged to stop short in his lecture. I had just time to get my traps together, to give the doctor's niece, Mary Wyllford (a dear little soul of fourteen, who had brought me a paper of sandwiches), a parting salute behind the dining-room door, shake hands with my schoolfellows all round, jump on the "Tantivy" coach beside the driver, and roll out of the town.

Of all the various fingerposts which Time sets up along the road of life, there are few, I think, which we remember better than that one we leave behind us on the last day at school. The long anticipated emancipation from a discipline which in our youthful dreams we think can never be surpassed for strictness afterwards—that rose-colored delusion which leads us to look forward to the

rest of life as one great holiday; are not these associated for ever with the final "breaking up?" What student of the Latin grammar ever drew a moral from his lessons?

"O fortunatos nimium sua si boni norint."

There is the text staring him in the face, and yet he refuses to listen to it. The golden age, in his opinion, has begun, instead of ended. All care, he thinks, is thrown aside with that old volume of Euripides. At last he is to join a world in which the paradigms of Greek verbs are not important; where no one will question him about the nature of Agranian laws. Ah, *gaudeamus igitur*! Have we not all experienced this pleasure?

I had purchased some cigars at Mr. Blowing's, in the High street (his best medium flavored, at fivepence apiece), with the audacious notion of lighting one up at the school door; but when the time arrived, I confess my courage failed me. I waited until we were clear of the town to produce my cigar-case, and presently had the mortification of turning very pale before the coachman.

A month or so after that eventful day, I was established as an art student in Berners-street, London. I had a hundred a year, which, my father assured me, was an ample allowance, to live upon, and the entrée to Mr. Mastic's academy, hard by. The expenses of my tuition at that establishment were defrayed out of the parental purse; and when I state that fifteen shillings a month was the sum charged for admission, it will be observed that the outset of my career was not attended by much investment of capital. Mr. Mastic had formed a fine collection of casts from the antique, which were ranged around his gallery for the benefit of his pupils. There was the Fighting Gladiator stretching his brawny limbs half across the room; and the Discobolus, with something like the end of an oyster-barrel balanced in one hand; and the Apollo, a very elegant young man in a cloak, who was supposed just to have shot at some one with an invisible bow and arrow, and seemed very much surprised at the result; and the Medici Venus, whom one of our fellows always would call the *medical* Venus

on account of its frequent appearance on a small scale in the chemists' shops, bedecked with galvanic chains and elastic bandages for feeble joints and varicose veins. And there was the Venus of Milo, whose clothes seemed falling off for want of arms to hold them up; and chaste Diana, striding along by the side of her fawn; and Eve, contemplating herself in an imaginary fountain, or examining the apple in a graceful attitude. With all these ladies and gentlemen in due time I made acquaintance, learned to admire their exquisite proportions, and derive from them and the study of Mr. Mastic's diagrams that knowledge of artistic anatomy which I have since found so eminently useful to me in my professional career.

Rumor asserts that Mastic had himself dissected for years at Guy's Hospital, and had thus acquired great proficiency in this branch of his art; which, indeed, he seemed to value beyond all others. He knew the names of all the muscles by heart, their attachments, origin, insertion—what not? Frequently I have known the honest fellow remove his cravat to show us the action of the sterno-cleido-mastoid; and he was never so happy as when he was demonstrating, as he called it, in some fashion, the wondrous beauties of the human form. Mastic never exhibited his pictures. The rejection of some of his early works by the Royal Academy had inflicted a deep wound upon the painter's sensibilities, which time could never heal. He talked with bitter scorn of the establishment in Trafalgar Square; hung the walls of his atelier with acres of canvas, and was often heard to remark that if the public wanted to see what he could do, they might come there and judge of his merits. I regret to add that few availed themselves of this golden opportunity. It might be that his art was of too lofty a character to suit the age; or, perhaps—as neglected genius is wont to do—he slightly overrated his own abilities. Certain it is, that as year after year he devoted his talents to the illustration of history, or the realization of the poet's dreams, these efforts of his brush, whether in the field of fact or fiction, remained unheeded in his studio, lost to all eyes except our own; and even we, his faithful pupils, did not perhaps appreciate

them to the extent which they deserved. As we profited by his experience, we improved our judgment, and by-and-by began to find faults where we had once seen nothing but perfection. I became a student of the Royal Academy, was admitted to paint in the "Life School," and soon grew ambitious enough to treat subjects of my own. The Pre-Raphaelite school had just arisen. Men were beginning to feel that modern art had too long been looked upon as an end rather than a means, and preferred returning to an earlier and less sophisticated style of painting. They said, let us have truth first, and beauty afterwards if we can get it, but truth at any rate. And the young disciples in this new doctrine of esthetics suffered endless ignominy and bitter sneers from old professors and fellow-students; but they did not care. They went on in the road they had chosen—painting life as they saw it. They represented humanity in the forms of men and women, and did not attempt to idealize it into a bad imitation of the Greek notion of gods and goddesses. When they sat down before a landscape, their first object was to copy nature honestly, without remodelling her form and color to suit a "composition." And, as time went on, they had their reward. Yes; *magna est veritas et prevalebit*. At last their labors were appreciated; and I am proud to think that my first efforts were stimulated by the example of such men as Millais and Holman Hunt.

My father's allowance to me was, as I have said, only a hundred a year; and I soon began to feel the necessity of earning money. To a young artist without patronage that is perhaps an easier matter in these days than it was some forty or fifty years ago. Unless a man was "taken up," as the phrase went, by some wealthy patron—a Sir George Beaumont or a Duke of Devonshire—he could not then hope to make a living by his profession at its outset. But in these days of cheap illustrated literature, fair average ability may often find a field for work in drawing on the wood. I was lucky enough to become connected with a popular periodical, and managed to eke out my income by using my pencil in its service.

There is something very delightful in

NEW SERIES—VOL. I., NO. 2.

handling the first money that one has earned. To know that you are under no obligation for it, that it is yours by the strictest law of justice, that you have actually turned your brains or fingers to some account at last; that your service in the world is acknowledged substantially in those few glittering coins or that crisp, pleasant-looking slip of paper; there is a charm, I say, about the first fee or honorarium which we never experience again. Hundreds may be paid into our bankers when we are famous. Our great-aunts may shuffle off this mortal coil, and leave us untold treasures in the Three per Cents; but we shall never look upon a guinea or a five-pound note with the same degree of interest which we felt in pocketing the price of our earliest labor.

I took care not to let this employment interfere with my ordinary studies. My object was to be a painter, not a draughtsman; and it was perhaps fortunate that I did not get more magazine work than sufficed to keep me out of want, just then, or I might have neglected my palette altogether.

One of the earliest commissions which I obtained was through the influence of a little lady whose name I have already mentioned—Mary Wyllford. Within two years after I had left the doctor's establishment he had received a colonial appointment; and when he left his native country, deeply beloved and regretted by his old pupils (whose pious tribute to his worth finally took the form of a silver inkstand), Mary came up to town to live with her mother, a young and still handsome widow of eight-and-thirty, who had just returned from the Continent. I had often felt some surprise that Mrs. Wyllford should have voluntarily separated herself for so long a time from her child; but Mary now made no secret of the fact that her mother had been in very poor circumstances, and that, as her uncle the doctor had kindly offered to take charge of her, Mrs. Wyllford, unwilling to become a further burden on her brother-in-law, had accepted the situation of companion to a lady who was travelling abroad. The unexpected death, however, of a distant relative, had not only placed them henceforth beyond the reach of want, but actually would insure for Miss

Mary a very pretty little fortune by the time she came of age.

The first thing the good little girl did after they had settled in their new house, was to persuade her mother, whom I found to be a very agreeable and accomplished woman, to let me paint her portrait. I have studied many heads since Mrs. Wyllford sat to me, but never remember one with which I was more impressed at first sight. Hers was a beauty of which it might truly be said that it improved with age. Just as the first autumnal tints only enhance the charms of what was last month's summer landscape, so some faces, I think, become more interesting in middle life than in the fullest bloom of youth. There was sometimes a sweet sad smile on Mrs. Wyllford's features, which told of patient suffering and unwearying love through many a year of trial. I did not know her history then, but had heard that she had married as a schoolgirl, and that the union had been an unhappy one. Mary never mentioned her father's name to me, and I took care to avoid a subject which I knew would be painful to her. She had now grown up a fine, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen, and, after the renewal of our acquaintance, I confess that the boyish affection which I felt for her at school soon ripened into a stronger passion. In short, I fell in love with her, and, in the language of diffident suitors of the last century, had reason to hope that I was not altogether despised. But how could I, a young tyro, just entering on my profession, without prospect of an inheritance for years to come, how could I venture to make known my case without the possibility of offering her a home? As the little pinafores dependent on the doctor's bounty, she was an object of compassion; but as the heiress of five hundred pounds a year, she might marry a man in some position—nay, would probably now have many such lovers at her feet. I was determined, at all events, to defer saying a word to her on the subject until there was some prospect of my professional success. I was engaged on a picture which it was my wish to send to the ensuing Royal Academy Exhibition. If it were accepted, I thought I might venture to look for further commissions; and the bright

hope of Mary's love stimulated me to increased industry.

The subject I had chosen for illustration was the statue scene in the "Winter's Tale," at the moment when Leontes stands transfixed before Hermione, hardly daring to recognize her as his living wife. I had had great difficulty in procuring a model for Leontes; but at last succeeded in engaging one through the assistance of a brother-artist, who sent him to me one morning with a letter of recommendation. He was a tall, well-made man, whose age perhaps was under forty—rather too young, in fact, for the character he was to personate, if his hair, which was turning prematurely gray, had not supplied the deficiency. I gathered from my friend's letter that he had seen better days—and, indeed, the moment he entered my studio I was struck by his appearance. His features bore all the evidence of gentle birth; and yet there were marks of want and care upon them which seemed incompatible with their refinement. His manner was particularly quiet and subdued, and, unlike most models whom I had engaged, he seldom spoke, even during the short interval in which he was allowed to rest from what is technically called the "pose."

After a few sittings he seemed to gain confidence, and, finding I was interested in him, gave me, one dark November morning, while a dense black fog obscured the light and rendered painting impossible, the following account of his life.

"You are right, sir," said he, "in supposing that I was born in a better station of life than this. I've been too proud—perhaps too foolishly proud—to own it to those who have employed me in this way before; but there is something about you which leads me to trust you with my secret—or, at least, that part of it which I dare to speak of."

I assured him that I would not betray his confidence, and he went on, his voice trembling as he spoke:

"I was the only son of an officer in the Indian army, who had married late in life, and at the time of my birth was living on half-pay in the west of England. My mother died when I was ten years old; and my father, who indulged me in every way as a child, dreading what

he conceived to be the bad influence of a public school, determined to educate me himself at home. The motives which induced him to make this resolution were, no doubt, very good; but experience has since taught me that, in doing so, he made a grievous mistake. A private education may, indeed, answer well in exceptional cases; but as a rule, and particularly when boys are waywardly inclined, it is the worst of all systems. When I went to college, at the age of nineteen, I had seen nothing of the world. I found myself suddenly emancipated from parental control, in the midst of dangerous pleasures which had all the charm of novelty, and associating with companions whose example no experience had taught me to avoid. Naturally impulsive in my temperament, I was soon led away, step by step, into follies and vices which I had never learnt to see in their proper light. I soon became deeply involved in debt, and, much to my father's disappointment, left Oxford without taking a degree.

"He received me with coldness, and even severity, and told me that if I ever hoped to reestablish myself in his favor, I must speedily reform my habits, and enter at once on the study of the profession which he had chosen for me. It was his wish that I should qualify myself for the bar; and with this end in view, I was placed in a solicitor's office at H—.

"I can conscientiously say that at this period of my life my habits were steady, and that I looked forward with earnestness to taking that position in the world which my birth and education ought to have given me. I had, moreover, an additional incentive to industry. I became attached to the daughter of a gentleman who had been one of my father's oldest friends. She had been left an orphan, and in charge of the lawyer's family with whom I had become professionally connected. As we were both extremely young, her guardian, although he knew that my affections were returned, would not hear of any formal engagement until I had shown, by an altered course of life, that I deserved her. In due time I came up to London to read law; and had scarcely been called to the bar when my father died. Deeply as I then felt his loss, it is some satisfaction

at least for me to think that I was with him in his last moments; that he freely forgave me the pain I had caused him; and—grieved as I am to say it—that he did not survive to see the subsequent misery of which I still seemed doomed to be the author.

"Finding that I was now in the possession of a small inheritance, I determined not to leave H— until I could assure myself of the prospect of a speedy union with her for whose sake I had labored long and steadily, and without whose gentle influence I felt I might soon relapse into former habits. I had kept my promise. I had relinquished all thoughts of pleasure until I had attained a qualified position; and now I came to claim my reward. Her guardian admitted the justice of my plea; the dear girl herself blushing avowed her affection, and within twelve months after my father's death we were married.

"I found my wife everything that I had pictured her. Kind and gentle as she was lovely, she had ever a sympathizing word for me in trouble or anxiety; and though her husband was always her first consideration, she gained the admiration of all our friends by her sweet and winning manner. I look back upon the first few years of our marriage as the happiest in my life. I had already begun to practice at the bar with some prospect of success, when an unforeseen calamity occurred, which, combined with my own selfish conduct, completely turned the tide of our good fortune.

"It was soon after the birth of our first—our only—child, that my poor wife was seized with a dangerous illness, on recovering from which she was ordered change of air. The waters of a celebrated German spa were mentioned as likely to suit her case; and hoping to compensate by economy for what I might lose in professional practice, I determined to accompany her on the Continent.

"The little watering place to which we had been recommended was by no means expensive. We hired furnished lodgings in a good situation; my wife soon found the benefit of the air, and was on a fair road to recovery, when our baby was also taken ill. To a man who, like myself, has never been accustomed to the society of children, the

weary noise and constant crying of infants are extremely irritating, and, having brought an excellent English nurse with us, I soon became glad to escape from a source of annoyance which I could not remove, and which would soon have tried a less nervous man than I then was. Unfortunately the adjoining town—like most German spas—had its kursaal, and its gaming-table. At first the beauty of the gardens there, which were laid out with great taste, attracted me. An excellent band played on the grounds; and when my wife was prevented by her domestic duties from accompanying me, I frequently walked there alone, wondering that so many people could bear to throng those close and crowded rooms, when there was so much that was attractive outside.

"One unlucky morning a heavy shower of rain compelled me to take shelter within the building. I walked about from room to room to wile away the time, and at last found myself by the rouge-et-noir table. At first I looked on out of curiosity; and was surprised to find, after all I had heard of the horrors of gambling, that here it was conducted in so quiet and orderly a manner. I watched the croupiers, now raking in, now doling out the glittering coin. I watched the players, men, women, even children, throwing down their florins with apparently a listless air. I little thought beneath that assumed indifference what aching brows and anxious hearts were there. A little girl of ten had just won a large heap of gold, and ran away with it to her mother, who was knitting on a bench outside. How well I remember her smiling happy face as she poured the money into the woman's lap....(Good God! what may that mother have since had to answer for?).... I could resist no longer. I flung down a napoleon, and presently doubled my stakes—another, and won again. I left the table richer by some pounds than when I went to it. Would that I had lost every sou in my pocket! I might then have left the rooms for ever. As it was, encouraged by success, I went the next day, and the next—sometimes losing, sometimes winning. At last I grew bolder, and played for higher stakes, and then....why should I linger over the details of this misery?

It is an old story. I went on and on, incurring fearful losses—still hoping to retrench—and rose at length from that accursed board—a beggar.

"If even then I had had the courage to tell my wife everything, to implore her forgiveness, it might not have been too late to retrieve my fortune, or at least have gained our bread in some humble, but honest employment. But I dared not. I have braved since many a danger by sea and land, and faced what seemed to be inevitable death in many shapes, but I could not then endure to meet her calm sweet face—to take our child upon my knee again, and bear the agony that must ensue from such confession. I knew that my wife expected her old guardian and his family to join us the day after my ruin was completed. I knew that at least the little property she would inherit on coming of age would be hers. Little as it was, it might keep them from starvation. Why should I return to a home which I had blighted, and drag those innocents down into the slough of misery which my own folly had created? I was still young, strong, and healthy, and I determined to seek my fortune alone—to earn subsistence by the sweat of labor. My mind was made up. I wrote a few hurried lines to my wife, and then tore myself away—from her—from my little one, for ever.

"My life since that never-to-be-forgotten day has been one of extraordinary vicissitude; my means sometimes rising to the level of a competence, sometimes reducing me to the verge of mendicancy. For years past I have sought my living in different countries, and in various ways, and had nearly realized a little fortune in California, as a gold-digger, when I lost everything on a voyage home by shipwreck. I worked the rest of my passage to England before the mast, and an artist who was on board, knowing my straitened circumstances, gave me his address in London, and has since employed me as a model. This led to other introductions, and among others to yourself, sir. You were good enough to express an interest in me, and I have told you my story; but I beseech you, spare me the sad humiliation which a knowledge of my previous life would

surely bring me in the eyes of those from whom at present I must earn my living. I have suffered long and bitterly for the past, though, God knows, not more than I deserve. But I still retain pride enough to beg that you will not inquire my name. Let me be known to you and to your friends as 'George,' the artist's model."

The fog had cleared away at the conclusion of this strange recital, but I had no heart to paint that day. I was almost sorry I had heard poor "George's" story. I was in no position to help him, and the aspect of his bronzed and weather-beaten face, now rather excited my sympathy as a man than raised my admiration as an artist. It is lucky, thought I, that the head of Leontes is nearly finished; this story would have altered its character considerably on my canvas. The man was fit for better things than this—yet how could I help him? I was only just beginning to support myself—and moreover, if I had had the means, I felt sure he would have accepted nothing in the form of charity. Warmly expressing my sympathy, and assuring him that he had not misplaced his confidence, I excused myself from further work that afternoon, determining, in the mean time, to reflect on the best means to adopt for his assistance. He thanked me for what I had said, promised to return on the following day, and went off to fulfil another engagement.

It was only when he had gone that I remembered many questions which I should have liked to ask him respecting the fate of those whom he had so cruelly deserted. And yet if they had been alive—if he had tried, or wished to find them out again—would he not have told me? At one moment I felt ashamed for commiserating a man who had thus selfishly abandoned those who should have been dearest to him (even under the circumstances which he had detailed); at another I realized the bitter trials he had undergone; thought of the anguish he must have endured, before he could make up his mind to take that fatal step, and felt how heavy had been his punishment.

I determined to consult my good benefactress, Mrs. Wyllford, on the subject. She was coming the next morn-

ing with her daughter, to look at my picture. I confess that the prospect of seeing Mary generally put everything else out of my head; but on this occasion I was not sorry, when the time arrived, to find that her mother entered my studio alone. The "little house-keeper," as she used playfully to call her daughter, had been detained by some domestic matters, and would follow her presently.

I thought I would first show Mrs. Wyllford my picture, and then, while his portrait was before her, detail the outlines of poor "George's" story, and endeavor to enlist her sympathies in his behalf. She sat down before the easel, looking, as I thought, younger and prettier than she had ever seemed before. The subject that I had chosen was familiar to her—indeed she had herself suggested it. Camillo was supposed to be addressing Leontes in the lines:

"My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on:
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner."

She kindly praised the attitude of Hermione, the dresses and accessories of the picture, which I had studied with some care. At last her eye rested on the figure of Leontes. She looked at it long and earnestly.

"I want you to be interested in that head," I said at length, in joke.

"Why?" said she quickly, and growing, as I thought, rather pale as she spoke. "Was it studied from nature? I see you have only just finished it: the paint is hardly dry, and—would you mind opening the window?—the smell of the oil is a little too strong for me."

My studio window was one of those lumbering contrivances which swing on a pivot. I went behind the chair to comply with her request, and while engaged in arranging a prop to keep the sash-frame in its place, I began to tell her briefly the story of my model's life. I was interrupted by a loud cry of pain, and turned round to find Mrs. Wyllford falling from her chair. I rushed to her assistance, and found that she had already fainted. There was water in the adjoining room, and I hastened to fetch it. As I hurried back I was met by George, who had just come to keep his

appointment, and to whom I hastily explained what had happened. Between us we lifted the poor lady up, and laid her on the sofa. In doing this, her head had fallen on my arm, and it was not until I raised it, that we saw how deadly pale she was. I poured some water between her lips and begged George to get some doctor's help without delay. But he stood like one transfixed, muttering incoherently.

"For goodness' sake," I said, "make haste—no time is to be lost! What is the matter?"

"I think I am going mad," said he as he fell upon his knees beside the couch. "Raise her head a little more—this way, boy, *this way*," he shrieked, in pitiable accents. "Heavens! how like she is to—Mary—Mary.—O God! *it is my wife herself!*"

It was indeed the wife that he had left ten years ago—who had survived his cruel desertion—struggled with poverty and many trials—maintained herself heroically by her own exertions, and was now, thank God! in a position to save him from the misery which his folly and selfishness had occasioned. She had recognized his portrait while I was telling her George Wyllford's story, little thinking how closely it was interwoven with her own; and it was the sudden shock which occasioned her swoon. I have little more to add in explanation. Within twelve months from the date of this event, I married Mary Wyllford. Her father is an altered man. His wife's fortune was an ample one, but he never spent a penny of it without her consent. My picture was accepted at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and, wonderful to relate, was well hung. Since then I have painted from hundreds of men, women, and children; but I can safely say that I never heard from any of my sitters, any narrative which has interested me so much as the Model's Story.

C. L. E.

SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART.

IN connection with the accurate likeness of this eminent geologist, who is also president of the British Association for the current year, we present our readers a brief sketch of his life.

Sir Charles is the eldest son of Charles Lyell, Esq., of Kinnordy, Forfarshire, who died in 1849. He was an accomplished author, and possessed great literary taste. He was also warmly attached to scientific pursuits, and his researches in botany resulted in the addition of numerous valuable discoveries in that particular branch of science.

Sir CHARLES LYELL was born at Kinnordy, on the 14th of November, 1797. He received his early education at Midhurst, in Sussex, and subsequently entered as a student at Exeter College, Oxford, graduating as Bachelor of Arts in 1819, and taking his Master's degree in 1821. At Oxford the youthful student was afforded the opportunity of attending the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Buckland, then professor of geology. This opportunity he seized with avidity, and thus acquired a taste for the science which he has since cultivated so successfully, and in connection with which he is justly regarded as the leading authority. Sir Charles was intended for the bar, and commenced practice as a barrister, but what Shakspeare terms "*father antic the law*," had few charms for him, and not being dependent on his profession for a livelihood, he soon cast aside his wig and gown, and devoted himself to the culture of geology. On the opening of King's College, in 1832, he was appointed professor of geology, but this position he subsequently relinquished.

Sir Charles Lyell was one of the early members of the Geological Society, and, from the time of the formation of the society to the present, he has enriched its *Transactions* with his contributions. One of his earliest papers was published in the second volume of those *Transactions*, and was entitled, "On a Recent Formation of Freshwater Limestone in Forfarshire, and on some Recent Deposits of Freshwater Marl; with a Comparison of Recent with Ancient Freshwater Formations; and an Appendix on the Gyrogonite, or Seed-vessel, of the Chara." This paper was published in 1826, and another in the same year, in *Brewster's Journal of Science*, entitled, "On a Dike of Serpentine cutting through Sandstone in the County of Forfar." In 1827, two other papers occur in the *Geological Transactions*. In this year also he wrote an article in the

Quarterly Review on "Scrope's Geology of Central France." These papers all indicate powers of observation and comparison of a high order, and prepared the geological world for the appearance of the work on which, above all others, the reputation of Sir Charles Lyell mainly rests; this was his *Principles of Geology*. The first volume of this work appeared in January, 1830, the second in January, 1832, and the third volume in May, 1833. Such, however, was the impression produced by this work, that second editions of the first and second volumes were required before the third volume appeared. A third edition of the whole work, in four volumes, appeared in May, 1834, a fourth edition in 1835, and a fifth in 1837. This work treated geology from two points of view. First, the history of the earth was examined with regard to its modern changes, and the causes producing them; second, an account was given of those monuments of analogous changes of ancient date: the first comprehending an account of the forces at work producing geological changes, and the second presenting a survey of the changes that had been accomplished in the past. As new editions of these works were required, and materials accumulated, the author was induced to separate the two parts of the work, and in 1838 he published a volume, entitled *Elements of Geology*, which contained a more full and elaborate treatment of that part of the first work devoted to the ancient history of the earth, or what may be called geology proper. A second edition of this work, in two volumes, appeared in 1841. This work was again produced in one large volume in 1851, with the title of *Manual of Elementary Geology*. A fourth edition appeared in 1852, and a fifth has since appeared. The *Principles* were again published in three volumes in 1840, and in one large volume in 1847, 1850, and 1853.

Of these works, Sir Charles says, in his preface to the ninth edition of the *Principles*: "The *Principles* treat of such portions of the economy of existing nature, animate and inanimate, as are illustrative of geology, so as to comprise an investigation of the permanent effects of causes now in action, which may serve as records to after ages of the present

condition of the globe and its inhabitants. Such effects are the enduring monuments of the ever-varying state of the physical geography of the globe—the lasting signs of its destruction and renovation, and the memorials of the equally fluctuating condition of the organic world. They may be regarded as a symbolical language, in which the earth's autobiography is written. In the *Manual of Elementary Geology*, on the other hand, I have treated briefly of the component materials of the earth's crust, their arrangement and relative position, and their organic contents, which, when deciphered by aid of the key supplied by the study of the modern changes above alluded to, reveal to us the annals of a grand succession of past events—a series of revolutions which the solid exterior of the globe and its living inhabitants have experienced in times antecedent to the creation of man." Such is the author's account of the two great works, which more than any others have exercised an influence on the progress and development of geological science. It was undoubtedly the *Principles* that called the attention of geologists to the necessity of regarding the past changes of the earth's surface as resulting from causes now in operation. It demanded that geological science should be placed upon the same foundation as the other inductive sciences, and that those causes which could not be demonstrated to have existed should cease to influence the theories of the geologist. This work was at once acknowledged by the abler geologists of the day as an expression of the principles of their science. It met, however, with great opposition from those who imagined that it interfered with the authoritative declarations of Scripture. Sir Charles Lyell's own university was most decided in its opposition to the new views, although its able professor of geology was not so. At the present time, the position taken by the author of the *Principles* is generally acknowledged as the only one consistent with a philosophical pursuit of geological science, and the theologian has admitted the necessity of adapting his opinions to the requirements of correct reasoning and undoubted facts. But whilst Sir Charles has thus the merit of having placed geology on a true and scientific basis, he is

at the head of a school of geologists whose views are not so generally accepted. But though a heretic to the orthodox, he is yet orthodox to the heretic. He opposes the development theory of Lamarck and the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, and denies that in the history of the strata there is any evidence that the lowest forms of animals were created first. This controversy has given rise to numerous schools of philosophy, on whose principles, however, it is not necessary that we should here dilate.

In 1828, Sir Charles Lyell undertook a journey with Sir Roderick Murchison (then Mr. Murchison) to France and Italy. In this journey they visited the volcanoes of Auvergne, the south of France, Nice, and the north of Italy. The two geologists made public the results of their researches in three memoirs, read before the Geological Society, and printed in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

But Sir Charles Lyell has not only travelled over the greater part of Europe in pursuit of science; he has twice visited the United States of America for the same object, and has delivered courses of lectures before the scientific institutions of this country. His chief aim, however, has been to examine the geology of the New World. His papers on this subject are very numerous and important. In addition to this series of papers, Sir Charles has published two works giving an account of his travels in this country. The first appeared in 1841, and was entitled *Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia*, 2 vols. 8vo, with a geological map. These volumes contain an account of personal incident, as well as popular descriptions of the geology of the districts visited. They also describe the educational institutions of this country, and strongly insist on their superiority to similar institutions in Great Britain, on account of the extensive cultivation of the natural sciences. In his second journey he more particularly visited the Southern States, and records in his work his personal adventures, together with an account of the geology of the districts through which he passed. The work is entitled *A Second Visit to the United States*, and was published in 1845.

Sir Charles was married to the eldest daughter of Leonard Horner, Esq., in 1832. In 1836 he was elected president of the Geological Society, an honor which he again enjoyed in 1850. For his great and valuable scientific labors, he, in 1848, received the honor of knighthood, and in this present year her Majesty has still further recognized his eminence as a scientific man, by conferring upon him a baronetcy. In 1855 he had so far out-ridden the early unpopularity of his views of geological science that the University of Oxford, his own Alma Mater, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Sir Charles Lyell has been long connected with the British Association, in which he has held almost every office, and he is generally admitted to be one of its most active and efficient members. The *Transactions* of this body contain many papers from his prolific pen, and the geological section of the Association would not be deemed complete unless assisted and graced by his presence; his attendance at these sections, and the great intelligence and research he brings to bear upon the various theories started, always adding much to the interest of the meeting. In electing him to the distinguished position of president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the learned body have evinced a just appreciation of the valued services he has rendered to the cause of science; they have paid a well deserved tribute to an eminent *savant*, and have certainly succeeded, if we may adopt a familiar expression, in putting "the right man in the right place."

THE LINGERING ROSE.

SICK Autumn, in her funeral pomp,
Awaits the blow of Death,
As through the half-stripped wood, there comes
The phantom's icy breath;
While I, 'mid falling leaves and rain,
Now that the south-west gusty blows,
Seek beneath every sheltering bush
The lingering rose.

Autumn has knelt her down to die—
A gentle martyr, calm, resigned—
She bends her holy, patient face
To buffets of the cruel wind;
While I, all heedless of her doom,
And careless of Death's ruthless blows,
Seek, with a gay and idle care,
The lingering rose.

—Chambers's Journal.

ON THE CLIFFS.

WHILE the little ones gather flowers,
Or rustle about in the corn,
I'll pray to the sea
To bring to me,
The schooner, the Golden Horn.

The horizon, gray and dim,
Scarce darker than the sky,
Hides all behind,
That I fain would find.
Would I had power to fly

Like the gull that now alights
On the waves with its snowy breast;
And a moment more
Whirls over the shore—
On sea nor land at rest.

Little gray blots of ships;
Nearer, a tawny sail,
Ochry red;
And overhead,
The breath of a southern gale.

A dancing, glittering sea,
Purple and laughing green;
With a ripple of gold
On every fold,
And a ruffle of surf between.

The barley is glossy as silk,
Bowing to every cloud;
And clickety-clack,
Tickety-tack,
The bird's rattle sounds so loud.

The wind-mill there on the hill
Is tossing its arms about;
Signalling
To the ships on the wing,
And the waves below that shout.

Glitter and dance, ye waves,
And bear my darling home;
The boy with the hair
Curling so fair—
I love him where'er he roam.

Who knows but those broad brown sails,
Rounding the Foreland there,
Bring him to me
From over the sea,
Safe from the cruel gales?

No! for they tack again,
And bear away to the west;
And he I know,
Straight, straight would go
Back to his mother's breast.

The poppies are fluttering red
Over the chalk-cliff's edge;
Nodding to me,
And then to the sea,
From every sun-burnt ledge.

The wild geranium, too,
Has a butterfly fluttering round
But the thistle's alone.
My own—my own,
He is far on the rolling Sound.

Blow homeward, gentle wind;
Blow from the Baltic shore;
And poppies, I pray,
Bend all one way,
To show he will come once more.

Break faster, faster, surf;
Charge thousands all abreast;
Roll mountain high,
So the little ship fly,
And bring my bird to his nest.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

SONNET.

THE gray shade falls at e'en; the moon's pale light
Crispeth the dew-gemmed grass upon the wold,
And tints with mellow rays divinely cold
Those ringlets pillowed in the haze of night.
That wan face lighted with its tearful sight,
Which drooping lashes, sadness-fringed, enfold,
The weight of sorrows past might well have
told.

As in the bower she sits, the moonbeams white
Fell softly on the heavy-laden breast;
But still they cheer'd not the darksome gloom
That, mist-like, shrouded all the gleams of rest.
At eve the flower in-sips a fairer bloom;
But yet that flower whose beauty charms the
best

Can find its even only in the tomb.

MARWOOD HARDING.

OF MOODS.

I.

On the longest day,
Heaven was gay,
Flowers and sunshine along the way.
I loitered and stood
In listless mood,
With many a sigh,
I knew not why:
Nothing pleasant; nothing good.

II.

On the shortest day,
Heaven was gray,
Coldness and mire along the way.
How or where
Had I cast off care?
For light and strong,
With a snatch of song,
I stepped through the mud and biting air.

III.

Moods, that drift,
Or creep and shift,
Or change, not a windy cloud more swift,
No fetter found
To hold you bound—
Can I dare to go
To the depth below
Whence ye rise, overspreading air and ground?

IV.

There in the gulf
Of my deep, deep self,
Stranger than land of dragon and elf,

Acts and schemes,
Hopes and dreams,
Loves and praises,
Follies, disgraces,

Swarm, and each moment therewith teems.

v.

They rise like breath
Of coming death—
Of flowers that the soul remembereth—
The Present, whose place
Is a footsole-space,
Being then as nought.
But the Present hath wrought
All this; and our Will is king, by God's grace.
—*Fraser's Magazine.* W. A.

GIVE ME BACK THE DAYS.

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour,
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies
sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flow-
ing.
Then as I wandered free
In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in everything unknown:
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanting.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance,
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;
Give me my youth again! —*Faustus.*

BELLS BY NIGHT.

'Tis Sabbath-eve: from the old kirk tower
Merrily chime the bells by night;
The organ peals with thrilling power,
And the windows glow with holy light—
Merrily chime the bells by night.

Year by year to the pilgrim throng,
Warningly speak the bells by night;
"Life is short, eternity's long;
Children of darkness waken to light"—
Warningly say the bells by night.

Over the grave of the patriot slain
Solemnly rolls a dirge by night:
"The good are gathered like ripened grain—
Why should we weep when angels delight?"
Solemnly echo the bells by night.

Lone do I list to a curfew-bell
That wofully throbs within me to-night!

Of waning life its pulsations tell;
And many a legend does memory recite,
That mournfully wrings my heart to-night!
—*J. W. Montclair.*

SONNET.

DIE down, O dismal day! and let me live.
And come, blue deeps! magnificently strewn
With colored clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions
blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapor dense
Creeps round my window till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God! make
free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold—
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her customary charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet
air!
—*David Gray's Poems.*

TWO.

Two buds plucked from the tree;
Two birdies flown from the nest;
Two little babies snatched
From a fond mother's breast;
Two little snow-white lambs
Gone from the sheltering fold;
Two little narrow graves
Down in the churchyard cold.
Two little drooping flowers,
Growing in a purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
In the great Gardener's care;
Two little tender birds,
Flown far from fear and harm;
Two little snow-white lambs
In the good Shepherd's arm.
Two little angels more,
Singing with voices sweet,
Flinging their crowns of gold
Down at their Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly care,
Pure from all earthly stain—
Oh, who could wish them back
In this drear world again?
—*Chambers's.*

ONE NOTE WRONG.

Blue bends the sky above—
Blue runs the stream below—
Earth quiet as a dove;
Would that my heart were so!
Nor leaf nor shadow falls
On all the green hill-side;
Even to the cuckoo's calls,
Echo but half replied.
So lazy goes the hour,
The very dragon-fly,

Perched on the dozing flower
Moves neither wing nor eye.

Bird, blossom, branch, and stream
All quiet as the air;
And lying, as in dream,
Earth seemeth passing fair

Oh, what a hymn divine
Breathes from this golden noon;
Only this heart of mine
Is beating out of tune!

—Chambers's.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Histoire de la Société Française sous le Directoire,* like the previous book of MM. de Goncourt, will be eagerly read, but the impression which it leaves is painful in the extreme. We here have to deal with one of the most corrupt epochs of French history, and the sketch presented to our view is, moreover, painted in colors which dazzle us by their brilliancy, whilst at the same time they are ill assorted and spoiled by want of taste. It is no easy task to give an adequate description of the style which MM. de Goncourt have thought fit to adopt; all we can say is that the volume is made up chiefly of extracts taken from the newspapers, the pamphlets, and the correspondence of the day. The title *Histoire* is scarcely applicable to such a work, for where we expected seriousness and dignity we find nothing but anecdotes and comparatively trivial details. The mass of information brought together by MM. de Goncourt is wonderful, but it is ill digested, and leaves no distinct trace upon the memory. The chaos presented by French society immediately after the Reign of Terror, when a certain degree of quiet seemed to be restored, is reflected in the work before us; and in that dazzling panorama where Madame Tallien, Madame Récamier, and Madame Hamelin move about like the presiding deities of dissipation and pleasure, we regret both the more serious pages of M. Thiers and the lively souvenirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès. The *Histoire de la Société sous le Directoire* belongs neither to the class of historical compositions nor to that of memoirs; it is a cross between the two, and as such it is not pleasing.—*Saturday Review*.

We remember reading, in one of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, an interesting article which made us wish that we could, like the critic, have access to privately printed books, and to literary treasures reserved for a limited circle of friends. The article in question referred to Madame de Tracy, who was evidently a person of no ordinary merit, and who, without aspiring to the dignity of blue-stockings, had given proof of high intellectual as well as moral qualities. We are happy to say that the restrictions imposed by the delicacy of Madame de Tracy's intimés are now removed, and the public at large is allowed to read and enjoy the three volumes left by her under the title of *Essais Divers, Let-*

tres et Pensées.* It has often been remarked that several English writers have conquered a place amongst the purest and most idiomatic French *littérateurs*. Madame de Tracy is a case in point; for her maiden name, Sarah Newton, sufficiently denotes her extraction, and, if we may believe her biographer, she was of the same family with the immortal author of the *Principia*. Taken to France at an early age, she soon became completely French in her tastes, her feelings, and her opinions; but she combined with the feminine accomplishments of her adopted *compatriotes* a seriousness of character which seems more distinctively English. The *Essais Divers*, consisting of three volumes, are an unpretending work, well-written, and calculated to leave the most favorable impression of the authoress. We have, first, the journal of an excursion to Plombières, in company with Madame de Coigny, which, according to M. Sainte-Beuve, is the gem of the collection. Then come abridged translations of two English tales; and, finally, a biographical *éloge* of Madame de Tracy's father-in-law, the celebrated *idéologue* Destutt de Tracy. The second volume is entirely taken up with essays on Saint Athanasius, Saint Ambrose, and Tertullian, illustrated by extracts from their writings; and the third contains detached thoughts, letters, passages from journals, and an account of the lady herself, composed by one of the most distinguished contributors to the *Journal des Débats*, M. Cuvillier-Fleury.—*Ditto*.

The Conversion of the Holy Roman Empire: the Boyle Lectures for the Year 1864. Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By Charles MERIVALE, B.D. Longman. Eight lectures are contained in this volume, with an appendix of illustrative and explanatory notes. Mr. Merivale attributes the conversion of the empire to the following influences: First, the conviction wrought by the external evidences of Christianity—that is, by the apparent fulfilment of recorded prophecy, and by the historical testimony to the miracles on which its claims to some extent rested. These evidences he admits, however, owed much of their weight to the uncritical and credulous character of the age in which they were first adduced, and, to avoid discussion, does not dwell on them. Second, the internal evidence—that is, the appeal made by Christianity to the intelligence and moral sensibilities of men—a species of testimony so markedly distinctive of the true religion, yet bearing a mysterious affinity to some of the highest aspirations of the heathen philosophy. By this evidence the most refined and intelligent of the heathen were actually converted, and no other possesses equal importance. Third, the godly examples of the Christians throughout the trials of life, and especially in the crowning trial of martyrdom, which produced millions of conversions. Fourth, the temporal success with which Christianity was eventually crowned. This decided the multitude.—*The Reader*.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D. Thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged and improved by C.

* *Histoire de la Société Française sous le Directoire*. Par MM. DE GONCOURT. Paris: Didier.

* *Essais Divers, Lettres et Pensées de Madame de Tracy*. Paris: Plon.

A. GOODRICH, D.D., LL.D., and NOAH PORTER, D.D. Springfield, Mass.: G. C. Merriam. 1864. 4to. Pp. lxxii. 1768. With 3000 Engravings. In the preparation of this new edition of Webster's Dictionary, no pains have been spared to make it the most complete and useful Dictionary of the English language. It is about thirty years since Dr. Webster completed his great labors, and English lexicography has since advanced at an unprecedented rate. This edition has been in the course of preparation for more than five years; and full thirty years of literary labor, by highly competent scholars, have been devoted to it. The Vocabulary has been enlarged, so that it now contains upwards of 114,000 words, being 10,000 more than are found in any other lexicon. Rejecting self-explaining compound words, and words so obsolete or technical that they are seldom or never used, all terms are retained which can fairly claim a place. As the English is still a growing language, there must be in every new lexicon some new words or new significations of old terms. The Etymology has been thoroughly revised, under the charge of Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, of Berlin; so that, though much remains to be done in this direction, it is here presented more carefully and fully than in any previous work. Able scholars in this country and Europe are now at work in this field, and before many years we shall doubtless have a tolerably complete etymological dictionary of our language; but for the present this edition of Webster must take the lead.

The Definitions of Dr. Webster have always had the highest reputation; and the present edition improves in this respect upon the previous ones. The order of the definitions is, in many instances, changed so as to give the literal sense first and then the derived. Numerous extracts have also been added from the best writers. No one can consult the work without profit on this score; though there is here, too, an endless field, and, of course, a great variety of usage. Hamilton, we see, is largely used, and rightly too, for philosophical terms. But Mansel's definition of *Personality* ("as we can conceive it, it is essentially a limitation and a relation") represents the view of a special philosophical tendency, and is, on the face of it, inconsistent with the ascription of personality to God. A learned friend has pointed out to us the definition of *Temerity* as *temerity*—Jeremy Taylor being cited as authority; but he uses the word in the sense of *stained, polluted*, (derived from *temero*). The same friend criticises the definition of citizen—"one who has the privilege of voting," etc.—as too narrow: it is not the American sense or usage. But these are slight points compared with the general fulness and accuracy of the definitions.

Among the other points that give preëminence to this work are the careful revision of the Pronunciation, with a full list of words differently pronounced, and Dr. Goodrich's able paper on the Principles of Pronunciation; a Table of differing Orthographies, with Mr. Wright's Rules for spelling certain classes of words; and the addition of a list of Synonymes to the most important words. Some 3000 pictorial illustrations are incorporated in the work, and are much better than verbal descriptions. Mr. Wheeler's Vocabulary of Names of Fictitious Persons and

Places is a novel attempt, and very successful. Besides this, we have a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Scripture Names, of Greek and Latin Names, of Modern Geographical and Biographical Names, of English Christian Names; a select list of Quotations and Phrases from various languages; Abbreviations and Contractions; Arbitrary Signs in Writing and Printing; and Ancient, Foreign, and Remarkable Alphabets. Nor must we omit to commend Professor Hadley's excellent Brief History of the English Language.

This great work is an honor to American scholarship. It is a monument of careful and protracted labor. On the whole it is now the most complete Dictionary of the English Language. Those engaged in it, and foremost among them that accomplished scholar, Professor Noah Porter, are to be congratulated for their high success in a laborious undertaking. And the publishers have shown great efficiency and a laudable ambition, in producing a work which, on the score of typographical clearness and compression, and whatever goes to make a convenient and elegant book, stands foremost among the productions of modern book-making.—*Presb. and Theol. Review* for Jan.

The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longman & Co. A vein of sly humor runs through the book, making it very pleasant to read. We scarcely know which chapters to point to specially where all are good in their way; but the reader will get, perhaps, as fair an estimate of the author's powers in the chapter "Concerning the Estimate of Human Beings" as in any. "Concerning Ugly Ducks; or, Some Thoughts on Misplaced Men;" "Concerning the Right Tack, with some Thoughts on the Wrong Tack;" "Concerning Needless Fears," should also be read by those who like this class of gossip. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, have also brought out an American edition in good style.

The Queens of the County. By the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids." Second edition. Boston: Loring, Publisher. 1865. An English work, dedicated by the authoress to her "Literary Sisters in America." It is composed of some thirty short papers on a variety of topics, mainly illustrative of the habits and manners of our common ancestors in the olden time. They are common-sense sketches, not over lively and not sensational, but healthful and improving.

Moods. By LOUISE M. ALCOTT, author of "Hospital Sketches." The same publisher. 1865. A novel of decided interest, and one which gives tone and breadth to the moral feelings.

Real and Ideal. By J. W. MONTCLAIR. Philadelphia: Frederick Leopoldt. New-York: Hurd & Houghton. 1865. A small book of poetry, elegantly printed. The poems are short, some of them only tolerable, while others possess considerable poetic merit. Several of them are translations from the German. We extract one poem in our Poetry department.

History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. New-York: Carleton & Porter. 1864.

2 vols. Dr. Stevens has already won a high meed of praise for his previous history of Methodism. No better man could have been found to write the history of this great and growing denomination. The task thus far has been executed with taste, judgment, and candor. The history will undoubtedly be a standard one in the Methodist church, and adds another to the growing list of noble American histories. The first volume is occupied with "The Planting of American Methodism," and the second with "The Planting and Training" of it. The work of Dr. Stevens, we observe, has been very favorably received abroad.

Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action. By GEORGE P. MARSH. New-York: Scribner. 1864. Our Minister to Turin is an eminent example of the facility with which a man of philosophical culture and enlarged acquisitions can turn to various departments of literary production, and in each show himself to be a master. The bibliographical list of works prefixed to this volume indicates the most thorough preparation for the projected task, which is of a high order of importance, comprising the amount of changes produced in the physical condition of our globe through human agency; the dangers arising from waste of materials; the practicability of restoring exhausted regions; and the various projects now on foot, on a large scale, in relation to these objects. We need not say that the work, though hitherto unattempted with much comprehensiveness, is well done, and will be of the greatest aid and need to future inquirers. In this country the tendency is to waste rather than thrift, since nature is here so prodigal, and our resources are as yet so imperfectly developed. Many of the author's suggestions are worthy of the serious study of our statesmen. The work, besides an introductory chapter on the general aspect of the subject, discusses the Transfer, Modification, and Extirpation of Vegetable and of Animal Species, (chapter II.); the Woods, (chapter III., one of the most valuable;) the Waters, (chapter IV.); the Sands, (chapter V.); and Projected or Possible Geographical Changes by Man, (chapter VI.) such as the various larger canals, seas, Darien, the Dead Sea, etc., etc.

Though devoted to physical researches, yet this volume bears constant testimony to the true position and power of man, as having a higher nature and capacities than the brutes, and thus sharply distinguished from them, and made to rule over this lower world, in subjection to his Maker.—*Presb. and Theol. Review.*

American Presbyterian and Theological Review. Edited by Prof. HENRY B. SMITH and Rev. J. M. SHERWOOD. New-York: J. M. Sherwood. The January number of this quarterly presents a list of articles of unusual ability. I. CHRISTIAN MIRACLES AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE, by Rev. J. Q. Bittinger, is a sensible and timely discussion of a most important subject. II. DELIVERY IN PREACHING, by the venerable Dr. Skinner, is on the whole the richest and most suggestive essay on this vital theme that we remember to have read. III. ORIGIN OF HOMER'S PUER RELIGIOUS IDEAS, by Frederick Köster, is from the German. IV.

JOHN FOSTER ON FUTURE PUNISHMENT is a thoughtful and impressive review of this well-known Letter by President Wayland, in the form of a letter addressed to Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D. V. GIBBON AND COLENSO, by Dr. William Adams, is a striking and brilliant paper which none can read without interest. VI. CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION, by Dr. C. P. Wing, does justice to the subject. VII. THE COVENANTERS AND THE STUARTS is a fine historical article. VIII. WHEDON ON THE WILL, by Prof. H. B. Smith, is written with that acumen and masterly ability for which he is so distinguished. In addition, a large space is devoted to CRITICISMS ON BOOKS, THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, and a COLLEGE RECORD for the year 1864. On the whole, we think this the best number of this Review which has yet been issued.

Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevilyan. A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys. With a Preface by the Author. New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1865. The author of this work has achieved a reputation as sudden and great as it is deserved. It is only a year since she first became known in this country through *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, published first by M. W. Dodd, and afterwards by T. Nelson & Son. No book of its kind was ever a greater success. Combining the dramatic interest and excitement of a romance with the solid worth of history, it has been read and admired by a very large number. That was followed some months since by *The Early Dawn*, and now we have the third volume from this gifted pen. The other works by the same author, republished here, are her earlier productions. We need only add, that the last work strikingly resembles the Cotta-Family in its essential features, and we doubt not will be as eagerly read in ten thousand households.

SCIENCE.

Roman Discovery.—Righetti, a wealthy commoner of this city, has lately purchased an old palace for an old song, being in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a most rickety state, and, on setting people to work to dig for a foundation, they came upon a pavement composed of large slabs of that marble called "Porta Santa," which is a dull, veined marble, of a reddish hue, which comes from the Island of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called "Marmor Jasseuse;" it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall, near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling a Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine resting upon these walls, and uniting with bevelled edges at the top ("rigging" as they call it in Scotland). There were two gable ends, each formed of one large block of travertine; on

several of the blocks are seen, large and well-cut, the letters *rcs*, which, as yet, the archaeologists here cannot explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, and preventing the work going on; but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which are now plied night and day. On opening the "ark," it was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, fourteen feet high, but lying on his back, or, as the Romans graphically describe it, "*panza per aria*."

In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden and the means taken to protect it, argue that its value was known and appreciated. I suspect it must have been hidden in the fourth century to prevent its being carried off to Byzantium by the son of Constantine, who made off with everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of works of art, to enrich and adorn the city which thenceforward was to bear their imperial name. It is interesting to know that the coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinus, commonly styled the *Herculean*. There were likewise coins of the lower empire.

Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright (and the *patina* of which is still perfect), is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly enjoyed. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty.

On the first indications of this discovery, much speculation arose as to whether it were equestrian or not, and whether it might not prove to be a portrait statue of Pompey the Great, since the place where they are excavating is on the site of Pompey's Theatre, which was the first ever made of stone in Rome: and that its size was considerable is known from the fact that it accommodated twenty thousand spectators. These speculations as to what it is are now pretty well at rest, as the statue speaks for itself: at the same time, as there is a deal of that incrustation above mentioned adhering to the features, there are some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting to us moderns, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

Hercules being the tutelary deity of Pompey

the Great, it was natural that his image should be chosen to adorn the building he erected. As a work of art, this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the capitol. It has evidently been executed by artists in the time of the empire, and stood in the Temple of Hercules in the Forum. The beautiful marble statue of Hercules bearing Telephus, which adorns the "Pio Clementino" in the Vatican, was found in the Campo dei Fiori and placed where it now stands by Julius the Second. It should be remembered that the noblest fragment of antiquity existing was presented by that same pontiff to the Vatican; it is a portion of a Hercules, and if I am not mistaken, I have seen a drawing by Flaxman, in which he restores it from an ancient gem representing Hercules and Hebe. This fragment was also found in the Campo dei Fiori (Pompey's Theatre); and is known as the Torso of the Eelvidere.—*Correspondence of the Athenæum*.

The Source of the Nile—Explorations of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone.—On November 14th the Royal Geographical Society recommended its meetings in London for the season, Sir Roderick Murchison presiding.

Captain Burton read a paper "On the Present State of Knowledge Respecting the Source of the Nile," in which he called in question many of the statements and inferences that had been made by Captain Speke. He denied, in the first instance, the existence of so large a lake as the Victoria Nyanza where Captain Speke had described it to be, and consequently he disputed that the Nile took its source from that lake. He assigned several reasons for disbelieving that there was such a lake. He asserted that the level of the lake was not sufficiently high for the source of so large a river, and from the testimony of the Arabs, a road passed through what was said to be the centre of the lake. Another reason why he thought the Nyanza could not be the source of the Nile was that the periods of the alleged greatest elevation of the water did not correspond with the overflow of that river. The word Nyanza is applied by the African tribes to any body of water, Nyaza and Nyanza being indifferently used with the same signification. The Mountains of the Moon, which were laid down in some of Captain Speke's early maps, had, he said, really no existence, or at least there was no range of mountains of such a magnitude as had been described. The lunar mountains were represented to be of the form of a horseshoe, and to inclose the north end of the Lake Tanganeika, some of the mountains being said to be ten thousand feet high. He did not deny that there were some hills in that direction, but they were not continuous, and Captain Burton contended that from the north of that lake a river flows into other lakes to the northward, and finally into the Nile; the Lake Tanganeika, situated much further to the northwest, being the source from which the chief waters of the Nile are derived. He denied, however, that that or any river took its source from a lake, the real sources of the Nile being the rivers that fed the lake from which the stream issues. Captain Burton said he was far from wishing to detract from the great merit which was due to Captain Speke as an intelligent and adventurous explorer, but he thought

that it was desirable that further explorations should be made to settle the question of the sources of the Nile, which he considered had not yet been determined. He inclined to think that a lake situated to the northeast of the reputed Victoria Nyanza is the source of the White Nile, and the Assnara, which flows from it, was mistaken by Captain Speke for a tributary, when it is, in fact, the main stream.

Dr. Livingstone confirmed some of Captain Burton's views respecting Lake Tanganeika. He said when travelling to the westward of that lake he saw several rivers flowing toward it from a high plateau upward of two thousand feet high. He agreed with Captain Burton as to the general signification of the word Nyanza, and he said he had intended to call the Lake Nyaza by that name, but finding that the latter term had been used, he did not wish to change it. The north of Lake Nyaza had not been explored, owing to the borders being in possession of hostile tribes; but Dr. Livingstone considered it not improbable that a river flowed from it into the more northern lakes. He was of opinion that the Nile originated from several lakes in that part of Africa, and that it could not be traced to any one source.

Mr. Galton defended the statements of Captain Speke, and contended that the objection to the Lake Nyanza being the source of the Nile, founded on its low level, was removed by the knowledge of the fact that the instrument with which the level was taken was very imperfect, and could not be depended on.

ART.

The Hyde Park sculptures for the national Prince Consort Memorial have been determined upon. Baron Marochetti is to execute the statue of the Prince; and the four principal groups, symbolizing the four quarters of the world, have been intrusted to the following sculptors: Europe, to Mr. P. Macdowell, R.A.; Asia, to Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A.; Africa, to Mr. W. Theed; America, to Mr. J. Bell. Four lesser groups, emblematic of Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and Mechanics, will be executed by Mr. W. C. Marshall, R.A., Mr. J. Thorneycroft, Mr. H. Weeks, R.A., and Mr. J. Lawrer. Mr. H. H. Armistead and Mr. J. Phillips will execute the bas-reliefs.

We have received from Mr. Mitchell a proof-impression of M. A. Graefle's half-length portrait of her Majesty, engraved by Mr. W. Holl. The Queen is seated by the side of a bust of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, placed at her left hand upon a table. The portrait represents her Majesty as she now appears in the privacy of her domestic life, and is dedicated to their Royal Highnesses the Princesses. Of the portraits of the Queen this is likely to be the most popular.

Messrs. Colnaghi, Scott, & Co. have forwarded to us an engraver's proof of the full-length portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice, painted by Louchert, the court-painter of Berlin, and engraved by George Zobel—a very clever picture, most charmingly engraved, and sure to be a favorite Christmas and New Year's gift. They also send a three-quarter-length portrait of the late Duke of Newcastle, from Sir J. Watson Gordon's picture by the same engraver.

The Journal de l'Imprimerie mentions the death of M. Achille Lefèvre, the celebrated engraver, whose engravings of the chief pictures of Raphael and Correggio are everywhere held in great estimation.—*The Reader.*

A New Way of Printing.—The description of a very rapid process for reproducing pencil drawings has been going the round of the Russian journals. The process will be particularly useful in campaigns, where it is often desirable to have a number of copies of a hasty pencil sketch. Some time ago M. Villani-Villanis remarked that if a sheet of paper on which a plan or any drawing or writing has been executed with pencil be moistened with acidulated water, and afterwards inked, the pencil marks alone will take the ink, and the whole drawing may then be transferred to metal or stone. Captain Sytenko, of the Russian Artillery, director of the Photographic Service of the Staff at St. Petersburg, has introduced very ingenious modifications into this process, and contrived a portable military press, which, as already hinted, may be extremely useful in campaigns. It does not take more than ten minutes to effect the transfer of the drawing upon a zinc plate or lithographic stone.

Coleridge's Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.—This portrait of S. T. Coleridge, painted by the American artist Washington Allston, was considered by Wordsworth and other friends of the poet the most satisfactory likeness that ever was painted of him. An engraving was executed from this picture by Mr. Samuel Cousins a few years ago. The portrait was painted at Bristol, in 1814, for Mr. Joshua Wade, when Coleridge was in the forty-second year of his age. The artist's own testimony, given in a letter to Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, is deserving of consideration. He says; "So far as I can judge my own production, the likeness is a true one: but it is Coleridge in repose; and, though not unstirred by the perpetual ground-swell of his ever-working intellect, and shadowing forth something of the deep philosopher, it is not Coleridge in his highest mood—the poetic state. When in that state, no face I ever saw was like to his; it seemed almost spirit made visible, without a shadow of the visible upon it. Could I have then fixed it on canvas! But it was beyond the reach of my art." Washington Allston died June 9th, 1843, and was buried by torchlight in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, Boston.

Mr. Warren de la Rue, by dint of enlarging and photographing his original image of the moon, has produced an admirable picture of our satellite, three feet in diameter, which is interesting alike to art and science. Especially as an aid towards further examination of the moon's surface, is it valuable; for, by means of it, an astronomer can study not only the actual appearance, but can establish points for future comparison, using this great photograph as the test of changes which may yet occur in the moon. There is reason to believe that changes are taking place, and it is satisfactory that a means for verifying them should now be available.

Pompeii in 1864.—A very elaborate topographical plan of Pompeii has been published this year by the Italian government. By its assistance, and that of a pocket compass, an explorer may, it is said, easily find his way through the now lengthy

streets of the town, about one third of which has been already uncovered. The most recent discovery seems to have been made in the same house wherein the statuette of Silenus was lately found. A subterranean part was discovered, in which were a well, a bath, and a small altar with the remains of the fruit of the pine that had been burnt before the domestic Lares. Up to the time of this discovery no well had been found in Pompeii with water; but in this, which is about eighty feet deep, there is excellent drinkable water supplied by a limpid stream underneath.

Costly Statues.—Among the treasures of the Farnese Palace at Naples, now in the British Museum, is an antique copy of the "Diadumenos" of Polyclethus, the original of which was valued by Pliny at a sum equal to £20,000 of our money.

VARIETIES.

Nelson's Funeral.—As I was determined to exert my energies, I readily accompanied my friends on board Mr. W. Carr's ship, whence we saw Nelson's body carried in procession up the river. The ships with their lowered flags, the dark boats of the river fencibles, the magnificent barges of his Majesty and the city companies, and above all, the mournful notes of distant music, and the deep sound of the single minute-gun, the smoke of which floated heavily along the surface of the river, conspired to form a solemn, sober, and appropriate pomp, which I found awfully affecting. It did but increase my eagerness to witness the closing scene of this great pageant exhibited the next day at St. Paul's. Richard, who was our active and attentive squire, will probably have given you an account of our adventures on this occasion, and the order of procession you would see in the papers; but perhaps you might not particularly attend to a circumstance which struck me most forcibly—the union of all ranks, from the heir-apparent to the common sailor, in doing honor to the departed hero. In fact, the royal band of brothers, with their stately figures, splendid uniforms, and sober majestic deportment, roused, even in me, a transient emotion of loyalty; but when the noble Highlanders and other regiments marched in who vanquished Bonaparte's Invincibles in Egypt, and, reversing their arms, stood hiding their faces with every mark of heartfelt sorrow, and especially when the victorious captains of Trafalgar showed their weather-beaten and undaunted front, following the bier in silent mournful state, and when, at length, the gallant tars appeared bearing in their hands the tattered and blood-stained colors of the "Victory"—and I saw one of the poor fellows wiping his eyes by stealth on the end of the flag he was holding up—I cannot express to you all the proud, heroic, patriotic feelings that took possession of my heart, and made tears a privilege and luxury.—*Lucy Atkin.*

FOR MINISTERS AND PASTORS.—A GENERAL INDEX, a TOPICAL INDEX, and a TEXTUAL INDEX OF THE NATIONAL PREACHER for thirty-eight years, has been carefully prepared and published at the office of THE ECLECTIC. THE GENERAL INDEX numbers, by their titles and authors, about 950

discourses, by nearly five hundred ministers of seven evangelical denominations, who have filled and adorned the American pulpit in the past forty years. THE TOPICAL INDEX is a full alphabetical reference to all the subjects and doctrines discussed in the 950 discourses in the thirty-eight years or volumes of this able and valuable series. It is a theological library in itself, by hundreds of authors. THE TEXTUAL INDEX refers in the order of the books of the Bible to all passages used in the series as heads of discourses. This three-fold INDEX for convenient reference has a great value to the minister and preacher, on account of the wide range of themes for the pulpit, from so many minds of high order among American divines. This three-fold INDEX is neatly printed in pamphlet form of nearly fifty pages, to be sent by mail, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of forty cents. Complete sets of thirty-eight years, or thirty-eight volumes, neatly bound, may be had at the office of THE ECLECTIC, and sent to order to any part of the country. This mode is adopted to answer many letters of inquiry on the subject. The price is 90 cents per year or volume. Sets sent by express to any part of the country, free of additional cost.

Death of William Curtis Noyes.—This eminent Christian gentleman and member of the legal profession, and ornament of the New-York bar, died suddenly on Christmas morning, aged fifty-nine years. Seldom has a death occurred in this community which has occasioned deeper or more marked regret or stronger expressions of respect to his character and his memory. He was in usual health almost up to the day of his death. He was present at the anniversary of the New-England Society and elected its president. That society adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, An all-wise and inscrutable Providence has suddenly taken from us our esteemed and recently-elected president, and has by this dispensation made an irreparable void in our ranks; therefore,

"Resolved, That in the death of William Curtis Noyes this society has been deprived of one whose philanthropy knew no bounds; whose earnest zeal in the right was unsurpassed; whose purity and nobleness of character was without taint; whose memory we profoundly cherish; and whose name will ever add lustre and renown to the New-England Society.

"Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in this their great bereavement; and we mingle our tears with theirs, when we think of the magnitude of the loss which they and we have sustained, and which words are inadequate to express.

"Resolved, That this society will attend his funeral in a body."

At a meeting of the bar of New-York, subsequent to the funeral, eloquent and impressive speeches were made as a tribute to his worth. Among a large circle of bereaved friends is his sister, Mrs. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, whose husband is Imperial Commissioner in China. Her book, *A Year in China*, admirably written, in which Mr. Noyes took a deep brotherly interest, has recently been published in this city by Hurd & Houghton. Mr. Noyes devised his very extensive library to Hamilton College, in this State.



ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC BY GEO. E. PERKINS, N. Y.

G. Johnson

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

